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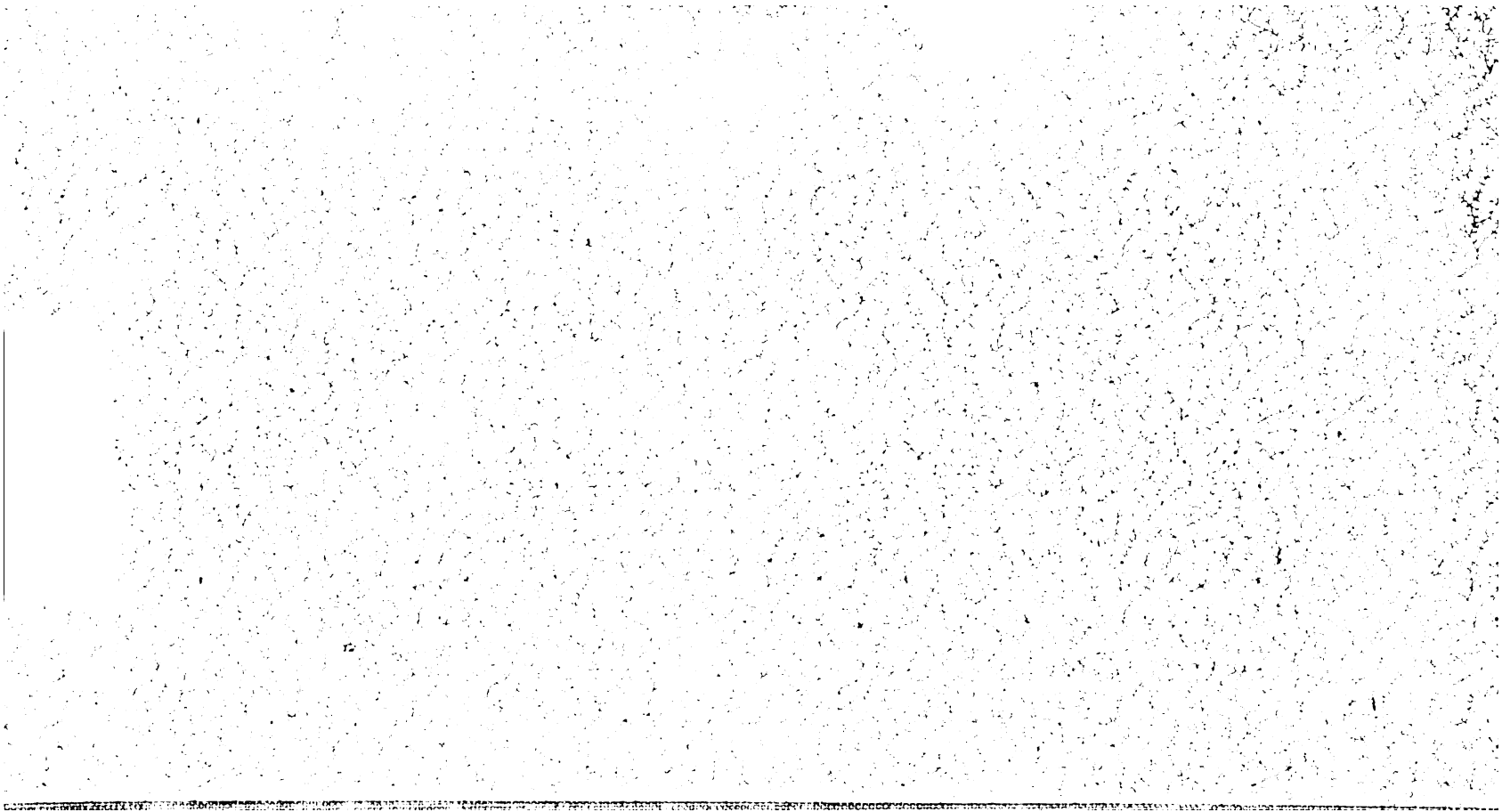
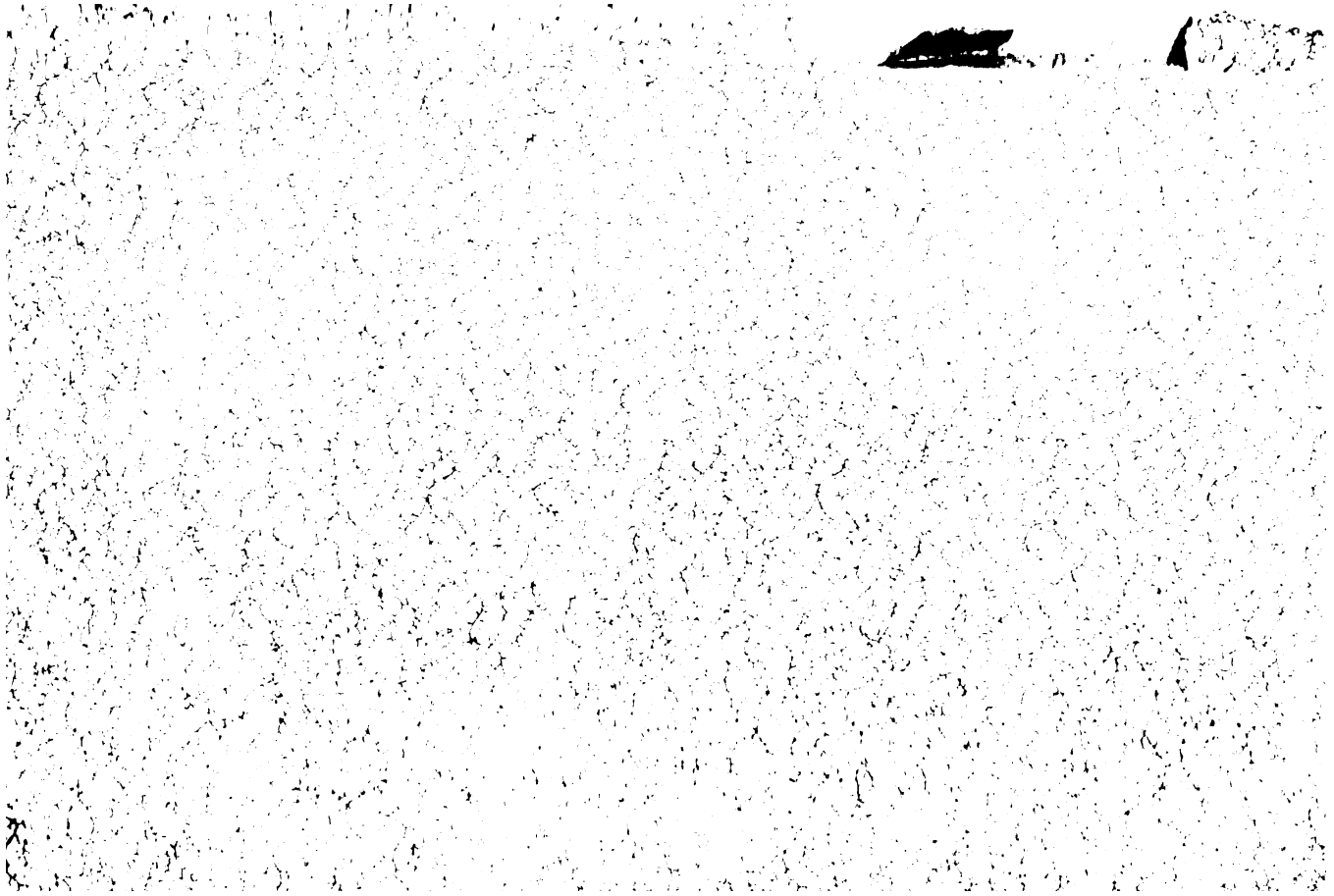




THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON,

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.
CYNTHIA'S REVELS.
THE POETASTER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; CADELL AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND CO.; LACKINGTON AND CO.; R. H. EVANS; J. MURRAY; J. MAWMAN; J. CUTHELL; J. BLACK; BALDWIN AND CO.; RODWELL AND MARTIN; AND R. SAUNDERS;

By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row, St. James's.

1816.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR

This "Comical Satire" was first acted in the year 1599, "by the Lord Chamberlain's servants," that is, by the Company who played at the Globe, on the Bank Side, and who, a few years afterwards, (in 1603,) obtained a licence from James, and in consequence of it, took the appellation of his Majesty's Servants. It was printed in quarto for Nicholas Linge, 1600, "as it was first composed," for several retrenchments had been made in it by the players; and from this edition the folio, 1616, was copied with very little variation. This Comedy, like the former, appears to have been acted by the whole strength of the house, with the exception of Shakspeare, who found perhaps no part in it suited to his "gentle conditions." Its merits are unquestionable; but I know not its success; nor whether it ever appeared on the modern stage. It was often played afer the Restoration.

Jonson patched up a motto to it out of Horace, most of which is true, and all perhaps might have remained undisputed, had it been advanced by any one but the author.

Non aliena meo pressi pede—si propius stes,
Te capient magis—et decies repetita placebunt.

TO THE

NOBLEST NURSERIES OF HUMANITY AND LIBERTY IN THE KINGDOM,

THE INNS OF COURT.*

I Understand you, Gentlemen, not your houses: and a worthy succession of you, to all time, as being born the judges of these studies. When I wrote this poem I had friendship with divers in your societies; who, as they were great names in learning, so they were no less examples of living. Of them, and then, that I say no more, it was not despised. Now that the printer, by a doubled charge, thinks it worthy a longer life than commonly the air of such things doth promise, I am careful to put it a servant to their pleasures, who are the inheritors of the first favour born it. Yet, I command it lie not in the way of your more noble and useful studies to the public: for so I shall suffer for it. But when the gown and cap is off, and the lord of liberty reigns,† then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make some bencher, tincted with humanity, read and not repent him.

By your true honourer,

BEN. JONSON.

* This elegant dedication was first published in the folio, 1616. The quarto has none.

† *And the lord of liberty reigns,*] He alludes to the custom of creating at Christmas, (the Saturnalia of the ancients,) in the palace, the inns of court, and houses of the nobility, a *lord of misrule*, whose office it was to lead and regulate the revels presented at this season of festivity. His stately, but transient sway, is well described by Shirley:

Gio. I have seen a counterfeit
With such a majesty compose himself,
And give his hand out to great lords to kiss
With as much grace, as all the royal blood
Had muster'd in his veins.

Luc. *Some monarch*
Of *Inns o'Court* in England, sure: but when
His reign expires, and Christmas in the grave,
Cold as the turkies'coffin'd up in crust,
That walk like ghosts, and glide to several tables,
When instruments are hoarse with sitting up,
When the gay triumph ceases, and the treasure
Divided, all the offices laid up,
And the new cloaths in lavender, what then!—

The Sisters.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Asper, *the Presenter.*
Macilente.

Puntarvolo.
- *His Lady.*
- *Waiting Gent.*
- *Huntsman.*
- *Servingmen.*
- *Dog and Cat.*

Carlo Buffone.
Fastidious Brisk. — Cinedo, *his Page.*
Deliro.
Fallace. — Fido, *their Servant.*, *Musicians.*
Savolina.
Sordido. — *His Hind.*

Fungoso.
- *Tailor.*
- *Haberdasher.*
- *Shoemaker.*

Sogliardo.
Shift. — *Rustics.*
Notary.

Clove.
Orange.
- *A Groom.*
- *Drawers.*
- *Constable, and Officers.*

Grex. — Cordatus. Mitis.

THE CHARACTER OF THE PERSONS.

ASPER,

He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE,

A man well parted,[1] *a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who, wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of, falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.*

PUNTARVOLO,

A vain-glorious knight, over-englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment;[2] *a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that for want of flatterers he commends himself, to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon returns,*[3] *and strange performances, resolving, in despite of public derision, to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.*

[1] *A man well* parted,] A man endowed with good natural abilities. Jonson has the same expression in A. III.

"————Let him be poor and meanly clad,
"Though ne'er so richly *parted*," &c.

[2] *The very* Jacob's staff *of compliment;*] The Jacob's staff here meant, is a mathematical instrument used by our ancestors for taking heights and distances. It is now superseded by more accurate and efficient implements. Jonson's application of the term is sufficiently obvious.

[3] *He deals upon* returns,] Ventures sent abroad, for the safe *return* of which he agrees by articles to receive so much money.

WHAL.

CARLO BUFFONE,

A public, scurrilous, and prophane jester; that more swift than Circe, with absurd similes will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound, or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons, damn him! he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a skuller. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.

FASTIDIOUS BRISK,

A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion: practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur,[4] *and the jerk of his wand.*

DELIRO,

A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hood-wink'd humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning[5] *before she rises, and wakes her with villainous out-of-tune music, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.*

[4] *With the* gingle of his spur.] See A. II.

[5] *He doth sacrifice two-pence in* juniper *to her every morning*] To sweeten the room in which she is about to sit. Thus, in the *Mayor of Quinborough:*

FALLACE,

Deliro's wife, and idol; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA,

A court-lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

SORDIDO,

A wretched hob-nailed chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

FUNGOSO,

The son of Sordido, and a student; one that has revelled in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spy. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours to wring sufficient means from his wretched father, to put him in the courtiers cut; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

SOGLIARDO,

An essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions.[6] *He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laughed at.*

"Then put fresh water into both the bough-pots,
"And *burn a little juniper* in the hall chimney." A. V. S. 1.
And in *Cupid's Revenge;*
"*Burn a little juniper* in my murrin; the maid made it her "chamber-pot." WHAL.

[6] *He comes up every* term *to learn to take tobacco, and see new* motions.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that the *law-terms* were the principal times for business

SHIFT,

A thread-bare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling,[7] *his bank Paul's, and his warehouse Picthatch.*[8] *Takes up single testons upon oaths, till doomsday. Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds. He way-lays the reports of services,*[9] *and cons them without book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never*

and pleasure. The country gentlemen then flocked to London with their families, to settle their disputes, see plays and puppet shows (motions), and learn the fashions. It may seem strange to enumerate taking tobacco among the accomplishments to be acquired in town; but it was then a matter of serious study, and had its professors, like the rest of the liberal arts.

[7] *His profession is* skeldring *and* odling,] *Skeldring* was a cant term for impudent begging: it seems to be principally applied to those who, under false pretences of being wounded or disbanded soldiers, wandered about levying contributions on the public. Of *odling* I can say nothing with certainty, having never met with the word elsewhere: it seems, however, to mean, sidling and shifting about in quest of proper objects for preying upon.

[8] *His bank Paul's, and his warehouse Picthatch.*] Paul's church was the common resort of idlers at this time: here cavalero Shift furnished himself, by skeldring and picking pockets, with the property which he afterwards disposed of among the prostitutes of Picthatch. See Vol. I. p. 17.

[9] *He way-lays the reports of* services, *&c.*] *Services*, in the military language of the time, were bold and daring actions. The word occurs, in the same sense, in Shakspeare, "Such fellows (as Pistol) are perfect in great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where *services* were done, &c. *Hen. V.* A. III. S. 6. It is to something of this kind that Cob alludes, when he says that Bobadill promised to pay him his forty shillings at the next *action*. See Vol. I. p. 32.

did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises are, taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imparters.[1]

CLOVE AND ORANGE,

An inseparable case of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of foppery; that like a pair of wooden foils, are fit for nothing but to be practised upon. Being well flattered they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing. Orange is the most humorous of the two, (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out,) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

CORDATUS,

The author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot; of a discrete and understanding judgment; and has the place of a moderator.

MITIS,

Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no character.[2]

[1] *His chief exercises are taking the* whiff, *squiring a* cockatrice, *and making privy searches for* imparters.] For taking the *whiff*, see A. III. S. 1. *Cockatrice* is one of the thousand cant names for a strumpet: *squiring a cockatrice*, therefore, is officiating as bully to a brothel. *Imparters*, as the name signifies, were persons drawn in by artful pretences to part with their money to such impudent impostors as Shift. The word is often found in Jonson.

[2] The following notice is taken from the quarto. "It was not near his thought that hath published this, either to traduce the author; or to make vulgar and cheap any of the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the actors; but rather (whereas many censures fluttered about it) to give all, leave and leisure to judge with distinction." This was undoubtedly written by Jonson. It is but common justice to add, that this descriptive list is drawn up with great spirit, elegance, and power of discrimination.

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

The Stage.

After the second sounding.[1]

Enter CORDATUS, ASPER, *and* MITIS.[2]

Cor. *Nay, my dear Asper.*
Mit. *Stay your mind.*
Asp. *Away!*
Who is so patient[3] *of this impious world,*
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,

[1] *After the second* sounding.] These several *soundings* are in the modern theatre termed first, second, and third music. WHAL.

When Whalley wrote this, the theatres opened at four o'clock; since they adopted a later hour they have only given the public first and second music.

[2] *Enter* ASPER, MITIS, *and* CORDATUS.] The two latter of these Jonson calls the GREX, or Chorus. Like that of the Greeks, they remain on the stage during the whole of the action: but they perform a part not known to the ancient drama. They stand distinct from the scene, and occupy the place of critics. Under the name of Asper the poet intended to shadow out himself; but he has afforded us no traces of Mitis and Cordatus.

[3] *Who is so patient, &c.*] This is from Juvenal:

Nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?

Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings,[4]
Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But, with an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth—

Cor. *Be not too bold.*

Asp. *You trouble me—and with a whip of steel,*
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleased t'unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
Were I disposed to say, they are all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud

[4] *Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings,*] There is a sublimity in this and the preceding lines, which shews us that Jonson could have reached a nobler flight in the greater kinds of poetry, had he not cramped his genius by confining it, in conformity to the prejudices of the age, to a model unworthy of himself, and even not agreeable to his own taste. WHAL.

Either Whalley has not expressed himself clearly, or I do not understand him. If by taste he means natural inclination, as he seems to do, he is evidently incorrect; for Jonson was assuredly not led to Seneca (the model to whom he alludes) by "the prejudices of the age;" but by choice, and a viciousness of judgment peculiar, at this period, to a few recluse scholars. After all, "sublimity" is not Jonson's element; nor can his utmost efforts support him in it long. Strong sense, keen satire, and a full vein of humour less remarkable for elegance than vigour, are his distinguishing characteristics, and appear with unrivalled excellence in the piece before us. The "flights" of which Whalley speaks, have been attempted with more success by others.

The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh,
In scorn, at him, that should but dare to tax 'em:
And yet, not one of these, but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell;
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perjurous air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.
Mit. *Forbear, good Asper; be not like your name.*
Asp. *O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,*
And, with the words of Hercules, invade[5]
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eye-brows![6] *when the conscience*
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

[5] *And with the* words of Hercules, *invade, &c.*] Among the ancients, every thing bold and undaunted was termed Herculean: thus Justin, in the preface to his *Epitome*, ascribes the intrepidity of Hercules to Trogus Pompeius: *Nonne nobis, Pompeius Herculea audacia orbem terrarum adgressus videri debet?*
WHAL.

Jonson, however, has taken the expression immediately from Juvenal:

——— *sed pejores, qui talia* verbis
Herculis invadunt.

[6] ——— *and their hair*
Cut shorter than their eyebrows!] This too is from Juvenal, whose admirable description of the feigned Stoicks, Jonson evidently had in view in many parts of this dialogue. But the immediate objects of his satire, as Whalley justly observes, were the Puritans, who, among other singularities, affected to cut their hair short, and close to their heads; whence they had afterwards the appellation of *Roundheads*. This practice is alluded to in *Eastward Hoe*, where Wolf describing the penitence of Quicksilver in the Counter, says, "He has *cut his hair* too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts." A. V.

Mit. *Gentle Asper,*
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,[7]
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.
Cor. *Unless your breath had power*
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.
Asp. [turning to the stage.] *I not observed this*
thronged round till now!
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto their largest strain!
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censured by the austerest brow,
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely:
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me, I pursue no favour;

[7] *Contain your spirit in* more stricter *bounds,*] This expression is blamed by Dryden, who thinks that few writers of his time would be guilty of it. This may be true; but in Jonson's and, indeed, every preceding age, nothing was more common than to join the signs of the comparative and superlative degrees to the degrees themselves. That it did not originate either in negligence or ignorance may be learned from the poet, who thus speaks of it in his *Grammar*, a work of great skill, and profundity of research.

"Furthermore, these adverbs *more* and *most* are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive. Thus Sir Thomas More, "She saw the cardinal *more readier* to depart than the remnant; for not only the high dignity of the civil magistrate, but the *most basest* handicraft are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God." And this is a certain kind of English atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the *most* ancientest and finest Grecians, who for more emphasis and vehemency's sake, used so to speak."

Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
O, how I hate[8] *the monstrousness of time,*
Where every servile imitating spirit,
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.[9]

Mit. *In faith this humour will come ill to some,*
You will be thought to be too peremptory.

Asp. *This humour? good! and why this humour,*
Mitis?
Nay, do not turn, but answer.

Mit. *Answer, what?*

Asp. *I will not stir your patience, pardon me,*
I urged it for some reasons, and the rather
To give these ignorant well-spoken days
Some taste of their abuse of this word humour.

Cor. *O, do not let your purpose fall, good Asper;*
It cannot but arrive most acceptable,
Chiefly to such as have the happiness
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Is rack'd and tortured.

Mit. *Ay, I pray you proceed.*

[8] *How I hate, &c.*] Jonson began already to take a high tone:—but whatever may be thought of his confidence, it is impossible not to be pleased with the spirit of this nervous speech. It is altogether in the best manner of antiquity; and, if it was spoken by Jonson, as is not very improbable, he might have informed the audience that they were unsuspectingly listening to the manly language of the Grecian stage.

[9] *Or the* founder of Cripplegate.] That *the founder of Cripplegate* was *lame*, must, if taken at all, be taken on the poet's word. Stow, somewhat better authority in a case of this nature, says that it was so called from the number of lame persons, who usually took their station there for the purpose of begging. The name (*Porta Contractorum*) is very ancient.

Asp. *Ha, what? what is't?*
Cor. *For the abuse of humour.*
Asp. *O, I crave pardon, I had lost my thoughts.*
Why, humour, as 'tis ens, *we thus define it,*[1]
To be a quality of air, or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air, forced through a horn or trumpet,
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.[2]

[1] *As 'tis* ens, *we thus define it,*] *Ens* is a term of the schools, and signifies a substance, or existence. WHAL.

[2] *This may be truly said to be a* humour.] What was usually called the *manners* in a play or poem, began now to be called the *humours*. The word was new; the use, or rather abuse of it was excessive. It was applied upon all occasions, with as little judgment as wit. Every coxcomb had it always in his mouth; and every particularity he affected was denominated by the name of *humour*. To redress this extravagance, Jonson is exact in describing the true meaning, and proper application of the term. It hath been observed that the word, in the sense which he assigns it, is peculiar to our English language; but the quality intended by it is not peculiar to the people. Our

But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O, it is more than most ridiculous.

Cor. *He speaks pure truth; now if an ideot*
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his humour.

Asp. *Well, I will scourge those apes,*
And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirror,
As large as is the stage whereon we act;
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomized in every nerve, and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of fear.

Mit. *Asper, (I urge it as your friend,) take heed,*
The days are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are grown impatient of reproof.

Asp. *Ha, ha!*
You might as well have told me, yond' is heaven,
This earth, these men, and all had moved alike.—
Do not I know the time's condition?[3]
Yes, Mitis, and their souls; and who they be
That either will or can except against me.
None but a sort of fools, so sick in taste,
That they contemn all physic of the mind,
And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.
Good men, and virtuous spirits, that loath their vices,

poet's great excellence was the lively copying of these humorous characters. WHAL.

The abuse of this word is well ridiculed by Shakspeare, in that amusing creature of whimsey, Nym. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Steevens quotes a long epigram by way of illustrating the subject, without remarking that it is a mere copy, and, indeed a very feeble one, of this acute and pertinent disquisition. But Steevens knew little of Jonson.

[3] *Do I not know the time's* condition,] i. e. the temper, quality, or disposition of the times. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare and all our old writers.

Will cherish my free labours, love my lines,
And with the fervor of their shining grace
Make my brain fruitful, to bring forth more objects,
Worthy their serious and intentive eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.
If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls,
As lick up every idle vanity.

Cor. *Why, this is right furor poeticus!*
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
This supposition, that a madman speaks.

Asp. *What, are you ready there? Mitis, sit down,*
And my Cordatus. Sound ho! and begin.
I leave you two, as censors, to sit here:
Observe what I present, and liberally
Speak your opinions upon every scene,
As it shall pass the view of these spectators.
Nay, now y'are tedious, sirs; for shame begin.
And, Mitis, note me; if in all this front
You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who, to be thought one of the judicious,
Sits with his arms thus[4] wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,

[4] *Sits with his arms*, &c.] These "marks of the judicious" were very prevalent, and are noticed as such by all the writers of Jonson's time. Thus Shakspeare: "Your hat, pent-house "like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit." *Love's Labour Lost.* And Shirley: "I do not despair, gentlemen; you see I "do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms," &c. *Bird in a Cage.* With respect to *crying mew*, it appears to have been an old and approved method of expressing dislike at the first representation of a play. Decker has many allusions to the

Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more several motions in his face
Than the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,[5]
And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest,
Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.
Cor. *Why, will that*
Make it be sooner swallow'd?
Asp. *O, assure you.*
Or if it did not, yet, as Horace sings,[6]
Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests.
Cor. *'Tis true; but why should we observe them,*
Asper?
Asp. *O, I would know 'em; for in such assemblies*
They are more infectious than the pestilence:
And therefore I would give them pills to purge,
And make them fit for fair societies.
How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither art nor brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or stark ass,[7]
Taking men's lines, with a tobacco face,
In snuff, still spitting, using his wry'd looks,

practice; and, what appears somewhat strange, in his *Satiromastix*, charges Jonson with *mewing* at the fate of his own works. "When your plays are misliked at court, you shall not "cry *mew*, like a puss, and say you are glad you write out of "the courtiers' element." A. V. Our gallery critics, perhaps, will be pleased, and proud, to hear that their formidable cat-calls have so remote an origin.

[5] *Than the new* London, Rome, *or* Niniveh,] Puppet-shews, or, as they were then styled, motions, at that time in great vogue. WHAL.

[6] *Jejunus rarò stomachus vulgaria temnit.* Jonson.

[7] *Sit like an* Aristarchus *or* stark ass, &c.] This string of "clenches," Dryden flings in Jonson's face with somewhat more justice than the false grammar just above. Very little, indeed, can be said in their favour, and yet it might be wished that Dryden had found a more legitimate cause than spite for producing them.

In nature of a vice, to wrest and turn
The good aspect of those that shall sit near him,
From what they do behold! O, 'tis most vile.
Mit. *Nay, Asper.*
Asp. *Peace, Mitis, I do know your thought;*
You'll say, your guests here will except at this:
Pish! you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
Then he, a patient, shall reject all physick,
'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick:
Or, if I say, that he is vicious,
You will not hear of virtue. Come, you are fond.[8]
Shall I be so extravagant, to think,
That happy judgments, and composed spirits,
Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
I am ashamed.
Cor. *Nay, but good, pardon us;*
We must not bear this peremptory sail,
But use our best endeavours how to please.
Asp. *Why, therein I commend your careful thoughts,*
And I will mix with you in industry
To please: but whom? attentive auditors,
Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts:
For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air;
For these I'll melt my brain into invention,
Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.[9]

[8] *Come, you are* fond.] You are foolish, simple, injudicious. In this sense *fond* is used by our earliest writers. Thus Chaucer:

> The riche man ful *fond* is, iwis,
> That weneth that he loved is.
> *Rom. of the Rose, v.* 5367.

And so it is found in Spenser, Shakspeare, and almost every dramatist and poet of this age. Whal.

[9] ——— *hang my richest words*
As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.] The comparison

But stay, I lose myself, and wrong their patience;
If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I see.
Friends, sit you still, and entertain this troop
With some familiar and by-conference,
I'll haste them sound. Now, gentlemen, I go
To turn an actor, and a humorist,
Where, ere I do resume my present person,
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fail,
We must impute it to this only chance,
Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance.[1] [Exit.

Cor. *How do you like his spirit, Mitis?*

Mit. *I should like it much better, if he were less confident.*

Cor. *Why, do you suspect his merit?*

Mit. *No; but I fear this will procure him much envy.*

Cor. *O, that sets the stronger seal on his desert: if he had no enemies, I should esteem his fortunes most wretched at this instant.*

Mit. *You have seen his play, Cordatus: pray you, how is it?*

Cor. *Faith, sir, I must refrain to judge; only this I*

alludes to the custom then in vogue, of men wearing rings and jewels in their ears. So Marston: "Give me those *jewels of* "*your ears*, to receive my inforced duty."

Malecontent, A. I. S. 6.

And Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———— Prithee, tell me,
"Where hadst thou that same *jewel in thine ear*."

King and no King, A. I. WHAL.

[1] *Art hath an enemy*, &c.] Alluding to the old proverb, *Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantem.* Though this may be true, it would come with more propriety from the spectator than the actor; but Jonson knew little of the golden curb which discretion hangs on self-opinion.

can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a particular kind by itself, somewhat like Vetus Comœdia; *a work that hath bounteously pleased me; how it will answer the general expectation, I know not.*

Mit. *Does he observe all the laws of comedy in it?*

Cor. *What laws mean you?*

Mit. *Why, the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the furnishing of the scene with Grex or Chorus, and that the whole argument fall within compass of a day's business.*

Cor. *O no, these are too nice observations.*

Mit. *They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentic.*

Cor. *Troth, I can discern no such necessity.*

Mit. *No!*

Cor. *No, I assure you, signior.*[2] *If those laws you speak of had been delivered us* ab initio, *and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call* Comœdia, *was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till Susario invented a second; after him, Epicharmus a third; Phormus*[3] *and Chionides devised to*

[2] Cor. *No, I assure you, signior.* &c.] I have already observed, that the author has afforded no hints to enable us to guess at the person of his friend Cordatus: he has, however, supplied him with a considerable degree of accuracy and learning; and I suspect that few, either on or off the stage, could have furnished, in those days, a better epitome of dramatic history than is here put into his mouth. It must, however, have been caviare to the general. The scholar knows that the first part of this narrative admits of some dispute; a note, however, is not the place to treat of a question which occupies a considerable portion of the profound and acute *Dissertation upon Phalaris*, by the great Bentley.

[3] Upton supposes that Jonson wrote *Phormus* from "a lapse of memory," and therefore tells us to correct the text into

have four actors, with a prologue and chorus; to which Cratinus, long after, added a fifth and sixth: Eupolis, more; Aristophanes, more than they; every man in the dignity of his spirit and judgment supplied something. And, though that in him this kind of poem appeared absolute, and fully perfected, yet how is the face of it changed since, in Menander, Philemon, Cecilius, Plautus, and the rest! who have utterly excluded the chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegancy and disposition of those times wherein they wrote. I see not then, but we should enjoy the same license, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention, as they did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, would thrust upon us.

Mit. *Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what 's his scene?*

Cor. *Marry,* Insula Fortunata, *sir.*

Mit. *O, the Fortunate Island: mass, he has bound himself to a strict law there.*

Cor. *Why so?*

Mit. *He cannot lightly alter the scene, without crossing the seas.*

Cor. *He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.*

Mit. *No! how comes it then,*[4] *that in some one*

Phormis; but there is no need; Jonson had a better memory than his critic. He well recollected the spelling of Athenæus and Suidas, in whom, particularly in the former, he found most of what he here delivers.

[4] Mit. *No! how comes it then,* &c.] Against this passage, Theobald has written, in the margin of his copy, *a flurt on Shakspeare.* This jealousy of our great poet, commenced under such respectable auspices, has since become epidemical, and infected almost all his critics. The charge, in the present case, is too absurd for serious notice, or indeed for any notice at all.

play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?

Cor. *O, that but shews how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sour the best-settled patience in the theatre.* [The third sounding.

Mit. *They have answered your wish, sir; they sound.*

Cor. *O, here comes the Prologue.*

Enter PROLOGUE.

Now, sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your prologue for you, i'faith.

Prol. *Marry, with all my heart, sir, you shall do it yet, and I thank you.* [going.

Cor. *Nay, nay, stay, stay; hear you?*

Prol. *You could not have studied to have done me a greater benefit at the instant; for I protest to you, I am unperfect, and, had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out.*

Cor. *Why, but do you speak this seriously?*

Prol. *Seriously! ay, wit's my help, do I; and esteem myself indebted to your kindness for it.*

Cor. *For what?*

Prol. *Why, for undertaking the prologue for me.*

Cor. *How! did I undertake it for you?*

Prol. *Did you! I appeal to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no. Come, come, it pleases you to cast a strange look on't now; but 'twill not serve.*

Cor. *'Fore me, but it must serve; and therefore speak your prologue.*

Prol. *An I do, let me die poisoned with some venomous hiss, and never live to look as high as the two-penny room again.*[5] [Exit.

[5] —— *and never live to look as high as the* two-penny room *again.*] The cost of admission to the theatres (such of them,

Mit. *He has put you to it, sir.*

Cor. *'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this! Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, howsoever his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest——*

Enter CARLO BUFFONE, followed by a boy with wine.

Car. *Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give them a health here.* [Exit Boy.] *I mar'le whose wit it was to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.*

Cor. *Hang him, dull block!*

Car. *O, good words, good words; a well-timber'd fellow, he would have made a good column, an he had been thought on, when the house was a building—*

Re-enter Boy, with glasses.

O, art thou come? Well said; give me, boy; fill, so! Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I am sworn to put them in first) and gentlemen, around, in place of a bad prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine. [Drinks.] *This is that our*

at least, as many of our early dramas were exhibited in) was at this time very moderate. The price of the "best rooms," or boxes, was a shilling; of the lowest places, two-pence; and, as Whalley says, in some play-houses, only a penny. The *two-penny room* mentioned above was the gallery. Thus Decker: "Pay your two-pence to a player, and you may sit in the *gallery*." *Belman's Night Walk.* And Middleton: "One of them is a nip; I took him once in the *two-penny gallery*, at the Fortune:" The place, however, seems to have been very discreditable, for it is commonly described as the resort of pick-pockets and prostitutes

poet calls Castalian liquor,[6] *when he comes abroad now and then, once in a fortnight, and makes a good meal among players, where he has* caninum appetitum; *marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical diet, beans and buttermilk; an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of these, one after another, and look villainously when he has done, like a one-headed Cerberus.—He does not hear me, I hope—And then, when his belly is well ballaced, and his brain rigged a little, he sails away withal, as though he would work wonders when he comes home. He has made a play here, and he calls it,* Every Man out of his Humour: *but an he get me out of the humour he has put me in, I'll trust none of his tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I can say for him is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an old rule,* No pledging your own health. *Marry, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their ears.* [Exit.

Mit. *What may this fellow be, Cordatus?*

Cor. *Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'll give it you.*[7] *He is one, the author calls him*

[6] *This* (Canary) *is that our poet calls Castalian liquor,* &c.] The poet, the critics say, here draws his own picture. Not so: —the *picture* is drawn by a licentious buffoon, against whom he takes all possible care to guard the reader. He describes him as "a scurrilous jester, that, more swiftly than Circe, will *transform any person into deformity*:" and in the speech which follows, he anxiously repeats his caution against giving any credit to his "adulterate" ribaldry. He could do no more; yet Aubrey and others perversely take it all for truth, and form their character of Jonson from what is expressly given as a malicious jest!

[7] Cor. *Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'll give it you. He is one,* &c.] Jonson seems unwilling to part with Carlo Buffone: he had already described him with great strength of colouring, and he now delays the opening of the drama, already too long protracted, while he darkens his character with additional shades. Whalley says that he

Carlo Buffone, an impudent common jester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible epicure; one whose company is desired of all men, but beloved of none; he will sooner lose his soul than a jest, and profane even the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reverend personage whatsoever can come within the reach of his eye, but is turned into all manner of variety, by his adulterate similes.

Mit. *You paint forth a monster.*

Cor. *He will prefer all countries before his native, and thinks he can never sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliver his affectionate conceit of foreign atheistical policies. But stay—*

Enter MACILENTE.

Observe these: he'll appear himself anon.

Mit. *O, this is your envious man, Macilente, I think.*

Cor. *The same, sir.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter MACILENTE, *with a book.*

Maci. *Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facilè ferre.*
'Tis true; but, Stoic, where, in the vast world,
Doth that man breathe, that can so much command

should almost incline to think, notwithstandng the poet's asseverations, that he had some particular person in view, especially as Decker, in his *Satiromastix*, makes Jonson forswear, "flinging epigrams about in taverns, under pain of being placed "at the upper end of the table, at the left hand of Carlo Buf- "fone." See A. V.

His blood and his affection? Well, I see
I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul;
For every cordial that my thoughts apply
Turns to a corsive, and doth eat it farther.
There is no taste in this philosophy;
'Tis like a potion that a man should drink,
But turns his stomach with the sight of it.
I am no such pill'd Cynick to believe,
That beggary is the only happiness;
Or, with a number of these patient fools,
To sing: *My mind to me a kingdom is,*[8]
When the lank hungry belly barks for food.
I look into the world, and there I meet
With objects, that do strike my blood-shot eyes
Into my brain: where, when I view myself,
Having before observ'd this man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd; that loved, and highly favour'd;
A third thought wise and learned; a fourth rich,
And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely featured;
A sixth admired for his nuptial fortunes:
When I see these, I say, and view myself,
I wish the organs of my sight were crack'd;
And that the engine of my grief could cast
Mine eyeballs, like two globes of wildfire, forth,
To melt this unproportion'd frame of nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that have transfix'd my heart,
And often, in the strength of apprehension,
Made my cold passion stand upon my face,
Like drops of dew on a stiff cake of ice.

[8] *My mind to me a kingdom is.*] Words of an old ballad, the hought from Seneca. WHAL.

Whalley alludes, I suppose, to this verse in the *Thyestes*,

Mens regnum bona possidet.

Cor. *This alludes well to that of the poet,*
Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
Mit. *O, peace, you break the scene.*

Enter SOGLIARDO, *and* CARLO BUFFONE.

Maci. Soft, who be these?
I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.
[*Lies down.*
Cor. *Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.*
Mit. *What is he?*
Cor. *A tame rook, you'll take him presently; list.*

Sog. Nay, look you, Carlo; this is my humour now! I have land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

Car. A most gentlemanlike resolution.

Sog. Tut! an I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through: but, for my name, signior, how think you? will it not serve for a gentleman's name, when the signior is put to it, ha?

Car. Let me hear; how is it?

Sog. Signior Insulso[9] Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut! an all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardos gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a justice of peace.

[9] Sog. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo:*] There are several allusions, in the instructions which Carlo gives Sogliardo for becoming a gentleman, to one of the Colloquies of Erasmus. The following is pointed out by Whalley: *Restat cognomen. Hic illud imprimis cavendum, ne plebeio more te patiaris vocari Harpalum Comensem; sed Harpalum à Como: hoc enim nobilium est.* Ἰσωνυμος ανωνυμος, *sive Emcntita Nobilitas.*

Car. Ay, and a constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my lordship you see here, and those farms you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentility too, marry: but, Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare qualities, humours, and compliments[1] of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll assure you.

Car. Enough, sir.—I'll make admirable use in the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. [*Aside*]—I'll bethink me for you, sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

Cor. Is this not purely good?

Maci. S'blood, why should such a prick-ear'd hind as this
Be rich, ha? a fool! such a transparent gull
That may be seen through! wherefore should he have land,
Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my entrails,
And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First, to be an accomplished gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time, you must give over housekeeping in the country,[2] and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where, at your first appearance, 'twere good you turn'd

[1] Compliments *of a gentleman.*] This word, in Jonson's age, had the sense which we now give to *accomplishments.* Thus, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606: "Adorned with the exactest "*complements* belonging to nobleness."

[2] *You must give over housekeeping in the country*, &c.] *Primum jac procul te abducas a patria.—Ingere te in convictum iuvenum vere nobilium. Eras.* [illegible]

four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel—you may do it without going to a conjurer—and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular:[3] study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage,[4] and ever (when you lose) have two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, *Upon your credit*, *As you are a true gentleman*, at every cast; you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new

[3] *Least* popular:] Least vulgar; most removed from the common people. WHAL.

Much of what follows may be found, in fuller detail, in that most curious pamphlet of Decker, the *Gul's Horn-book*, printed a few years after this play. All the advantages of precision, vigour, and elegance, are on the side of Jonson; his old antagonist, however, is extremely interesting and amusing.

[4] *Learn to play at* primero *and* passage,] Primero was a game on the cards, once very fashionable. It is not, however, described in the *Compleat Gamester*, and the explanation of it, in *Minsheu's Dictionary* (like many others of his) explains nothing. From a very long epigram in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. I. p. 168, it may be collected that it was a very complicated amusement. Passage is a game at dice, which some perhaps may comprehend by the following description: "It is played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The *caster* throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth; or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth*, and wins. *Comp. Game.* p. 167.

boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace you must observe.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. Ay, and sit on the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

Car. You must talk much of your kindred and allies.

Sog. Lies! no, signior, I shall not need to do so, I have kindred in the city to talk of: I have a niece is a merchant's wife; and a nephew, my brother Sordido's son, of the Inns of court.

Car. O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons: and ever when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain,[5] (though it be copper, it's no matter,) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady, *To their worshipful, right rare, and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, signior Insulso Sogliardo:* give yourself style enough. And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars, whom you must carry about you still, breaks it up, as 'twere in a jest, and reads it pub-

[5] *Hire a fellow with a* great chain, &c.] The stewards and chief gentlemen of great families, were accustomed at this period to wear chains about their necks, as badges of distinction: they were commonly of silver, or silver gilt; though mention is sometimes made of gold ones. Thus Middleton, "Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman in the chain of gold, expedite." *A Mad World my Masters.* WHAL.

[6] *To bring you letters feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight, &c.*] From Erasmus: *Fingito literas a magnatibus ad te missas, in quibus identidem appelleris, Eques Clarissimus— Curabis ut hujusmodi literæ tibi velut elapsæ, aut per oblivionem relictæ veniant aliorum manus. Idem.*

licly at the table: at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breath'd upon her picture,[7] and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this: I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the tailor's,[8] to have the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talk of, broke

[7] *As if he had* torn your mistress's colours, *or* breath'd *upon her picture.*] For *colours*, see *Cynthia's Revels*. On the next passage, Whalley says, "*Breath'd* has here the same meaning as Shakspeare (he means, his commentator,) has assigned it in *Henry IV.*" "And when you *breathe* in your watering, they cry, Hem! and bid you play it off." 1st Part, A. II. S. 4. And Theobald, in the margin of his copy, is yet more offensive. I should not notice this folly, were it not for the opportunity which it gives me, of relieving Shakspeare from some of the filth heaped upon him by his critics. By *breathing in his watering*, he meant neither more nor less, than *taking breath in his draught*, as cattle sometimes do: a breach of good manners noticed by our old writers.

And this Steevens (to say nothing of the rest) might have concluded, if he had not been possessed with the spirit of impurity, from the very passage adduced below: but the pleasure of alluding to a beastly line in the *School of Salerno* was not to be resisted.

"———— we also do enact
"That all hold up their heads, and laugh aloud,
"*Drink much at one draught, breathe not in their drink;*
"That none go out to ———" MS. *Timon of Athens.*

Can any thing be clearer? and yet Shakspeare and his readers are still insulted with the vices of drunken porters.

To *breathe* upon, in the text, means either to sully or to speak dispraisingly of.—The picture was a miniature, which lovers sometimes wore with their mistress's colours, on their arms and breasts.

[8] *I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the tailor's, &c.*] *Interdum insue vesti, aut relinque in crumena, ut quibus sarciendi negotium dederis illic reperiant. Illi non silebunt, et tu,*

open and all, shall be left; O, the tailor will presently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beat him too: I'll have a man for the purpose.

Mac. You may; you have land and crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Mass, well remember'd, you must keep your men gallant at the first, fine pied liveries laid with good gold lace; there's no loss in it, they may rip it off and pawn it, when they lack victuals.

Sog. By 'r lady, that is chargeable, signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt! why that's the more for your credit, sir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.[9]

Sog. As how, good signior? I would fain be a politician.

Cor. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money.

simul ac resciveris, compones vultum ad iracundiam ac mœstitiam, quasi doleat casus. Eras. Id.

9 *It's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.*] This and much of what follows is from Panurge's panegyric on debtors. Jonson was a diligent reader of Rabelais, and has numberless allusions to him. In this place, however, Erasmus had been before him: *Nulla est commodior ad regnum via quam deberi quamplurimis: primum creditor observat te non aliter quam obligatus magno beneficio vereturque ne quam præbeat ansam amittendæ pecuniæ: Servos nemo magis habet obnoxios, quam debitor suos creditores; quibus si quid aliquando reddas, gratius est quam si dono des. Idem.*

I assure you, in these times, no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom, if at any time you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave them a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir: I will take up,[1] and bring myself in credit, sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians:[2] they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows, that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses, they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an you list, yourself.

[1] *I will* take up,] That is, goods on credit. The phrase is common in the writers of those times. So Falstaff; "If a "gentleman would be thorough with 'em, in *honest taking up*, they stand upon security."

Again, in Donne,

There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of *taking up*. *Elegy* xvi. WHAL.

[2] *Always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy* Ludgathians, *&c.*] I know not how this reflection on the poverty of the tradesmen of Ludgate crept in here; they were surely among the wealthiest of our author's time. The thought itself, though obvious enough, is from Erasmus: *Caveto, ne cum tenuibus habeas commercium; nam hi ob parvulam summulam ingentes excitant tragœdias. Placabiliores sunt, quibus lautior est fortuna; cohibet illos pudor, lactat spes, deterret metus. Idem.*

Our old writers sometimes use Ludgate for the prison there. Jonson could scarcely mean people imprisoned for debt by Ludgathians; for Sogliardo needed no caution on that head.

Sog. No! how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em! 'sblood, let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what! you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.[3]

Sog. That's not so good, methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept them a fortnight, or so, and shew'd them enough to the world, you may turn them away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen.[4]

[3] *I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.*] *Non ales famulos αχειρους et ob id αχρηους, mittantur huc et illuc, invenient aliquid: scis varias esse talium rerum occasiones.—Ergo famulos ale non segnes, aut etiam sanguine propinquos, qui alioqui forent alendi.—Reperient aliquid in diversoriis, aut in ædibus, incustoditum. Tenes? Meminerint non frustra datos homini digitos, &c. Eras. Id.*

[4] *But I lack a* cullisen.] No dictionary that I can find will help us to the meaning of this word; nor does the context lead us to discover it. WHAL.

I had occasion to observe, in a note on Massinger, that dictionaries were but ill calculated to supply the kind of information here wanted, which must be sought in the colloquial language of contemporary poets. Happily, however, Jonson explains himself. In a subsequent scene, Carlo says, "I come from Sogliardo but now, he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me to go afore and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his *cognizance* was ready." Cognizance, or as Sogliardo ignorantly and corruptly terms it, *cullisen*, is the badge or mark of distinction which retainers, servants, &c. usually wore on the shoulder or sleeve of their coats, that it might be known to whom and what they belonged. It should be recollected that the livery of servants at this time was, with few exceptions, of blue, so that some note of discrimination was

Car. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one; I'll bring you where you shall have your choice for money.

Sog. Can you, sir?

Car. O, ay: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior: I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour, i'faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

Mac. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting issue.
Who can indure to see blind fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this dusty turf,
This clod, a whoreson puck-fist![5] O G—!
I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankness of her bounties, that doth breed
Such bulrushes; these mushroom gentlemen,
That shoot up in a night to place and worship.

Car. [*seeing Macilente.*] Let him alone; some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, sure.

Car. The lord of the soil has all wefts and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

Car. Faith then I pity the poor fellow, he's fallen into a fool's hands. [*Aside.*

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to lie in my lordship?

Mac. Your lordship!

absolutely necessary. *Cullisen* appears again in the *Case is Altered*, and in a way that clearly determines its sense: "But what *badge* shall we give, what *cullisen*?" A. IV.

[5] *This clod, a whoreson* puck-fist!] A fungous excrescence of the mushroom kind, often used by our author to denote an insipid, insignificant fellow. WHAL.

Sog. How! my lordship? do you know me, sir?

Mac. I do know you, sir.

Car. He answers him like an echo. [*Aside.*

Sog. Why, who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool.[6] I'll observe this better. [*Aside.*

Sog. *That fortune favours!* how mean you that, friend?

Mac. I mean simply: that you are one that lives not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits! no, sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means, I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to live by my wits. What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

Mac. Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha! does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet, methinks, you should have turn'd your broadside at this, and have been ready with an apology, able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.

Car. Oh, 'tis Macilente! Signior, you are well encountered; how is it?—O, we must not regard what he says, man, a trout, a shallow fool, he has no more brain than a butterfly, a mere stuft suit; he looks like a musty bottle new wicker'd, his head's the cork, light, light! [*Aside to Macilente.*]—I am glad to see you so well return'd, signior.

[6] *The periphrasis of a fool.*] According to the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis.* So in *Wily Beguiled*,

"Sir, you may see that fortune is your friend,
"But *fortune favours fools.*" WHAL.

Mac. You are! gramercy, good Janus.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. Od's precious, come away, man, what do you mean? an you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you would do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, he's a black fellow,[7] take heed of him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mungrel, he looks as if he were chop-fallen, with barking at other men's good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him; he carries oil and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit is like powder, quick, violent; he'll blow a man up with a jest: I fear him worse than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake an hour after at the report. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's sake let's be gone; an he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him; I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.[8]

Car. What, you'll stay, signior? this gentleman Sogliardo, and I, are to visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from thence to the city; we shall meet there. [*Exit with Sogliardo.*

Mac. Ay, when I cannot shun you, we will meet.

'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have seen,
I envy not this Buffone, for indeed

[7] *O, he's* a black *fellow, &c.*] Black is mischievous, malignant. It is from Horace:

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto. WHAL.

[8] *I had as lieve see a* cockatrice, *specially as cockatrices go now.*] A cockatrice, as every one knows, is a serpent, supposed to kill by the look; but Jonson plays on the cant meaning of the term, which I have already explained, p. 9.

Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve it:
But I do hate him, as I hate the devil,
Or that brass-visaged monster Barbarism.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd cur,
That bites at all, but eats on those that feed him.
A slave, that to your face will, serpent-like,
Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust,
And to your back will turn the tail, and sting
More deadly than a scorpion: stay, who's this?
Now, for my soul, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's! I'll observe him.

Enter SORDIDO *with an almanack in his hand.*

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thank my stars,[9] I thank my stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speak
Out of my divination? O my senses,
Why lose you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deaded, with this spectacle?
I know him, it is Sordido, the farmer,
A boor, and brother to that swine was here.
[*Aside.*

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wish, as I would wish.

[9] *I thank my stars, &c.*] The folio edition of this play varies so little from the quarto, that I have not always thought it necessary to call the reader's attention to the very few unimportant changes made in the present text. Not to defraud Jonson of his due praise, however, it is proper to observe, that in this, as in the preceding play, he has omitted or softened many of the profane ejaculations which deformed the first copies. To shock or nauseate the reader, by bringing back what the author, upon better consideration, flung out of his text, though unfortunately not without example, is yet a species of gratuitous mischief, for which simple stupidity scarcely forms an adequate excuse.

Mac. See how the strumpet fortune tickles him,
And makes him swoon with laughter, O, O, O!

Sord. Ha, ha, ha! I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see, what harvest shall we have? *June, July?*

Mac. What, is't a prognostication raps him so?

Sord. *The* 20, 21, 22 *days, rain and wind.* O good, good! *the* 23, *and* 24, *rain and some wind,* good! *the* 25, *rain,* good still! 26, 27, 28, *wind and some rain;* would it had been rain and some wind! well, 'tis good, when it can be no better. 29, *inclining to rain:* inclining to rain! that's not so good now: 30, *and* 31, *wind and no rain:* no rain! 'slid, stay; this is worse and worse: What says he of saint Swithin's? turn back, look, *saint Swithin's: no rain!*

Mac. O, here's a precious, dirty, damned rogue,
That fats himself with expectation
Of rotten weather, and unseason'd hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full, his ricks and mows well trod,
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis well; ha, ha, ha!
A plague consume thee, and thy house! [*Aside.*

Sord. O, here, *St. Swithin's, the* 15 *day, variable weather, for the most part rain,* good! *for the most part rain:* why, it should rain forty days after, now, more or less, it was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two days no rain; ha! it makes me muse. We'll see how the next month begins, if that be better. *August* 1, 2, 3, *and* 4, *days, rainy and blustering;* this is well now: 5, 6, 7, 8, *and* 9, *rainy, with some thunder;* Ay marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure! *the* 10 *and* 11, *great store of rain;* O good, good, good, good, good! *the* 12, 13, *and* 14 *days, rain;* good still: 15, *and*

16, *rain;* good still: 17 *and* 18, *rain,* good still; 19 *and* 20, good still, good still, good still, good still, good still! 21, *some rain;* some rain! well, we must be patient, and attend the heavens' pleasure, would it were more though: *the* 22, 23, *great tempests of rain, thunder and lightning.* O good again, past expectation good!
I thank my blessed angel; never, never
Laid I [a] penny better out[1] than this,
To purchase this dear book: not dear for price,
And yet of me as dearly prized as life,
Since in it is contain'd the very life,
Blood, strength, and sinews of my happiness.
Blest be the hour wherein I bought this book;
His studies happy that composed the book,
And the man fortunate that sold the book!
Sleep with this charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd and confident in thee. [*Puts it up.*

[1] *Laid I* [*a*] penny *out, &c.*] We must not be surprised at the confidence which Sordido reposes in his almanack, as persons in his station of life are to be found, even now, superstitiously attentive to its predictions. The ancient almanacks too, possessed higher claims to respect, than those of our days, since besides certain assurance of the downfall of the Pope, and every potentate with whom we might happen to be at war, circumstances common to both, they contained lists of the days favourable for buying and selling:—matters of high import to the Sordidos of all ages. What appears somewhat extraordinary, is the cheapness of this miraculous information: Sordido purchases it at a *penny*, and that this was not below the stated price, appears from other authorities. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— Why all physicians,
"And *penny* almanacks allow," &c. *The Chances.*

And Massinger,

"Stargaze! sure,
"I have a *penny* almanack about me,
"Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
"In his name publish'd." Vol. IV. p. 37.

Enter a Hind, *and gives* SORDIDO *a paper to read.*

Mac. Ha, ha, ha!
Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this?
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't possible that such a spacious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies he hid
Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where Heaven cannot see him? S'blood! methinks
'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe and walk,
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,
And, like a boisterous whale swallowing the poor,
Still swim in wealth and pleasure! is't not strange?
Unless his house and skin were thunder-proof,
I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hectic,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loath'd disease,
Might light upon him; or that fire from heaven
Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary ricks, even as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. Ay, 'tis true!
Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou, in envy of him, gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
Wealth in this age will scarcely look on merit.
[*Rises and exit.*

Sord. Who brought this same, sirrah?

Hind. Marry, sir, one of the justices men; he says 'tis a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. Ay, and the prints of them stick in my flesh,
Deeper than in their letters: they have sent me
Pills wrapt in paper here, that, should I take them,
Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.
But I am wiser than to serve their precepts,

Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a device,
To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:
Ay, much![2] when I have neither barn nor garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring 't; till then,
Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.
O, but (say some) the poor are like to starve.
Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me? are bees
Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no:
Why such are these that term themselves the poor,
Only because they would be pitied,
But are indeed a sort of lazy beggars,
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred by the sloth of a fat plenteous year,
Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;
And this is all that these cheap times are good for:
Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.[3]

Hind. O, but master,
Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaim against you.

Sord. Ay, their exclaims
Move me as much, as thy breath moves a mountain.
Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home[4]
Can be contented to applaud myself,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leap,
Knocking my head against my roof, with joy
To see how plump my bags are, and my barns.

[2] *Ay*, much!] *i. e.* by no means; not at all. See vol. I. p. 117.

[3] *And kills the vipers* up.] See vol. I. p. 122.

[4] *Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home* &c.] Taken from Horace, but heightened and improved:

——— *Populus mi sibilat, at mihi plaudo*
Ipse domi.

Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your fellows
Get all their flails ready again I come.
Hind. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Sord. I'll instantly set all my hinds to thrashing
Of a whole rick of corn, which I will hide
Under the ground; and with the straw thereof
I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows:
That done, I'll have them empty all my garners,
And in the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
Which else would still be baying at my door,
Each market-day I will be seen to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household;
Where when it comes, it shall increase my heaps:
'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,
Promised in this dear book: I have cast all.
Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.
O, I shall make my prices as I list;
My house and I can feed on peas and barley.
What though a world of wretches starve the while;
He that will thrive must think no courses vile.
[*Exit.*

Cor. *Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists exprest themselves truly or no?*

Mit. *Yes, if it be well prosecuted, 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks Macilente went hence too soon; he might have been made to stay, and speak somewhat in reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.*

Cor. *O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides, he had continued the scene too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.*

Mit. *You may inforce the length as a necessary*

reason; but for propriety, the scene would very well have borne it, in my judgment.

Cor. *O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.*

Mit. *How do I mistake it? Is it not Envy?*

Cor. *Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is,* dolor alienæ felicitatis, *to have our eyes continually fixed upon another man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous and abhorr'd actions our object, the grief we take then comes nearer the nature of hate than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in ourselves.*

Mit. *So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?*

Cor. *Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there, if you marked it, where he says,* I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him.

Mit. *Stay, sir:* I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him. *Why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?*

Cor. *No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.*

Mit. *You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool, and the jester again, methinks.*

Cor. *'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.*

Mit. *What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?*

Cor. *No, sir, this is one monsieur Fastidious Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.*

Mit. *A humourist too?*

Cor. *As humourous as quicksilver; do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Country; *before* Puntarvolo's *House.*

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK, CINEDO, CARLO BUFFONE, *and* SOGLIARDO.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, and give us word.

Cin. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Fast. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a colonel of the Pigmies horse, or one of these motions[5] in a great antique clock; he would shew well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this! How he confounds with his similes!

[5] —— *or one of these* motions *in a great antique clock;*] A puppet, in this age, was called a *motion:* it here means one of those small figures in the face of a large clock, which was moved by the vibration of the pendulum. We have them in clocks of the present day. WHAL.

There is an allusion to these figures in the *Ordinary:*

"For my good toothless countess, let us try
"To win that old emerit thing, that like
"*An image in a German clock*, doth move,
"Not walk; I mean that rotten antiquary."

Car. Better with similes than smiles: and whither were you riding now, signior?

Fast. Who, I? What a silly jest's that! Whither should I ride but to the court?

Car. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places more; your hot-house, or your whore-house[6]———

Fast. By the virtue of my soul, this knight dwells in Elisium here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would fly out presently. These be our nimble-spirited catsos,[7] that have their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh! dance and do tricks in their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away.

Fast. Sirrah, Carlo, thou never saw'st my gray hobby yet, didst thou?

Car. No; have you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe, my good villain, thou'lt say when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a nobleman in the court offered me a hundred pound for him, by this light:

[6] —— *your hot-house, or your* whore-house.] An unusual fit of reserve has visited the quarto, which omits the last word; little, however, is gained by it, on the score of decorum, for, as Jonson observes in his epigrams, the terms were "synonima."

[7] *These be our nimble-spirited* catsos, &c.] Carlo applies this opprobrious term to the travelled and affected coxcombs of the day, whose vapid follies he ridicules with great pleasantry. With respect to the word itself, on which the commentators on our old plays dilate with a gravity truly laughable, it is a petty oath, a cant exclamation, generally expressive, among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance, or contempt. Jonson points his satire at the use of it, which was very prevalent when he wrote.

a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a—oh, excellent, excellent!—with the very sound of the spur.

Car. How! the sound of the spur?

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.[a]

Cor. *How! the* sound *of the spur?*

Fast. *O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good* gingle, *a good* gingle.] There has been a great deal written on this "humour," but very little to the purpose. Whalley observes that the gallants of this age had small *rings* (Theobald and others say, *bells*) fixed to their spurs, which made a noise when they rode or walked. But they had neither the one nor the other; the gingling was produced by the large loose *rowels* then worn, which were commonly of silver, and which every motion of the foot set in play. Thus Shirley: "I perceive 'tis an advantage for a man to wear spurs; the *rowel* of knighthood does so *gingle* in the ear of their understanding." *Love in a Maze.* We may learn something of the offensive nature of this fashion from a passage in Chapman's *Monsieur d'Olive:* "You may hear them (the gallants) half a mile ere they come at you—sixe or seaven make a perfect morrice-daunce; they need no bells, their *spurs* serve their turne." A. III. But a yet more convincing proof of it may be found in some of our parish records. It is well known that our cathedrals (and above all, St. Paul's) were, in Jonson's time, frequented by people of all descriptions, who, with a levity scarcely credible, walked up and down the aisles, and transacted business of every kind, during divine service. To expel them was not possible; such, however, was the noise occasioned by the incessant gingling of their spur-rowels, that it was found expedient to punish those who approached the body of the church, thus indecently equipped, by a small fine, under the name of *spur-money*, the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys, who seem to have exerted their authority with sufficient vigour, and sometimes even to the neglect of their more important duties. About the time when this play was written, I find the following "Presentment to the Visitor, 1598: Wee think it a very necessarye thinge that every quoirister sholde bringe with him to church a Testament, in Englishe, and torne to every chapter, as it is daily read, or som other good and godly prayer-booke, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after *spurr-money*, whereon they set their whole mindes, and do often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them."

Car. 'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.[9]

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-horse, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of angels.

[9] Car. *'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him* bells, *a good* suit, *and a* hobby-horse.] Of morrice-dancers, enough, and more than enough has been already written. When the sports of our ancestors were rude and few, they formed a very favourite part of their merry meetings. They were at first undoubtedly a company of people that represented the military dances of the Moors (once the most lively and refined people in Europe) in their proper habits and arms, and must have been sufficiently amusing to an untravelled nation like the English; but, by degrees, they seem to have adopted into their body all the prominent characters of the other rustic May-games and sports, which were now probably declining, and to have become the most anomalous collection of performers that ever appeared, at once, upon the stage of the world. Besides the hobby-horse, there were the fool (not the driveller, as Tollet supposes, but the buffoon of the party); may, or maid, Marian, and her paramour, a friar; a serving-man; a piper, and two moriscoes. These, with their bells, rings, streamers, &c. all in motion at one time, must have, as Rabelais says, made a *tintamarre de diable!* Their dress is prettily described by Fletcher:

Soto. Do you know what sports are in season?
Silvio. I hear there are some a-foot.
Soto. Where are your bells then,
Your rings, your ribbands, friend, and your *clean napkins;*
Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? &c. *Women Pleased.*

When the right good-will with which these worthy persons capered is taken into consideration, the clean napkin, which was never omitted, will not appear the least necessary part of the apparatus. Thus Clod, in the masque of *Gipseys*, observes, "They should be morris-dancers by their *gingle*, but they have "no *napkins.*"

The hobby-horse (Sogliardo's choice) who once performed the principal character in the dance, and whose banishment from it is lamented with such ludicrous pathos by our old dramatists, was a light frame of wicker-work, furnished with a pasteboard head and neck of a horse. This was buckled round

Fast. How is that, sir?

Sog. Marry, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my father's indeed, and, though I say it ———

Car. That should not say it—on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoever, being no gentleman: I have danc'd in it myself too.

Car. Not since the humour of gentility was upon you, did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

Car. O, very good.

Mit. *Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour.*

Cor. *O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.*

the waist, and covered with a foot-cloth which reached to the ground, and concealed at once the legs of the performer and his juggling apparatus. Thus equipped, he pranced and curvetted in all directions (probably to keep the ring clear), neighing, or *whigh-hie-ing*, as the author calls it, and exhibiting specimens of boisterous and burlesque horsemanship. The *whig-hies* are mentioned by Fletcher, in *Women Pleased*, where Bomby, now converted to Puritanism, renounces the hobby-horse, in which he had just been dancing:

"This beast of Babylon I'll ne'er back again,
"His pace is sure profane, and his lewd *wi-hees*,
"The songs of Hymyn and Gymyn in the wilderness."

The feats of *leigerity* (legerdemain), such as *threading the needle*, conveying an egg from hand to hand, which Jonson terms the *travels of the egg*; running *daggers through the nose, and other humours incident to the quality*, which Sogliardo exhibited in his career, may yet be seen at country fairs. "*But O! the hobby-horse is forgot.*" We have now *Pizarro*, and the *Castle Spectre*, in our holiday booths. We are certainly more genteel, in our rural amusements, than our fathers; but I doubt whether we are quite as merry, or even as wise.

Sog. Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the——

Car. How, the method!

Sog. Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

Car. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

Sog. Mass, and I'll have a tomb, now I think on't; 'tis but so much charges.

Car. Best build it in your lifetime then, your heirs may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to them.

Car. No, for heirs and executors are grown damnable careless, 'specially since the ghosts of testators left walking.—How like you him, signior?

Fast. 'Fore heavens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.[1]

Car. Arrides you!

Fast. Ay, pleases me: a pox on't! I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refined choice spirits, that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my genius.

[1] Fast. *'Fore heavens, his humour* arrides *me exceedingly.*] This Latinism is copied by Marmion: "Her form answers my expectation; it *arrides* (pleases) me exceedingly!" *The Antiquary.* Shirley, too, has it in his *Love Tricks.* It is a most affected piece of pedantry, but it does not misbecome the characters who employ it. In the next speech there is more of it.

Sog. Signior Carlo! [*Takes him aside.*

Cor. *This is right to that of Horace,* Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt; *so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.*

Car. [*pointing to Fastidious.*] Who, he? a gull, a fool, no salt in him i' the earth, man; he looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub; he'll be spent shortly. His brain's lighter than his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lye, than that is to wag; he sleeps with a musk-cat every night, and walks all day hang'd in pomander[2] chains for penance; he has his skin tann'd in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetness of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. [*advancing to them.*] Nay, Carlo, I am not happy in thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little, sweet mischief: by this air, I shall envy this gentleman's place in thy affections, if you be thus private, i'faith.

[2] —— *and walks all day hang'd in* pomander *chains,* &c.] Pomanders were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or strung round the neck, as amulets, to prevent infection in times of the plague: they were also an article of luxury among people of rank and fashion, or who aspired to be thought such. Directions for making them frequently occur in our old poets, books of huswifery, &c. "A good *pomander,* a little decayed in the scent; but six grains of musk, ground with rose water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently." *Malecontent,* A. V. S. 1. Another receipt, more complicated, and therefore more in the taste of the times, occurs in *Lingua,* A. IV. S. 3. This kind of amulet has lately been revived with great parade of novelty; such is our credulity, or our ignorance!

Enter CINEDO.

How now! Is the knight arrived?

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guess'd he will arrive presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by Minerva, an excellent figure; a good boy.

Car. You should give him a French crown[3] for it; the boy would find two better figures in that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown; speak in the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour, thou know'st him; prithee, how is his disposition? I never was so favoured of my stars, as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the hobby?

Cin. Ay, sir, the groom has set him up.

[*As Cinedo is going out Sogliardo takes him aside.*

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his——— Nay, good Wickedness, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and his wife well; he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse; he will taint a staff well at

[3] Car. *You should give him a* French crown *for it;*] *French crown*, like the miserable word *do*, is almost sure to draw from the commentators a profusion of filth and obscenity wherever it occurs. Whalley says that it means a corona veneris, a caries in the head, &c.; though how Fastidious was to give this, is not very apparent. A French crown here means neither more nor less than a piece of money so called.

tilt;[4] when he is mounted he looks like the sign of the George, that's all I know; save, that instead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and break his sword as confidently upon the knotty bark, as the other did upon the scales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's delivered of him. They say he has dialogues and discourses between his horse, himself, and his dog; and that he will court his own lady, as she were a stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. Ay, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning; this gentleman has been a spectator of it, signior Insulso.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a page.—Say you, sir? [*Leaps from whispering with Cinedo.*

Car. You have seen signior Puntarvolo accost his lady?

Sog. O, ay, sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it, prithee, good signior?

Sog. Faith, sir, in very good sort; he has his humours for it, sir; as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so,) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting-gentlewoman, she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks,———very pretty i'faith, gentlemen.

[4] —— *he will* taint *a staff well at* tilt?] *i. e.* Break it, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner. Such, at least, is the meaning it seems to have here, the only place but one (as far as I know) in which the expression occurs (See Massinger, Vol. II. p. 293), unless, from Jonson's known attachment to playing on words, it should be thought to bear a similar meaning in a subsequent passage of the present play.

Punt. There never was so witty a jest broken at the *tilt*, of all the court wits christened.

Maci. O, this applause *taints* it foully.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman, she looks out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle, not before?

Sog. No, sir, not before; and then says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha!—says he, God save you, says he;—ha, ha!

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this fellow; or else,———

[*A cry of hounds within.*

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting; stand by, close under this terras, and you shall see it done better than I can shew it.[5]

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poise the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object. [*They stand aside.*

[5] ——— *you shall see it done better than I can shew it.*] It is to be regretted that this observation came so late. Certainly it does no credit to the judgment of the poet thus to destroy a part of the interest of his own scene by anticipating what it was meant to display. But Jonson excelled in strong and vigorous description; and this is not the only place in which his consciousness of his superior talents for delineating characters has betrayed him into improprieties.

Enter PUNTARVOLO, *followed by his Huntsman leading a greyhound.*

Punt. Forester, give wind to thy horn.—Enough; by this the sound hath touch'd the ears of the inclosed: depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserved, the horn, and thanks. [*Exit Huntsman.*

Car. Ay, marry, there is some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace; now above, now above!

[*A Waiting-gentlewoman appears at the window.*

Punt. Stay; mine eye hath, on the instant, through the bounty of the window, received the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and, after some little flexure of the knee, with an erected grace salute her; one, two, and three! Sweet lady, God save you!

Gent. [*above.*] No, forsooth; I am but the waiting-gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *humanum est errare.*

Car. He learn'd that of his chaplain.[6]

Punt. To the perfection of complement (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties) are required these three specials; the gnomon, the puntilios, and the superficies: the superficies is that we call place; the puntilios, circumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easy and facile; and such am I.

[6] Car. *He learn'd that of his* chaplain.] An improvement of the quarto, which reads, "He learned that of a *Puritan*;" the only description of people, perhaps, who never made use of the expression.

Car. True, not knowing her horizon, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Punt. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

Gent. [*above.*] The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

Punt. Puntarvolo! O——

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lies the syrup of the jest; it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.[7]

[7] —— *as a* jig *after a play.*] In our author's days a *jig* did not always mean a dance, but frequently, as here, a ballad, or a low ludicrous dialogue, in metre. So in *The Hog hath lost his Pearl:* "Here's the player would speak with you—about the "*jig* I promised him." A. I. S. 1. And in *Hamlet:* "O! your "only *jig*-maker;" upon which Mr. Steevens cites the following lines from Shirley's *Love in a Maze:*

"———————— Many gentlemen
"Are not, as in the days of understanding,
"Now satisfied without a *jig*, which since
"They cannot, with their honour, call for, after
"The play, they look to be served up i' th' middle." WHAL.

The conclusion of this note affords a curious specimen of the disingenuity of Steevens, and the improper confidence of Whaley. The former quotes this passage to prove that a *jig* meant, as above, "a farcical dialogue in verse," and breaks off within a word of what expressly ascertains that Shirley meant neither more nor less by it than a *dance:*

"———————————— i' th' middle;
"Your *dance* is the best language of some comedies,
"And footing runs away with all: a scene
"Exprest with life of art, and squared to nature,
"Is dull and phlegmatic poetry."

Steevens, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, has no plea for thus garbling a quotation, since a hundred passages might be fairly produced, in which *jig* is used for a scene of low buffoonery, or farce.

Sog. Ay, e'en like your jig, sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! Of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature bears he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is melancholy.—

Car. So is the dog's, just.

Punt. And doth argue constancy, chiefly in love. What are his endowments? is he courteous?

Gent. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin between your brows, sir.

Punt. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud, he takes an inventory of his own good parts.

Gent. Bountiful! ay, sir, I would you should know it; the poor are served at his gate, early and late, sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, ay, sir, he can speak the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he has travelled?

Gent. Ay, forsooth, he hath been beyond seas once or twice.

Car. As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back again.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious! I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure.

Fast. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

Car. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks them.

Punt. Would I might but see his face!

Car. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

Punt. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

Gent. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

Punt. His lady! what, is she fair, splendidious, and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, sir!

Punt. Prithee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

[*Exit Waiting-gentlewoman from the window.*

Car. That he may erect a new dial of compliment, with his gnomons and his puntilios.

Fast. Nay, thou art such another Cynick now, a man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a suit of wainscot on: and the dog watching him, lest he should leap out on't.

Fast. O, villain!

Car. Well, an e'er I meet him in the city, I'll have him jointed, I'll pawn him in Eastcheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace; who be these, Carlo?

Enter SORDIDO *and* FUNGOSO.

Sord. Yonder's your godfather; do your duty to him, son.

Sog. This, sir? a poor elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seven or eight hundred a year; that's his son, my nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill come, neighbour Sordido, though I have not yet said, well-come; what, my godson is grown a great proficient by this.

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. Ay, sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

Car. Fungoso! O, he look'd somewhat like a sponge in that pink'd yellow doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a mule.[a]

Gent. [*reappears at the window.*] My lady will come presently, sir.

Sog. O, now, now!

Punt. Stand by, retire yourselves a space; nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat; the air is piercing. [*Sordido and Fungoso withdraw.*

Fast. What! will not their presence prevail against the current of his humour?

Car. O, no; it's a mere flood, a torrent carries all afore it.

[*Lady Puntarvolo appears at the window.*

[a] *I see he was never born to ride upon a* mule,] i. e. he was never born to be a great lawyer. It was the custom anciently for the judges or serjeants at law to go to Westminster in great state, and riding on mules. Thus Stow, describing the order of Wolsey's going to Westminster, in term-time: "And when he come at the hall door, there was *hys mule*, being trapped all in crimson velvet, wyth a saddle of the same, and guilte styrops." Ann. ed. 1580, p. 917. Wheat.

John Whiddon, justice of the King's Bench Court, 1 Mar. as we are informed by Dugdale, "was the first of the judges who rode to Westminster-hall on an horse or gelding; for before that time they *rode on mules.*" Dug. *Orig. Ju. L.* p. 38.

Jonson, or his printer, spells this word several ways, moile, moyl, and mula, I have adopted the last.

Punt. What more than heavenly pulchritude is this,
What magazine, or treasury of bliss?
Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-struck, and in yon sphere
A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

Fast. How! in verse!

Car. An extacy, an extacy, man.

Lady. P. [*above.*] Is your desire to speak with me, sir knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his brain nor his body are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonair, and luculent lady, I decline me as low as the basis of your altitude.

Cor. *He makes congies to his wife in geometrical proportions.*

Mit. *Is it possible there should be any such humourist?*

Cor. *Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.*

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits, but lately scattered in the admiration of your form; to which, if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible, I doubt not, but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poor knight-errant, lady, that hunting in the adjacent forest, was by adventure, in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart, dear madam, escaped by enchantment: the evening approaching, myself and servant wearied, my suit is, to enter your fair castle and refresh me.

Lady. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual with me, chiefly in the absence of a husband, to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true

regard of those innated virtues, and fair parts, which so strive to express themselves, in you; I am resolved to entertain you to the best of my unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valued with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay while I descend. [*Exit from the window.*

Punt. Most admired lady, you astonish me.

[*Walks aside with Sordido and his son.*

Car. What! with speaking a speech of your own penning?

Fast. Nay, look; prithee, peace.

Car. Pox on't! I am impatient of such foppery.

Fast. O let us hear the rest.

Car. What! a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir Lancelot and queen Guenever?[9] Away! I marle in what dull cold nook he found this lady out; that, being a woman, she was blest with no more copy of wit[1] but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud, I think he feeds her with porridge, I; she could never have such a thick brain else.

Sog. Why, is porridge so hurtful, signior?

Car. O, nothing under heaven more prejudicial to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call *acumen ingenii*, than

[9] *After Sir Lancelot and queen Guenever?*] After *the manner*, &c. *Cui non dictus Hylas?* and who does not know that Guenever was the wife of king Arthur, and Lancelot her favoured and faithful lover? Their amours fill many a page of the old romance of *Prince Arthur*.

[1] *She was blest with no more* copy *of wit*] From the Latin *copia*, plenty, abundance; familiar in this sense to our author. WHAL.

This word was not introduced by Jonson; it occurs in Chaucer, and even in writers anterior to Chaucer: luckily, its uncouthness has long since banished it from the language, which it only served to stiffen and deform.

your gross fare: Why, I'll make you an instance; your city-wives, but observe 'em, you have not more perfect true fools in the world bred than they are generally; and yet you see, by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potatoe-pies, and such good unctuous meats, how their wits are refined and rarified; and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from them, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Enter lady PUNTARVOLO *and her Waiting-woman.*

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady. Gad's me, here's company! turn in again. [*Exit with her Woman.*

Fast. 'Slight, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't; for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discover, and salute the knight. [*They come forward.*

Punt. Stay; who be these that address themselves towards us? What, Carlo! Now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome; welcome, gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Untruss of the time?*[2]

Car. Faith, spending my metal in this reeling world (here and there), as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble upon a yeoman-feuterer,[3] as I do now; or one of fortune's mules, laden with treasure, and an empty

[2] *Thou* Grand Scourge, *or* Second Untruss *of the time?*] The allusion is here to Marston, whose Satires, called the *Scourge of Villanie*, in three books, were printed the year before the first edition of this Comedy, 1590.

[3] *A yeoman*-feuterer.] Meaning Puntarvolo. *Feuterer* is a

cloak-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace! What brisk Nymphadoro is that in the white virgin-boot there?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect; monsieur Fastidious.

Punt. Sir, I could wish, that for the time of your vouchsafed abiding here, and more real entertainment,[4] this my house stood on the Muses hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperides.

Fast. I possess as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his faith, than to think it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace than ———

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, lest——

[*Carlo comes toward them.*

Sog. Husht! My brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boor, the clown; but I request you in private, sir.

Fung. [*looking at Fastidious Brisk.*] By heaven, it is a very fine suit of clothes. [*Aside.*

Cor. *Do you observe that, signior? There's another humour has new-crack'd the shell.*

dog-keeper, from the French *vautrier* or *vaultrier;* one that leads a lime-hound or greyhound for the chase. WHAL.

See Massinger, Vol. III. p. 213.

[4] *And more* real *entertainment.*] It may be just worth observing that, in the affected language of Puntarvolo, *real* means regal, noble: the word is distinguished in the quarto by a capital.

Mit. *What! he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?*
Cor. *O, you forestall the jest.*

Fung. I marle what it might stand him in. [*Aside.*

Sog. Nephew!

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him. [*Aside.*]—What said you, uncle?

Sog. When saw you my niece?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supp'd there.—That kind of boot does very rare too. [*Aside.*

Sog. And what news hear you?

Fung. The gilt spur and all![5] Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. [*Aside.*]—Say you, uncle?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else: I ask what news you hear?

Fung. Troth, we hear none.—In good faith, [*looking at Fastidious Brisk,*] I was never so pleased with a fashion, days of my life. O an I might have but my wish, I'd ask no more of heaven now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a —— [*Aside.*

Sog. They say, there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh,[6] with Jonas and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin?

[5] *The* gilt spur *and all!*] *Gilt spurs* were one of the extravagant articles affected by the gallants of the age. Thus Fennor, in the *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 32: "Gallants that scorned to weare any other than beaver hats, and gold bands, rich swords, and scarfes, silk stockings, and gold fringed garters, or russet bootes, and *gilt* spurs." WHAL.

[6] *They say there's a new* motion *of the city of Nineveh, &c.*] There is no *puppet-show* of which our old writers make such frequent mention as this of Nineveh, which must have been exceedingly popular. Fleet-street appears to have been the principal place where sights of every kind were exhibited, and

Fung. Here's such a world of questions with him now!—Yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture.—Would he would once be satisfied! Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and between three or four pound the hose; then boots, hat, and band: some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, for the heavens![7] [*Aside.*

Sog. I'll see all those devices an I come to London once.

Fung. Ods 'slid, an I could compass it, 'twere rare. [*Aside.*]—Hark you, uncle.

probably from its being the great thoroughfare of the city. This would scarcely deserve notice were it not for a passage in Butler which it serves to explain, and of which the sense has been hitherto mistaken:

"And now at length he's brought
"Unto fair London city,
"Where in Fleet-street
"All those may see't,
"That will not believe my ditty." *Ballad on Cromwell.*

"Alluding," says the Editor, "to Cromwell's having lodged there at some period of his life." But the allusion is to the notoriety of this street for its exhibitions of puppet-shows, "naked Indians," "strange fishes," and "monsters" of every description. The laudable custom of hanging out a picture of what was to be seen, is still preserved in full force.

[7] *Some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me,* for the heavens!] This expression occurs in *The Merchant of Venice.* "Away! says the fiend, for the heavens!" Upon which Mr. M. Mason observes, "As it is not likely that Shakspeare should make the Devil conjure Launcelot to do any thing *for the heavens*, I have no doubt but the passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read, Away! says the fiend, for the *haven*—by which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away!" My old acquaintance succeeds no better in geography than in criticism: the *haven* of Venice is all his own, and it would be the height of injustice to compliment Shakspeare with the discovery of it.

Mr. Malone says that the expression means, "Begone, says the fiend, to the heavens." This appears less likely to come from

Sog. What says my nephew?

Fung. Faith, uncle, I would have desired you to have made a motion for me to my father, in a thing that——— Walk aside, and I'll tell you, sir; no more but this: there's a parcel of law books (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than half the money they cost; and I think, for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem them; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and Fitz-Herbert, divers such as I must have ere long; and you know, I were as good save five or six pound, as not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

the "Devil," than the "conjuration" which so scandalized Mr. M. Mason. But enough of trifling; the words are merely a petty oath; and wheresoever they occur, in this manner, and by whomsoever they are spoken, mean neither more nor less than —by heaven! Such is the sense of them in the text: Some ten or eleven pound will do it all, *by heaven!*

This ignorance of the language, if accompanied by modesty, would be no great evil; but when it emboldens the commentator to corrupt and alter it to his own conceptions, as Whalley has done in this place, it becomes a serious matter. In a subsequent scene of this play Macilente says,

"Now, *for* my soul, another minion
"Of the old lady Chance's!"

On which Whalley observes, "I apprehend the words *for my soul* are corrupt, and should be read *'fore my soul.*" And accordingly the expression, thus happily corrected a second time, is made part of the text.

That no future doubts may arise on the subject, I will subjoin two or three of as many score examples which I could instantly produce: the first shall be from Jonson himself: "Come on, sir Valentine, I'll give you a health, *for the heavens*, you mad Capricio, hold hook and line!" *Case is Altered.* The second, from his old enemy Decker: "A lady took a pipe-full or two (of tobacco) at my hands, and praised it, *for the heavens!*" *Untrussing the Humourous Poet.* And, to conclude, Tweddle, the drunken piper, in *Pasquil and Katharine*, exclaims, "I must goe and clap my mistress' cheekes (his tabor) there, *for the heavens.*"

Sog. That I will: when would you have me do it? presently?

Fung. O, ay, I pray you, good uncle: [*Sogliardo takes Sordido aside.*]—send me good luck! Lord, an't be thy will, prosper it! O my stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Fast. Shall I tell you, sir? by this air, I am the most beholden to that lord, of any gentleman living; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then have you the count Gratiato?

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his love: By this hand, I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously,[8] nor out of affectation, but there's he, and the count Frugale, signior Illustre, signior Luculento, and a sort of 'em, that when I am at court, they do share me amongst them; happy is he can enjoy me most private. I do wish myself sometime an ubiquitary for their love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had seen them stand by the fire in the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, in the lords room.[9]

Punt. Then you must of necessity know our

[8] *I speak it not* gloriously,] i. e. *gloriosè*, vain-gloriously; a common acceptation of the word by the writers of Jonson's time.

[9] *Or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, in* the lords room.] The *lords rooms* answered to the present stage-boxes. The price of admission to them appears to have been originally a shilling. Thus Decker: "At a new play you take up the *twelve-penny room*, next the stage, because the *lords* and you may seem to be hail-fellow, well met." *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609.

court-star there, that planet of wit, madona Saviolina?

Fast. O Lord, sir! my mistress.

Punt. Is she your mistress?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight favours of her's, sir, that do speak it, she is; as this scarf, sir, or this riband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes,[1] though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, she is the lady of a most exalted and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you ever hear any woman speak like her? or enriched with a more plentiful discourse?

Car. O villainous! nothing but sound, sound, a mere echo; she speaks as she goes tired, in cobweb-lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch flies withal.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou be'st not plagued for this blasphemy one day————

Punt. Come, regard not a jester: It is in the

[1] *This scarf, sir, or this riband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes,*] In those days of gallantry, it was an honourable mode for the men to wear publicly some token of their mistress, or favour she was supposed to give them. Gloves, ribands, &c. were the usual insignia of this kind. The fans then in use were made of feathers. WHAL.

The fashion of wearing roses, that is knots of ribands, in the ear, is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and among the rest by Shakspeare:

"—— my face so thin,
"That in my *ear* I could not stick a *rose*,
"Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes."
King John.

Theobald supposes the rose here mentioned to be the flower so called; but he is mistaken.

power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me.

Fast. Sir, I affirm it to you upon my credit and judgment, she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true ear; and yet to see!—a rude tongue would profane heaven, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

Fast. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but—she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the *Arcadia.*[2]

Car. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.[3]

Sord. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

[2] *She does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures as any be in the* Arcadia.] An unfinished pastoral romance written by sir P. Sidney, in compliment to his sister. It is mentioned in the *Antiquary:* "'Twere a solecism to imagine that a young bravery, who lives where any waiting-woman speaks perfect *Arcadia*," &c. Lord Orford talks slightly of it in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, and with a certain degree of justice: for though it contains some nervous and elegant passages, yet the plan of it is poor; the incidents trite and uninteresting, and the general style pedantic and affected. It does not appear to have been meant for the public.

[3] *Whence she may steal with more security.*] Because, as Whalley says, and as Jonson certainly means to insinuate, they were less read. But the fact is not so; Robert Green was at once the most voluminous and the most popular author of his time. He was, says Wood, "a pastoral sonnet-maker," (Antony misconceives the general nature of his writings,) "and author of several things which were pleasing to men and women of his time. They made much sport, and were valued among scholars, but since, they have been mostly sold on ballad-mongers stalls." Green died in great poverty, in 1592.

Fung. I'll try what that will do, if you please.

Sord. Do so; and when you have them, study hard.

Fung. Yes, sir. An I could study to get forty shillings more now! Well, I will put myself into the fashion, as far as this will go, presently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not: the almanack says, we should have store of rain to-day. [*Aside.*

Punt. Why, sir, to-morrow I will associate you to court myself, and from thence to the city, about a business, a project I have; I will expose it to you, sir; Carlo, I am sure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel: and because I will not altogether go upon expense, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one,[4] upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to

[4] *I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me* five for one, &c.] In this age, when travelling was hazardous and insecure, it seems to have been no unusual practice to put out money at going abroad, on condition of receiving it back trebled, quadrupled, or, as here, quintupled on the completion of the expedition. To this there are innumerable allusions in our old writers. In the *Ball*, by Shirley, it forms a principal incident of the play. Barnaby Riche also mentions it, "whipsters, that having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke to be paid *two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome," &c. Thus too, Shakspeare.

Each putter out of *one for five*,—as Malone properly reads; and not as Steevens has it, "*on* five for *one*," which to the ears of Shakspeare and his audiences would have been intolerable.

As voyages became more frequent, and the dangers of them

entertain time withal. Nay, go not, neighbour Sordido; stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick:[5] Carlo! what! dull now?

Car. I was thinking on your project, sir, an you call it so. Is this the dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the dog, sir.

Car. He does not go barefoot, does he?

Punt. Away, you traitor, away!

Car. Nay, afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot with a thorn, and he as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now, an he were mine, I'd have some present conference with a physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against poison; for, assure you, if once your money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Sog. Ay, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

Sord. Do you know her, sir?

Fast. O lord, sir! signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.[6]

Fung. Ay, I have seen this gentleman there often.

consequently better understood, the odds fell; and adventurers were content to take three to one upon their return.

> "Sir Solus straight will travell, as they say,
> "And gives out *one for three*," &c.

(This expression justifies Malone's correction.) Davies, *Epig.* 11.

[5] *Gentlemen*, frolick!] See *The Alchemist*.

[6] *Signior Deliro is my* merchant] i. e. my broker or banker: In Jonson's days there were none who professed the trade of

Fast. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoso, sir.

Fast. Good signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

Fung. I am her brother, sir.

Fast. In fair time, sir.

Punt. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.[7]

Fast. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior Deliro's often.

Sog. You shall have me at the herald's office, sir, for some week or so at my first coming up. Come, Carlo. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene; it hung in the hand.*

Cor. *I see not where he could have insisted less, and to have made the humours perspicuous enough.*

Mit. *True, as his subject lies; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated them better in single scenes.*

Cor. *That had been single indeed.*[8] *Why, be they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those? and is it not an object of more state, to behold the scene full,*[9] *and relieved with variety of*

banking, exclusively. The goldsmiths of Lombard-street were almost all bankers.

[7] *I will be your* conduct.] Your conductor or guide. So Shakspeare:

"Come, bitter *conduct*, come unsavoury *guide*." *Rom. and Jul.*

WHAL.

[8] *That had been* single *indeed.*] That had been *weak* or *silly*; in this sense *single* occurs perpetually in our old writers. This is the meaning of the term in *Macbeth*, (my *single* state of man) about which so much has been written to so little purpose; and this too is the undoubted sense of it in *Henry IV.* "Is not your wit *single*?"

[9] *Is it not an object of more state to behold the scene* full, &c.]

speakers to the end, than to see a vast empty stage, and the actors come in, one by one, as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eye of the spectators?

Mit. *Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgment; marry, you shall give me leave to make objections.*

Cor. *O, what else? It is the special intent of the author you should do so; for thereby others, that are present, may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you would do.*

Mit. *So, sir: but when appears Macilente again?*

Cor. *Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave: here he comes, and with him signior Deliro, a merchant at whose house he is come to sojourn: make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the city, with the scene: where, suppose they speak.*

SCENE II.

The City. A Room in Deliro's *House.*

Enter DELIRO, MACILENTE, *and* FIDO *with flowers and perfumes.*

Deli. I'll tell you by and by, sir.—
Welcome, good Macilente, to my house,

Yet I see not what is gained by this fulness of the scene. The characters are not blended into one whole; they disperse into little groups, and carry on their business, distinct from one another, advancing alternately to the front of the stage, and retiring to make room for others. The acquiescence of Mitis

To sojourn even for ever;[1] if my best
In cates, and every sort of good entreaty,
May move you stay with me.
[*He censeth: the boy strews flowers.*
Maci. I thank you, sir.—
And yet the muffled Fates, had it pleased them,
Might have supplied me from their own full store,
Without this word *I thank you* to a fool.
I see no reason why that dog call'd Chance,
Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me:
I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood,
Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he:
My parts are every way as good as his;
If I said better, why, I did not lie.
Nath'less, his wealth, but nodding on my wants,
Must make me bow, and cry, *I thank you, sir.*
[*Aside.*
Deli. Dispatch! take heed your mistress see you not.
Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly.
[*Exit.*
Deli. Nay, gentle friend, be merry; raise your looks
Out of your bosom: I protest, by heaven,
You are the man most welcome in the world.
Maci. I thank you, sir.—I know my cue, I think. [*Aside.*

in the reasoning of his friend Cordatus is no great proof of its accuracy or justice, for Mitis is a man of straw, and liable to be overthrown with the slightest effort.

[1] *To sojourn even for ever;*] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently right; the folio, which Whalley followed, has "To sojourn *at my house* for ever." My house was repeated, by the compositor, from the preceding line.

Re-enter FIDO, *with more perfumes and flowers.*

Fido. Where will you have them burn, sir?
Deli. Here, good Fido.
What, she did not see thee?
Fido. No, sir.
Deli. That is well.
Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest flowers; so!
Maci. What means this, signior Deliro? all this censing?
Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet more; well said.—
O, Macilente, I have such a wife!
So passing fair! so passing-fair-unkind!
But of such worth, and right to be unkind,
Since no man can be worthy of her kindness—
Maci. What, can there not?
Deli. No, that is sure as death,
No man alive. I do not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindness.
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.
How, said I? do her right! as though I could,
As though this dull, gross, tongue of mine could utter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That sit, as high as I can look, within her!
Maci. This is such dotage as was never heard.
Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.
Maci. Granted, quoth you?
Deli. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it,
For I do speak the very least of her;
And I would crave, and beg no more of heaven,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserve so well,
As you pretend?
Deli. Ay, and she knows so well
Her own deserts, that, when I strive t'enjoy them,
She weighs the things I do, with what she merits;
And, seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces,
She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,
That no observance I can do to her
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
I mend that fault; and then she says, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good friend, advise me,
How I may temper this strange spleen in her.
Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her too assured she may command you.
When women doubt most of their husband's loves,
They are most loving. Husbands must take heed
They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses; whom they feed
Not with a mangerful of meat together,
But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them.
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire:
Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kindness,
As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.
Offer no love rites, but let wives still seek them,
For when they come unsought, they seldom like them.
Deli. Believe me, Macilente, this is gospel.
O, that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive, i' faith,
To be more strange and careless; yet I hope
I have now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I shall find my kindness well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my affections.

She late hath found much fault with every room
Within my house; one was too big, she said,
Another was not furnish'd to her mind,
And so through all; all which, now, I have alter'd.
Then here, she hath a place, on my back-side,
Wherein she loves to walk; and that, she said,
Had some ill smells about it: now, this walk
Have I, before she knows it, thus perfumed
With herbs, and flowers; and laid in divers places,
As 'twere on altars, consecrate to her,
Perfumed gloves, and delicate chains of amber,
To keep the air in awe of her sweet nostrils:
This have I done, and this I think will please her.
Behold, she comes.

Enter FALLACE.

Fal. Here's a sweet stink indeed!
What, shall I ever be thus crost and plagued,
And sick of husband? O, my head doth ache,
As it would cleave asunder, with these savours!
All my rooms alter'd, and but one poor walk
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd,
My brain doth sweat so, I have caught the plague!
Deli. Why, gentle wife, is now thy walk too sweet?
Thou said'st of late, it had sour airs about it,
And found'st much fault that I did not correct it.
Fal. Why, an I did find fault, sir?
Deli. Nay, dear wife,
I know thou hast said thou hast loved perfumes,
No woman better.
Fal. Ay, long since, perhaps;
But now that sense is alter'd: you would have me,
Like to a puddle, or a standing pool,

To have no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightly river,
That moves for ever, and yet still the same;
Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one flame.
Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers;
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing changed.
Fal. Why, those were growing flowers,
And these within my walk are cut and strewed.
Deli. But yet they have one scent.
Fal. Ay! have they so?
In your gross judgment. If you make no difference
Betwixt the scent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You have a sense to taste lamp oil, i'faith:
And with such judgment have you changed the chambers,
Leaving no room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house; and now my walk, and all,
You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away:
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I list.
Deli. What shall I do? O, I shall never please her.
Maci. Out on thee, dotard! what star ruled his birth,
That brought him such a Star? blind Fortune still
Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them:
How long shall I live, ere I be so happy
To have a wife of this exceeding form? [*Aside.*
Deli. Away with 'em! would I had broke a joint
When I devised this, that should so dislike her.
Away, bear all away. [*Exit Fido with flowers, &c.*
Fal. Ay, do; for fear

Aught that is there should like her.[2] O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceal himself,
As though he loved, nay, honour'd and adored!—
Deli. Why, my sweet heart?
Fal. Sweet heart! O, better still!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence!
Alas, you're simple, you; you cannot change,
Look pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder:
No, no, not you! 'tis pity o' your naturals.
I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat liked me,
And straight he noted it, and gave command
All should be ta'en away.
Deli. Be they my bane then!
What, sirrah, Fido, bring in those gloves again
You took from hence.
Fal. 'Sbody, sir, but do not:
Bring in no gloves to spite me; if you do——
Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstrued!
Maci. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to break!
What mov'd the heavens, that they could not make
Me such a woman! but a man, a beast,
That hath no bliss like others? Would to heaven,
In wreak of my misfortunes, I were turn'd
To some fair water-nymph, that, set upon

[2] Fal. *Ay, do; for fear*
Aught that is there should like *her.*] *i. e.* should please her. So in the line just above, "that should so *dislike*," *i. e.* displease her: and this is the language of the poet's contemporaries. So Shakspeare:
"His countenance *likes* me not." *King Lear.*
and almost every dramatist of the age. WHAL.

The deepest whirl-pit of the rav'nous seas,
My adamantine eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all! [*Aside.*

Cor. *Behold, behold, the translated gallant.*
Mit. *O, he is welcome.*

Enter FUNGOSO, *apparelled like* FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fung. Save you, brother and sister; save you, sir! I have commendations for you out o' the country.—I wonder they take no knowledge of my suit: [*Aside.*]—Mine uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are melancholy; why are you so sad? I think you took me for master Fastidious Brisk, sister, did you not?

Fal. Why should I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing.——I was lately in master Fastidious's company, and methinks we are very like.

Deli. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give you joy on't.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, brother; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand was his new suit.

Deli. Pray you, good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone: I'll put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my suit?

Fal. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.[3]

[3] Fal. *O, you are a gallant* in print *now, brother.*] You are now a perfect, complete gallant. Thus Chapman:

"'Tis such a pick'd fellow, not a hair
"About his whole bulk, but it stands *in print.*" *All Fools.*

And Massinger:

"——— Is he not, madam,
"A monsieur, now, *in print*?" *Guardian.* WHAL.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last edition, I assure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fung. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow these spurs, I have left my gown in gage for them, pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition.[4] I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not ginglers.[5] Monsieur Fastidious will be here anon, sister.

Fal. You jest!

Fung. Never lend me penny more while you live then; and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fal. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday; I came acquainted with him at sir Puntarvolo's: nay, sweet sister.

Maci. I fain would know of heaven now, why yond fool
Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook,
That painted jay, with such a deal of outside?

[4] Fung. *Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next* exhibition.] *i. e.* at the next payment of my allowance. Thus Shakspeare:

"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
"Like *exhibition* shalt thou have from me." WHAL.

The word is used by Wycherley in the *Plain Dealer*, "And then, widow, you must settle on your son an *exhibition* of forty pounds a year."

[5] Fung. *I had spurs of mine own before, but they were not* ginglers.] See p. 49. I omitted to observe in that place that these gingling spurs were merely an appendage of fashion, as their rowels were perfectly blunt, and not at all calculated for riding. Thus, in the *Fleire:* "Your swaggerer is like your *walking* spur; he gingles much, but he never cuts."

What is his inside, trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Good heaven, give me patience, patience patience.
A number of these popinjays there are,
Whom, if a man confer, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, lord, what things they are! [*Aside.*

Fal. [*Gives him money.*] Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O lord, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK, *in a new suit.*

Fast. Save you, signior Deliro! How dost thou, sweet lady? let me kiss thee.

Fung. How! a new suit? ah me!

Deli. And how does master Fastidious Brisk?

Fast. Faith, live in court, signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine. I must speak with you in private by and by.

Deli. When you please, sir.

Fal. Why look you so pale, brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

Maci. Ay, there's a newer edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my suit changed, I'll go fetch my tailor presently, but first I'll devise a letter to my father. Have you any pen and ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would use it. 'Slight, an it had come but four days sooner, the fashion. [*Exit.*

Fast. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss to-day, i' the presence; did me more good by that light than—— and yesternight sent her coach twice to my lodging, to intreat

me accompany her, and my sweet mistress, with some two or three nameless ladies more: O, I have been graced by them beyond all aim of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and they do so commend and approve my apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why, I'll tell you now, in good faith, and by this chair, which, by the grace of God, I intend presently to sit in, I had three suits in one year made three great ladies in love with me: I had other three, undid three gentlemen in imitation: and other three gat three other gentlemen widows of three thousand pound a year.

Deli. Is't possible?

Fast. O, believe it, sir; your good face is the witch, and your apparel the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

Maci. Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet! though I had shared the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not cared; I might have past for somewhat in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparel has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties; makes continual holiday where it shines; sets the wits of ladies at work, that otherwise would be idle; furnisheth your two-shilling ordinary; takes possession of your stage at your new play;

and enricheth your oars, as scorning to go with your scull.

Maci. Pray you, sir, add this; it gives respect to your fools, makes many thieves, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

Fal. Out, out! unworthy to speak where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heaven I wonder at you citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Deli. Why, sir?

Fast. That you can consort yourselves with such poor seam-rent fellows.[6]

Fal. He says true.

Deli. Sir, I will assure you, however you esteem of him, he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why, what has he in him of such virtue to be regarded, ha?

Deli. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fast. Nothing else!

Deli. And he is well travell'd.

Fast. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of travel in him, and prefer him to some nobleman of good place.

Deli. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever, in my friend's right; and I doubt not, but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, an he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to-morrow.

Deli. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

Fast. You say well, sir: faith, signior Deliro,

[6] Fast. *That you can consort yourselves with such poor* seam-rent *fellows.*] This contemptuous term for raggedness appears

I am come to have you play the alchemist with me, and change the species of my land into that metal you talk of.

Deli. With all my heart, sir; what sum will serve you?

Fast. Faith some three or four hundred.

Deli. Troth, sir, I have promised to meet a gentleman this morning in Paul's, but upon my return I'll dispatch you.

Fast. I'll accompany you thither.[7]

Deli. As you please, sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I have no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good have a quartain fever follow me now, for I shall ne'er be rid of him. Bring me a cloak there, one. Still, upon his grace at court, I am sure to be visited; I was a beast to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and —— Come signior Macilente, I must confer with you, as we go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: look not like winter thus. Here, take my keys, open my counting-houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any object that delights thee: if thou wilt eat the spirit of gold, and drink dissolved pearl in wine,[8] 'tis for thee.

again in the *Poetaster:* "A lean visage 'pearing out of a "*seam-rent* suit." A. I. Decker, in the *Satiromastix*, seems to twit Jonson with the frequent use of it.

[7] Fast. *I'll accompany you thither.*] In this, and some of the following speeches, Jonson had Horace in view: *Ibam forte via sacra*, &c.

[8] —— *and drink dissolved pearl in wine,*] As Cleopatra is said to have done. WHAL.

Jonson recurs to this again in his *Fox:*

"See, here's a rope of *pearl*, and each more orient
"Than that the brave Egyptian queen caroused;
"*Dissolve and drink* them." A. III.

Fal. So, sir!

Deli. Nay, my sweet wife.

Fal. Good lord, how you are perfumed in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Deli. Come, gentlemen.

Fast. Adieu, sweet lady. [*Exeunt all but Fallace.*

Fal. Ay, ay! let thy words ever sound in mine ears, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoys so absolute a gentleman to her servant! *A countess gives him her hand to kiss:* ah, foolish countess! he's a man worthy, if a woman may speak of a man's worth, to kiss the lips of an empress.

Re-enter FUNGOSO, *with his Tailor.*

Fung. What's master Fastidious gone, sister?

Fal. Ay, brother.—He has a face like a cherubin!— [*Aside.*

Fung. 'Ods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my tailor and all: which way went he, sister, can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith—and he has a body like an angel! [*Aside.*

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now; did you not meet him?—and a tongue able to ravish any woman in the earth. [*Aside.*

Fung. O, for God's sake—I'll please you for your pains [*to his Tailor.*]—But e'en now, say you? Come, good sir: 'slid, I had forgot it too: if any body ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall have him at the herald's office yonder, by Paul's.

[*Exit with his Tailor.*

Fal. Well, I will not altogether despair: I have heard of a citizen's wife has been beloved of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho! well, I will

into my private chamber, lock the door to me, and think over all his good parts one after another. [*Exit.*

Mit. *Well, I doubt, this last scene will endure some grievous torture.*

Cor. *How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by some hard construction?*

Mit. *Do not you?*

Cor. *No, in good faith: unless mine eyes could light me beyond sense. I see no reason why this should be more liable to the rack than the rest: you'll say, perhaps, the city will not take it well that the merchant is made here to dote so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so* Fastidiously *affected as she is.*

Mit. *You have utter'd my thought, sir, indeed.*

Cor. *Why, by that proportion, the court might as well take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignity and virtue: but can you imagine that any noble or true spirit in court, whose sinewy and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier, will make any exception at the opening of such an empty trunk as this Brisk is? or think his own worth impeached, by beholding his motly inside?*

Mit. *No, sir, I do not.*

Cor. *No more, assure you, will any grave, wise citizen, or modest matron, take the object of this folly in Deliro and his wife; but rather apply it as the foil to their own virtues. For that were to affirm, that a man writing of Nero, should mean all emperors; or speaking of Machiavel, comprehend all statesmen; or in our Sordido, all farmers; and so of the rest: than which nothing can be uttered more malicious, or absurd. Indeed there are a sort*

of these narrow-eyed decypherers, I confess, that will extort strange and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it never so conspicuous and innocently delivered. But to such, where'er they sit concealed, let them know, the author defies them and their writing-tables;[9] *and hopes no sound or safe judgment will infect itself with their contagious comments, who, indeed, come here only to pervert and poison the sense of what they hear, and for nought else.*

Enter cavalier SHIFT, with two *Si quisses* (bills) in his hand.

Mit. *Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?*

Cor. *O, marry, this is one, for whose better illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in Paul's, and that, the west end of it.*

Mit. *So, sir, and what follows?*

Cor. *Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclasping.*

Mit. *As how? What name do you give him first?*

Cor. *He hath shift of names, sir: some call him Apple-John, some signior Whiffe; marry, his main standing name is cavalier Shift · the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures.*

[9] —— *the author defies them and their writing*-tables;] It was customary for the critics of Jonson's time to carry pocket-books (*tables*) to the theatres, for the purpose of writing down such passages as struck them: to this there are many allusions in our old plays. Thus, in the *Malecontent:* "I am one that "hath seen this play often; I have most of the jests here in "my *table-book*." And, in the *Woman Hater:* "If there be "any lurking among you in corners, with *table-books*, who have "some hopes to find fit matter to feed their malice, let them "clasp them up and slink away."

Mit. *And what makes he in Paul's now?*

Cor. *Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a* si quis, *or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humourous world a little longer.*

Mit. *It seems then he bears a very changing sail?*

Cor. *O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Middle Aisle of St. Paul's.

Shift. [*coming forward.*] This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.[1]

Enter ORANGE.

Orange. What, signior Whiffe! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

[1] *This is rare, I have* set up my bills *without discovery.*] i. e. his *Si quisses*, his advertisements. "It appears," says a late commentator on Shakspeare, "from *a very rare little piece*, that St. Paul's was a place in which bills were posted up." This is the very foppery of black-letter reading. The play before us, which is to be found in every library in the kingdom, and which conveys more information on the subject than can be picked out of all the *rarities* in the critic's cabinet, is not once noticed! I know that Jonson is no favourite with the idolizers of Shakspeare, who never mention him but to calumniate his name, and I do not therefore address myself to them; but I can assure those unprejudiced readers, who are solicitous to become acquainted with the domestic manners and pursuits of our forefathers, that they will find more to gratify this rational curiosity in the dramas of this great poet, than in all the writers of his age. Jonson was a keen observer, and an accurate describer of the scenes before him: added to which,

Shift. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit private in Paul's. 'Save you, sir.

Orange. Adieu, good signior Whiffe.

[*Passes onward.*

Enter CLOVE.

Clove. Master Apple-John! you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches, ha?

Shift. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir. [*Exit.*

Clove. Farewell, sweet Apple-John! I wonder there are no more store of gallants here.

Mit. *What be these two, signior?*

Cor. *Marry, a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two in this scene of Paul's, by chance.*

Orange. Save you, good master Clove!

Clove. Sweet master Orange.

his idea of the true intent of comedy, and the examples of Aristophanes and Plautus, his principal models, came in aid of his natural bent, and converted what was inclination into duty.

A modern reader, Whalley says, will be surprised, perhaps, to find business of the following description transacted in St. Paul's; but the middle aisle of this church was, in the poet's days, the common resort of bullies, knights of the post, and others of the like reputable professions, who carried on their various occupations here with great success: indeed, bargains of all kinds were made here as commonly as on the Exchange, and with as little feeling of impropriety. The reader who wishes for more on the subject, may turn to a very curious passage in Reed's *Old Plays*, Vol. VII. p. 136.

Mit. *How! Clove and Orange?*

Cor. *Ay, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an Orange as ever grew: nothing but salutation, and,* O lord, sir! *and,* It pleases you to say so, sir! *one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and extemporal grace; and some hour after in private ask you what it was. The other monsieur, Clove, is a more spiced youth; he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes in a bookseller's shop, reading the Greek, Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either; if he had the tongues to his suits, he were an excellent linguist.*

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Orange. O lord, sir.

Enter PUNTARVOLO *and* CARLO, *followed by two Serving-men, one leading a dog, the other bearing a bag.*

Punt. Sirrah, take my cloak; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou losest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave, he loves a dog well, I warrant him; I see by his looks, I:—Mass, he's somewhat like him. 'Slud [*to the Servant.*] poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man; thou may'st have more security of thy life; and —So, sir; what! you have not put out your whole venture yet, have you?

Punt. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds; but my lady, my wife, is *Out of her Humour,*[2] she does not now go.

[2] *My wife is* out of her humour.] Jonson forgot to account for this: but he has so many characters on his hands, that the loss of one may well be overlooked.

Car. No! how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforced to give it out, upon the return of myself, my dog, and my cat.

Car. Your cat! where is she?

Punt. My squire has her there, in the bag; sirrah, look to her. How lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

Car. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will save me so much in conserves. When saw you signior Sogliardo?

Car. I came from him but now; he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognizance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchased arms, then?

Car. Ay, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life.[3] I'll go look among yond' bills, an I can fit him with legs to his arms.

Punt. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir. [*They go to read the bills.*

Enter FASTIDIOUS, DELIRO, *and* MACILENTE.

Fast. Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:[4] I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies; but let that pass: do you know how to go into the presence, sir?

Maci. Why, on my feet, sir.

[3] *Of as many colours as e'er you saw any* fool's coat *in your life.*] Jonson plays on the word: the privileged fool of his days wore a parti-coloured dress.

[4] *Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:*] In the middle aisle: the quarto reads, in the Mediterraneum.

Fast. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis that must bear you out, I assure you; as thus, sir. You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or foretop; because, when you come at the presence-door, you may with once or twice stroking up your forehead,[5] thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is, standing up stiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Fast. Ay, sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your mistress should do, rather than gum-water, or whites of eggs; is't not so, sir?

Fast. An ingenious observation. Give me leave to crave your name, sir?

Deli. His name is Macilente, sir.

Fast. Good signior Macilente, if this gentleman, signior Deliro, furnish you, as he says he will, with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court; you shall see sweet silent rhetorick,[6] and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye; but when she speaks her self, such an anatomy of wit, so sinewized and arterized,

[5] *Your predominant or* foretop—*once or twice stroking up your forehead, &c.*] This appears to have been the fashionable mode of wearing the hair at this time. Thus Rowley, "While I tie my band, prithee *stroke up my forctop a little.*" *Match at Midnight.*

[6] *You shall see* sweet silent rhetoric, &c.] I know not what Jonson found so ridiculous in the following extract, but this is not the only place in which he laughs at it:

"Ah Beauty! Syren, fair enchanting good,
"*Sweet silent rhetoric* of persuading eyes,
"*Dumb eloquence*, whose power doth move the blood,
"More than the words or wisdom of the wise!"
Daniel's *Comp. of Rosamond.*

that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; O, O, O! I cannot express them, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiration is your silence, sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good! let's read them again. [*Reads the Bill.*

If there be any lady or gentlewoman of good carriage that is desirous to entertain to her private uses, a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of the age of five or six and twenty at the most; who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legs of purpose,[7] *and a black satin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit, for the more sweetening, now lies in lavender; and can hide his face with her fan, if need require; or sit in the cold at the stair foot for her, as well as another gentleman: let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given.*

Punt. This is above measure excellent, ha!

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine slave. [*Reads.*

If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his

[7] *And hath* little legs *of purpose,*] These are mentioned as characteristic of a gentleman in many of our old plays: see Massinger, Vol. IV. 280. To *lie in lavender*, which occurs just below, is also a cant term for lying in pawn. So in *Eastward Hoe*, "Good faith, rather than thou shouldst *pawn* a rag, I'd *lay* my ladyship *in lavender*, if I knew where." The expression is so common, that more examples of it are unnecessary.

hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentlemanlike use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, euripus and whiff,[8] *which he shall re-*

[8] *As also the rare corollary and practice of the* Cuban ebolition, euripus, *and* whiff.] In p. 9, it is said that one of cavaliero Shift's chief exercises was taking the whiff; here we find that this accomplished personage was also master of the *delicate sweet forms*, of taking the euripus, and the Cuban ebolition. I regret my inability to furnish any precise information upon those terms, which are almost peculiar to Jonson. *Whiff*, indeed, occurs in a dull, prosing account of tobacco, in the *Queen's Arcadia*, from which, as well as from what our author says elsewhere, it would seem to be either a swallowing of the smoke, or a retaining it in the throat for a given space of time. The lines of Daniel are,

> "This herb in powder made, and fired, he sucks,
> "Out of a little hollow instrument
> "Of calcinated clay, the smoke thereof:
> "Which either he conveys out of his nose,
> "Or down into his stomach with a *whiff*," &c.

It is also noticed in *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

> "Indeed young Brahant is a proper man,
> "He curles his boote with judgment, takes a *whiffe*
> "With graceful fashion," &c. A. I.

And in the *Guls Hornbook*, in a manner which proves that Shift was a professor of no vulgar arts! "Then let him shew his several tricks in taking the *whiffe*, the ring, &c. for these are compliments (accomplishments) that gain gentlemen no mean respect; and for which indeed they are more worthily noticed than for any skill they have in learning."

Cuban ebolition, or a corruption of it, appears in the *Return from Parnassus*, "Good faith," exclaims one of the pages, "master Prodigo is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* so excellently!" This, indeed, explains nothing; but,

ceive, or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties; may it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered. Stet, quæso, candide Lector.[9]

Punt. Why, this is without parallel, this.

Car. Well, I'll mark this fellow for Sogliardo's use presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo for his use.

Car. Faith, either of them will serve, they are both good properties: I'll design the other a place too, that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be spectators with you, Carlo. Soft, behold who enters here:

Enter SOGLIARDO.

Signior Sogliardo! save you.

Sog. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo; your dog's in health, sir, I see: How now, Carlo?

from the expression itself, we may conjecture that it meant a forcible and rapid ejection of the smoke. Of the *euripus*, I can find no other example. This was the name which the ancients gave to that narrow and rapid streight between the island of Eubœa and the continent. It was proverbial for its frequent flux and reflux, and its name may therefore have been given to the trick, which we have all witnessed, of inhaling and emitting smoke in quick succession. But all this is uncertain, and must be so received. I have nothing better.

[9] *Stet, quæso,*] The usual adjuration, I suppose, not to cover, or tear down, the advertisements.

Car. We have ta'en simple pains, to choose you out followers here. [*Shews him the bills.*

Punt. Come hither, signior.

Clove. Monsieur Orange, yon gallants observe us; prithee let's talk fustian a little, and gull them; make them believe we are great scholars.

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Nay, prithee let us, believe me,—you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Orange. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clove. By this church, you have, la; nay, come, begin—Aristotle, in his dæmonologia, approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time; and in his hypercritics, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:—you understand the Greek, sir?

Orange. O, good sir!

Maci. For society's sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrots!

Clove. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity[1] of the time, and the soul's synderisis are but embrions in nature, added to the panch of Esquiline, and the inter-vallum of the zodiac, besides the ecliptic line being optic, and not mental, but by the contemplative and theoric part thereof, doth demonstrate to us the vegetable circumference, and the ventosity of the tropics, and whereas our intellectual, or mincing capreal (according to the metaphysicks) as you may read in Plato's Histriomastix——You conceive me, sir?

Orange. O lord, sir!

Clove. Then coming to the pretty animal, as

[1] *Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity, &c.*] This precious nonsense is somewhat of the nature of the *Chresme Philosophale des Questions Encyclopedicques de Pantagruel*, which Jonson probably had in his thoughts.

reason long since is fled to animals,[2] you know, or indeed for the more modelizing, or enamelling or rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceive the hypothesis, or galaxia, (whereof the meteors long since had their initial inceptions and notions) to be merely Pythagorical, mathematical, and aristocratical——For, look you, sir, there is ever a kind of concinnity and species——Let us turn to our former discourse, for they mark us not.

Fast. Mass, yonder's the knight Puntarvolo.

Deli. And my cousin Sogliardo, methinks.

Maci. Ay, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Deli. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[*Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, and Carlo walk together.*

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have been so toiled among the harrots yonder,[3] you will not believe! they do speak in the strangest language, and give a man the hardest terms for his money, that ever you knew.

[2] *As reason long since is fled to animals,*] Designed as a sneer on those philosophers, who, from the tractable and imitative qualities in brutes, maintained that they were reasonable creatures. WHAL.

This is very gravely said: but I wonder the commentators have not rather pointed out this passage as *designed to sneer* at Shakspeare,

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
"And men have lost their reason!" *Julius Cæsar.*

It is true that *Every Man out of his Humour* was published several years before *Julius Cæsar*, but that, I find, is no conclusive argument in favour of Jonson, for—"he might have seen the lines in manuscript;" or, as the manuscript was certainly not in existence at this time, he might have known that Shakspeare intended to make use of such an expression.

[3] *I have been so toiled among the* harrots *yonder,*] See Vol. I. p. 28.

Car. But have you arms, have you arms?

Sog. I'faith, I thank them; I can write myself gentleman now; here's my patent, it cost me thirty pound, by this breath.

Punt. A very fair coat,[4] well charged, and full of armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you have seen a coat have; how like you the crest, sir?

Punt. I understand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, sir, it is your boar without a head, rampant. A boar without a head, that's very rare!

Car. Ay, and rampant too! troth, I commend the herald's wit, he has decyphered him well: a swine without a head, without brain, wit, any thing indeed, ramping to gentility. You can blazon the rest, signior, can you not?

Sog. O, ay, I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the tricking.[5]

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that ever this eye survised.—Save you, good monsieur Fastidious. [*They salute as they meet in the walk.*

Car. Silence, good knight; on, on.

Sog. [reads.] *Gyrony of eight pieces; azure and*

[4] *A very fair coat, &c.*] In this and what follows, Jonson had evidently the *Ementita Nobilitas* again in view: *Adde clypeum cum insignibus.* Ha. *Quænam mihi suades deligam?* Ne. *Duo mulctra, si velis, et cantharum cerevisiarium.* Ha. *Ludis: age dic serio.* Ne. *Nunquam fuisti in bello?* Ha. *Ne vidi quidem.* Ne. *At interim, opinor, decollasti anseres et capos rusticorum?* Ha. *Persæpe, et quidem fortiter.* Ne. *Pone machæram argenteam, tria anserum capita aurea.* Ha. *In quo solo?* Ne. *Quo nisi sanguinolento, monumentum fortiter effusi cruoris.—In vertice quid eminebit?* Ha. *Expecto.* Ne. *Caput canis demissis auribus.*

[5] *It cost me two shillings the* tricking.] The drawing of it out with pen and ink; it is an heraldic term.

gules; between three plates, a chevron engrailed checquy, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent, between two ann'lets sable, a boar's head, proper.

Car. How's that! on a chief argent?

Sog. [reads.] *On a chief argent, a boar's head proper, between two ann'lets sable.*

Car. 'Slud, it's a hog's cheek and puddings in a pewter field, this.

[*Here they shift. Fastidious mixes with Puntarvolo; Carlo, and Sogliardo; Deliro and Macilente; Clove and Orange; four couple.*

Sog. How like you them, signior?

Punt. Let the word[6] be, *Not without mustard:* your crest is very rare, sir.

Car. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come, lap it up, lap it up.

Fast. You are right well encounter'd, sir; how does your fair dog?

Punt. In reasonable state, sir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? A merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis signior Deliro, sir.

Punt. Is it he?—Save you sir! [*They salute.*

Deli. Good sir Puntarvolo!

Maci. O what copy of fool[7] would this place

[6] Punt. *Let the* word *be, &c.*] The motto. Thus in *Albion's England*:

Non mœrens moriar for the *mot.*

And, in Webster's *White Devil*,

The *word, Inopem me copia fecit.* WHAL.

[7] *O what* copy *of fool*, &c.] What abundance. Thus Gosson (forgetting himself, poor man!) observes, that "carpers doe nowe long for *copie* of abuses." We had this vile expression before. See p. 63.

minister, to one endued with patience to observe it!

Car. Nay, look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form; be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man; speak nothing humbly, never discourse under a nobleman, though you never saw him but riding to the star-chamber, it's all one. Love no man: trust no man: speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish them hanged upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on them; I'll come to you again presently. [*Exit.*

Punt. [*to his servant.*] Sirrah, keep close; yet not so close: thy breath will thaw my ruff.[8]

Sog. O, good cousin, I am a little busy, how does my niece? I am to walk with a knight, here.

Enter FUNGOSO *with his* Tailor.

Fung. O, he is here; look you sir, that's the gentleman.

Tai. What, he in the blush-coloured satin?

Fung. Ay, he, sir; though his suit blush, he blushes not, look you, that's the suit, sir: I would have mine such a suit without difference, such stuff, such a wing,[9] such a sleeve, such a

[8] *Thy breath will* thaw my ruff.] The expression is humorous, for the ruffs then worn were made extremely stiff with starch. WHAL.

[9] *Such a* wing,] A lateral prominency, extending from each shoulder, which, as appears from the portraits of the age, was a fashionable part of the dress. WHAL.

skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables?[1]

Fast. Why, do you see, sir, they say I am fantastical; why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass: I'd beg him, i'faith.[2] I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into it. For mine own part, so I please mine own appetite, I am careless what the fusty world speaks of me. Puh!

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the knee there?

Tai. I warrant you, sir.

Fung. For God's sake do, note all; do you see the collar, sir?

Tai. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

Fung. Pray heaven it do not! you'll make these linings serve, and help me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tai. I'll do my best, sir; you'll put it off presently.

Fung. Ay, go with me to my chamber you shall have it——but make haste of it, for the love of a customer; for I'll sit in my old suit, or else lie a bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done. [*Exit with his Tailor.*

[1] *Have you a* pair of tables?] i. e. a *pocket-book*, for taking memorandums. See p. 90.

[2] *I'd* beg him, *i'faith.*] Alluding to the common expression of *begging a man for a fool.* Great interest was formerly made with the Crown, to obtain the custody of a wealthy idiot, and the profit of his lands: probably, too, some cajolery was used to the poor innocent himself. Thus in *Drum's Entertainment*, "Be my *ward*, John. Faith, I'll give thee two coats a year, an thou'lt be my *fool*."

Re-enter CARLO.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *Insula Paulina.*[3]

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a creature?[4]

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observed yonder, the rarest superficies of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Paul's here; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs, and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport.

Enter SHIFT; *and walks by, using action to his rapier.*

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

Car. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier: look, look!

Car. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a cutler's

[3] *In Insula Paulina.*] This is worse than, in *Mediterraneum*, But I suppose that Jonson did not think himself responsible for Carlo's Latin. He spells the word aisle, indeed, *isle*, but he must have known the meaning of it too well to imagine that *Insula* was the proper translation.

[4] *What is he* for a creature?] See *The Silent Woman.*

boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour,[5] I should think it impossible.

Car. See again, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, go to.

Fast. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provoked.

Car. *With that the moody squire thumpt his breast,*
And rear'd his eyen to heaven for revenge.[6]

Sog. Troth, an you be good gentlemen, let's make them friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter; for this rapier, it seems, is in the nature of a hanger-on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected; I'll ask him.

Mac. O, here's rich stuff! for life's sake, let us go:
A man would wish himself a senseless pillar,
Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:
Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit——

[*Exit with Deliro.*

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the question; he looks as he had seen a serjeant.[7]

[5] *Or that the fellow were nothing but* vapour,] A cant term for a mere hector, a quarrelsome bully.

[6] *With that*, &c.] I do not recollect these lines:—if they are not a quotation from some of our elder poets, which they probably are, they are an affected imitation of their manner.

[7] *He is turned wild upon the question; he looks as he had seen a* serjeant.] One of the officers belonging to the Compter, a serjeant at mace; he looks as if he feared to be arrested.

Shift. Sell my rapier! now fate bless me!

Punt. Amen,

Shift. You ask'd me, if I would sell my rapier, sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, lord have mercy upon me!

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. 'Slid sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should move you, as they say, sir, to ask me, sir, if I would sell my rapier?

Fast. Nay, let me pray you, sir, be not moved: I protest, I would rather have been silent, than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid!—Nay, sir, for mine own part, as I am a man that has serv'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but—sell my rapier! I will tell you, sir, I have served with this foolish rapier, where some of us dare not appear in haste; I name no man; but let that pass. Sell my rapier!—death to my lungs! This rapier, sir, has travell'd by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country: I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my lord of Leicester's time: and, by God's will, he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would——Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here; if you have any disposition to travel for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your———[*lowering his voice.*] Please you to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart

some ten groats,[8] or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think our self——'Sblood! sell my rapier!

Sog. I pray you, what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry, he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so——

Punt. Break his head, and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jews trump, I.

Shift. My rapier! no sir; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my honour;—if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you—and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water. [*sighs.*] Hard is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms, or clem.[9] Sell my rapier! no, my dear, I will not be divorced from thee, yet; I have ever found thee true as steel, and———You cannot impart sir?—Save you, gentlemen;—nevertheless, if you have a fancy to it, sir—

Fast. Prithee away: Is signior Deliro departed?

Car. Have you seen a pimp outface his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him, that can dissemble them so well,

Punt. True, and having no better a cloak for it than he has neither.

Fast. Od's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

[8] *Please you* to impart *some ten groats,*] In the characters of the drama (p. 9,) Shift is described as making "privy searches for *imparters.*"

[9] *Must eat their arms, or* clem.] i. e. starve. *Clem,* or *clam,* is a word yet in use in many parts of the kingdom. See the *Poetaster,* A. I. WHAL.

Punt. Whither in such haste, monsieur Fastidious?

Fast. After my merchant, signior Deliro, sir. [*Exit.*

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide; a good flounder, i'faith.

Orange. Hark you, signior Whiffe, a word with you. [*Orange and Clove call Shift aside.*

Car. How! signior Whiffe?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would have given me five pound for my rapier, and I refused it; that's all.

Clove. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good master Apple-John. [*Exit with Orange.*

Car. How! Whiffe, and Apple-John too? Heart, what will you say if this be the appendix or label to both yon indentures?[1]

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.[2]

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

[1] *What will you say if this be the appendix or label to both yon indentures?*] From the names, which Carlo overhears, he conjectures that Shift is the person meant in both the advertisements: *Whiffe*, as professor of the noble art of smoking, and *Apple-John*, as pimp and squire to "gentlewomen of good carriage."

[2] *Or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.*] Jupiter, upon the arrival of Claudius among the gods, dispatches Hercules, who had travelled all countries, to know who he was: *Tum Jupiter Herculem, quia totum orbem terrarum pererraverat,*

Car. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

Shift. Sir, my name is cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift! I heard your name varied even now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world as I am her excellent tobacconist, to give me the style of signior Whiffe; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. Ay, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine yon bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banish'd the middle aisle for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscribed to them, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry, you must use expedition. Signior Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

Sog. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head;[3] do you profess these sleights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, in the most popular assembly that is.

et nosse videbatur omnes nationes, jubet ire, &c. Seneca de morte Claudii. The invocation of Janus is in the same spirit of humour. WHAL.

[3] *House your head;*] i. e. put it under shelter, cover it. They walked, we see, with their hats on:——but no species of irreverence was omitted.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the whiffe, so soon?

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and, upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.[4]

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who! he serve? 'sblood, he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.[5]

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

[4] *I'll give you more than* countenance.] "*Countenance* is a law term, from the French *contenement*, or the Latin *contenementum*, and denotes the credit and reputation which a person hath by reason of his freehold; and most commonly what is necessary for his support and maintenance according to his condition of life. In this sense it occurs in several old statutes." *Observations on the more Ancient Statutes*, p. 11.

[5] *Who! he serve? s'blood he keeps* high *men, and* low *men; he! he has a fair living at* Fullam.] He is a sharper, and uses false dice. The dice were loaded to run high or low; hence they were called *high men* or *low men*, and sometimes high and low *Fullams*. The phrase is common in the writers of this age.

WHAL.

Thus Piston, "Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice: here are *tall men* and *little men*.

Julio. *High men* and *low men*, thou wouldst say."

Soliman and Perseda, A. II.

And Pistol,

"————gourd and *fullam* holds,
"And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor."

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Whalley says that false dice were called *fullams*, either because Fulham was the resort of sharpers, or because they were chiefly manufactured there. The last supposition is not improbable.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

Sog. Sir Puntarvolo!

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million. [*Exit with his Servants.*

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, signior Whiffe, whatever that stiff-necked gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do: Where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Sog. No, faith; but they say there resorts your most choice gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Africk; but that will be helped with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect: when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent; they'll think you have travell'd; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager; 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute; come,

good signior, there's a poor French crown for your ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullis of coin before.[6]

Mit. *I travail with another objection,*[7] *signior, which I fear will be enforced against the author, ere I can be deliver'd of it.*

Cor. *What's that, sir?*

Mit. *That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their servingman, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.*

Cor. *You say well, but I would fain hear one of*

[6] *I had not so much as the least* portcullis *of coin before.*] Some old coins have a *portcullis* stamped on their reverse; which I suppose gave rise to the expression. Thus Stow gives us an account of the fall of base money, in the second year of queen Elizabeth: "It was published by proclamation, that the teston "coined for twelve-pence, and in the reign of Edward VI. "called down to sixpence, should now forthwith (of the best "sort marked with the *portcullice*) be taken for four-pence half-"penny." *Annals*, p. 1115. WHAL.

[7] Mitis. *I travail with another objection*, &c.] Jonson was so sensible of the extraordinary merit of this part of his drama, that he wantons in the consciousness of his own superiority. But for this, Mitis might have spared his remarks:——they have contributed, however, to draw down the indignation of the commentators on the head of the author, who, in what follows, is accused of *sneering* (for that is the eternal phrase) at *Twelfth Night*. This is as absurd as most of the other charges brought against him. Twelfth Night has no countess in love with a duke's son, nor no duke's son in love with a waiting-maid; though it is probable that some such "cross wooing" was to be found among the old trash which has long since perished. What is more to the purpose is, that this was written at least a dozen years before *Twelfth Night* appeared,

these autumn-judgments define once, Quid sit comœdia? *if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition, till he have strength to propose to himself a better, who would have a comedy to be* imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis; *a thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker have fail'd*[8] *in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why —— be you, that are for them, silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.*

SCENE II.

The Country.

Enter SORDIDO, *with a halter about his neck.*

Sord. Nay, God's precious, if the weather and season be so respectless, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my

since it is found in the quarto, 1600, precisely as it stands here, while the earliest date of the play which it is so wisely supposed to ridicule, was never brought lower than 1613.

[8] *If the* maker *have failed* &c.] By the *maker*, Jonson means the *poet:* he seems peculiarly fond of this word; and not improbably considered it as a more honourable designation of the artist than the more modern term. For the rest, he might safely challenge censure here, for he has assuredly failed in no particle of "Cicero's definition." But alas! that definition is incomplete:——it overlooks simplicity of design, connection, and mutual dependence, all, in short, that is wanting to render this exquisite *image of truth* as interesting as it is faithful.

coffers shall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry;—'tis time that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

Mit. *What, will he hang himself?*

Cor. *Faith, ay; it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.*

Mit. *Beshrew me, he will be* OUT OF HIS HUMOUR *then indeed.*

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaves, who would trust them? One says dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as chrystal; another says, tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with! You sky-staring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gowns dear![9] you learned men, and have not a legion of devils *à vostre service! à vostre service!* by heaven, I think I shall die a better scholar than they: but soft—

Enter a Hind, *with a letter.*

How now, sirrah?

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir! what would my son, sir? some good news, no doubt. [*Reads.*

[9] *You are good for nothing but to sweat* night-caps *and make* rug-gowns *dear!*] This was the usual dress of mathematicians, astrologers, &c. when engaged in their sublime speculations, if we may trust the portraits of such of them as have condescended to favour us with their *veræ effigies*, in the front of their books.

Sweet and dear father, desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver, I desire you likewise to be advertised, that this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we use always to have revels;[1] *which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if we gentlemen be well attired, which our seniors note, and think the better of our fathers, the better we are maintained, and that they shall know if they come up, and have any thing to do in the law; therefore, good father, these are, for your own sake as well as mine, to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting up of our name, in the honourable volume of gentility, that I may say to our calumniators, with Tully,* Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ. *And thus, not doubting of your fatherly benevolence, I humbly ask your blessing, and pray God to bless you.*

Yours, if his own, [Fungoso.]

How's this! *Your's, if his own!* Is he not my son, except he be his own son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well! wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away; go. [*Exit Hind.*] Here's a letter indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid, the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul! if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of the high

[1] —— *that this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we use always to have* revels; *&c.*] Fungoso imposes on his father; the revels were at Christmas: but he wanted money to enable him to copy the finery of Fastidious Brisk. There is some humour in his letter, especially in the quotation from Cicero.

ways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven. [*Clambers up, and suspends the halter to a tree.*] Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth? no; alive I kept it from them, and dead, my ghost shall walk about it, and preserve it. My son and daughter shall starve ere they touch it; I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heaven, and to it I go now. [*Flings himself off.*

Enter five or six Rustics, *one after another.*

1 *Rust.* Ah me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help!

2 *Rust.* How now! what's the matter?

1 *Rust.* O, here's a man has hang'd himself, help to get him again.

2 *Rust.* Hang'd himself! 'Slid, carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance-medley, o' my word.

3 *Rust.* How now, what's here to do?

4 *Rust.* How comes this?

2 *Rust.* One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer it. [*They cut him down.*

5 *Rust.* Would he were in case to answer it!

1 *Rust.* Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh!

5 *Rust.* Mass, 'twas well you went the foot-way, neighbour.

1 *Rust.* Ay, an I had not cut the halter——

Sord. How! cut the halter! ah me, I am undone, I am undone!

2 *Rust.* Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd, I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating[a] rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too! ah me!

1 *Rust.* Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how curst are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune!

2 *Rust.* Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor?

3 *Rust.* Ay, and to save so wretched a caitiff?

4 *Rust.* Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him!

2 *Rust.* Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou may'st hang thyself too!

5 *Rust.* Never may'st thou be saved, that saved so damn'd a monster!

Sord. What curses breathe these men! how have my deeds
Made my looks differ from another man's,
That they should thus detest and loath my life!
Out on my wretched humour! it is that

[a] Sord. *You thread-bare*, horse-bread-*eating rascals*,] "It appears," says Dr. Percy, "from the Earl of Northumberland's *Household Book*, that horses were not so usually fed with corn loose in the manger, in the present manner, as with their provender made into *loaves*." This, indeed, is sufficiently clear, from our old dramas, where the expressions of *horse-bread*, and *horse-loaves* perpetually occur: thus, in *Gammar Gurton*, "Save this piece of dry *horse-bread*, chave byt no byt this lyvelonge daie." And in the *Little Thief*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Oh, that I were in my oat-tub, with a *horse-loaf!*" Probably, too, the coarse bread eaten by the common people of those "golden days," as they have been ignorantly or mischievously termed, composed principally of oats and barley, went under the same names.

Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair 'mends
For my foul errors past, and twenty-fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I robb'd them:
My barns and garners shall stand open still
To all the poor that come, and my best grain
Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famish'd mouths.
Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,
Like an unsavoury muck-hill[3] to myself,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being spread abroad,
Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses.
Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving
My life and soul together. O, how deeply
The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!
I am by wonder changed; come in with me
And witness my repentance: now I prove,
No life is blest, that is not graced with love. [*Exit.*

2 *Rust.* O miracle! see when a man has grace!

3 *Rust.* Had it not been pity so good a man should have been cast away?

2 *Rust.* Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the *Acts and Monuments.*[4]

[3] *Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,*
Like an unsavoury muck-hill, &c.] This is not much unlike what Pope says of wealth:

"In heaps, like ambergrease, a stink it lies,
"But well dispersed, is incense to the skies."

May has a feeble imitation of this character, in his *Old Couple.* Earthworm, like Sordido, undergoes a sudden change, but I think less naturally, and by means not so well calculated to produce a striking effect. Avarice may be terrified, but not flattered into liberality.

[4] The quarto reads,

2 *Rust.* Well, I'll get our clarke put his conversion into the *Chronicle.*

4 *Rust.* Do, for I warrant he's a *virtuous man.*

The necessity of change is not very obvious, for the *Chronicles*

4 *Rust.* Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.

2 *Rust.* O God, how he wept, if you mark'd it! did you see how the tears trill'd?

5 *Rust.* Yes, believe me, like master vicar's bowls upon the green, for all the world.

3 *Rust.* O neighbour, God's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How now, Mitis! what's that you consider so seriously?*

Mit. *Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the warping condition of this green and soggy multitude;*[5] *but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it. For when I saw Sordido so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.*

Cor. *What! you supposed he should have hung himself indeed?*

Mit. *I did, and had framed my objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urged, and with some necessity; for though his purposed violence lost the effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any sort admit.*

Cor. *Ay! what think you of Plautus, in his*

were as popular as the *Acts and Monuments;* unless, as Whalley thinks, there is a satirical allusion to Fox's *History of Martyrs.*

[5] —— *of this green and* soggy *multitude.*] In the margin of Whalley's copy, he has written "quere *foggy?*" but the text, I presume, is right. *Soggy*, indeed, is not a very common word, nor does it appear elsewhere in Jonson, or, as I think, in any of our old dramatists; yet I have heard it applied (with what propriety I know not) to hay that has been cut too early, and "sweats" as it lies in heaps.

comedy called Cistellaria?[6] *there, where he brings in Alcesimarchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrained from his resolved outrage, by Silenium and the bawd? Is not his authority of power to give our scene approbation?*

Mit. *Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed;*[7] *your memory is happier than mine: but I wonder, what engine he will use to bring the rest out of their humours!*

Cor. *That will appear anon, never pre-occupy*

[6] Act III. Scene the last.

[7] Mit. *Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed;* &c.] Poor Mitis is a most convenient antagonist; for though he sometimes stumbles on a valid objection, any answer satisfies him. The truth is, that "the horror of the action" was too great; for Sordido had really hanged himself, and is saved by chance; whereas the spectators could be in little pain about Alcesimarchus, whose mistress is upon the stage, and ready to preserve him. It might have been urged, in favour of the poet, that avarice is so odious and debasing a vice, that scarcely any degree of suffering can interest our feelings for the character tainted with it: nor is this all—for, of the ten thousand modes in which avarice may be held forth to public indignation, no one is, or ever was regarded with more abhorrence than that of the hoarder of grain. Neither was the idea of such a wretch as Sordido hanging himself at all new to the audiences of Jonson's days, when almost every Term produced a "warning ballad" on the subject. "Here's a farmer "that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," says the porter in *Macbeth*: and Mr. Waldron has furnished me with an extract from a publication of that age, which undoubtedly expresses the general belief of the people, "That God hath "made the curses of the poore effectuall upon such covetous "corne-horders, even in recent remembrance, may appeare by "this, that some of this cursed crue have become their own "executioners, and in kindnesse have saved the hang-man a "labour by haltering themselves, when, contrary to their ex-"pectation, the price of corne hath sodainly fallen: and this "both in other countries, and among us, as divines of good re-"putation have delivered upon their owne knowledge." *The Curse of Corne-horders*, quarto, 1631, p. 24.

your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the court. Here comes Macilente, and signior Brisk freshly suited; lose not yourself, for now the epitasis,[8] *or busy part of our subject, is in act.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment at the Court.

Enter MACILENTE, FASTIDIOUS, *both in a new suit, and* CINEDO *with tobacco.*

Fast. Well, now, signior Macilente, you are not only welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdrawing chamber.—Boy, get me some tobacco. I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir. [*Exit.*

Maci. What 's that he said? by heaven, I mark'd him not:
My thoughts and I were of another world.
I was admiring mine own outside here,
To think what privilege and palm it bears
Here, in the court! be a man ne'er so vile,
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted,[9] you shall have

[8] —— *lose not yourself, for now the* epitasis, *&c.*] The old critics assign four parts to comedy; the *Prologue;* the *Protasis*, or proposition of the subject; the *Epitasis*, or busy part of it; and the *Catastrophe*, or conclusion.

[9] *Though ne'er so richly* parted,] Though possessed of the most excellent parts, and natural talents. WHAL.

The expression has occurred before. See p. 5.

A fellow that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beer,
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state
Of virtue in bad clothes!—ha, ha, ha, ha!
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts?[1]
By heav'n, I think, a thousand, thousand year.
His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign, graces that survive him,
These I could well indure to reverence,
But not his tomb; no more than I'd commend
The chapel organ for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnish'd face.

Re-enter FASTIDOUS.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir; but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cin. Ay, sir.

Fast. Give me; my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir, [*puffs.*] You'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit.—This

[1] *To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' posts?*] The sheriffs had posts set up before their door, on which proclamations were fastened, which it was usual, out of respect, to read bare-headed. WHAL.

We meet with many allusions to these *posts* in our old dramatists. Thus Shakspeare:

"I'll stand at your door like a *sheriff's post*." *Twelfth Night.*

Again, "*Worship*, I think; for so much the *posts* at his door "should signify." *Puritan*, A. III. S. 5. But the expression is so common, that more examples would be tedious. The lord *chancellor's tomb*, is the tomb of sir Christopher Hatton, then an object of great respect with the country visitors of St. Paul's. See the "*Entertainment at Althorpe.*"

tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective.—Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her: her brain's a very quiver of jests, and she does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would ——— here she comes, sir.

[*Saviolina looks in, and draws back again.*

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bogged else.

Savi. [*within.*] Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

Maci. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent mountains!

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting-horse stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cin. Or, if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard as she comes by.

Fast. Ay, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me: boy, the pipe quickly.

Enter SAVIOLINA.

Maci. What! will he give her music?

Fast. A second good-morrow to my fair mistress.

Sav. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is 't not admirable?

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. [*Talks and takes tobacco between the breaks.*] Troth, sweet lady, I shall [*puffs.*] —— be prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and —— study more officious, and obsequious regards ——.to your fair beauties.——Mend the pipe, boy.

Maci. I never knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.[2]

Sav. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations!

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said *for* your love, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to [*takes down the viol,*[3] *and plays.*] ——— mass your viol's new strung, methinks.

[2] *I do honour the meanest* rush *in this chamber for your love.*] Before carpets came into use, the floors of chambers, and the stage itself, were strewed with rushes. So in the *Widow's Tears:* "Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready! "*Rushes* and seats instantly." A. III. S. 1.

Again, in the *Coxcomb:*

"———— take care my house be handsome,
"And the new stools set out, and boughs, and *rushes.*" A. IV.

WHAL.

My predecessor might have added, that from the indelicate and filthy habits of our forefathers, carpets would have been a grievous nuisance; whereas rushes, which concealed the impurities with which they were charged, were, at convenient times, gathered up and thrown into the streets, where they only bred a general plague, instead of a particular one.

[3] *Takes down the* viol,] It appears, from numerous passages in our old plays, that a viol de gambo (a bass-viol, as Jonson calls it, in a subsequent passage) was an indispensible piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of con-

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit for ingenuity,[4] as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of music, lady—*hum, hum.*

Sav. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire your—*hum, hum*—predominant perfections, than—*hum, hum* —ever I shall have power and faculty to express —*hum.*

Sav. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Sav. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. [*Saviolina tunes the viol.*]—Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir?

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit?

[*Talks and takes tobacco between again.*

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there——Oh, she tickles it so, that——She makes it laugh most divinely;——I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one:

versation. Whoever pretended to fashion, affected an acquaintance with this instrument; and it is well known that sir Andrew Aguecheek could play upon it, as he spoke the languages, "word for word, without book."

[4] —— *if he had said* wit *for* ingenuity,] Ingenuity has a two-fold signification: derived from *ingenuous*, it means openness, candour, or fairness; from *ingenious*, it implies *wit*, invention, genius. In this last sense it is here to be understood; but Macilente plays upon the double meaning. Ingenious and ingennous were often used for each other. WHAL.

I have wished myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven!——

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify.——

Sav. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady.————In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Sav. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! Nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.——

Maci. And he's the salamander belongs to it.[5]

Sav. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! Before heaven, and these bright lights, I think —— you are made of ingenuity, I.——

Maci. True, as your discourse is. O abominable!

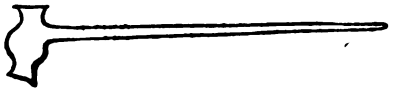
Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Sav. O peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?[6]

[5] Maci. *And he's the salamander* belongs *to it.*] In the quarto it is—*that lives by it.* It seems scarcely worth the pains of altering, or, indeed, of noticing.

[6] Fast. *Meaning my head, lady?*] To account for the captious question of Fastidious, it should be observed that *woodcock* was a cant term for a *fool.* From the following drawing of an ancient tobacco-pipe, which was in the possession of Mr. Reed, it appears that Saviolina was not far from the truth, when she compared it to "the true form of a woodcock's head."



Sav. Not altogether so, sir; but, as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment, you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Sav. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir. [*Exit.*

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song, can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp March was fifteen years ago. Is this the comet, monsieur Fastidious, that your gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore the presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too! Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far endeared to your love. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *What follows next, signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent; methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.*

Cor. *O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!*

Mit. *What, in the old case?*

Cor. *Ay, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Deliro's *House.*

Enter FUNGOSO, FALLACE *following him.*

Fal. Why are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us!

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet, when he has cut them, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man termed a gentleman, that is not always in the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion as any woman in London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, beast that I am to say it! I have not one friend in the world besides my husband. When saw you master Fastidious Brisk, brother?

Fung. But a while since, sister, I think: I know not well in truth. By this hand I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

Fung. I sent him a letter,[7] and he writes me no answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet Fastidious Brisk! O fine courtier! thou art he makest me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband, and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband, nor friend in the court! O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his court'sy! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any whitemeat he eats! and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still![8] O sweet Fastidious! O fine courtier!

Enter DELIRO *at a distance, with* Musicians.

Deli. See, yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, as ever you'll bear the name of musicians, touch your instruments sweetly; she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, signior Deliro.

Deli. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it! [*they strike up a lively tune.*] Well said, good i' faith! Heaven grant it please her. I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

[7] Fung. *I sent* him *a letter*, &c.] By *him*, Fungoso means his father, not Fastidious Brisk: he is talking to himself.

[8] —— *and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still!*] See *The Devil's an Ass.*

Fal. Hey——da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. I thought so; nay, never play bo-peep with me; I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Deli. [*coming forward.*] Anger thee, sweet wife! why, didst thou not send for musicians at supper last night thyself?

Fal. To supper, sir! now come up to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time when they should be melancholy. I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Deli. Be pleased, sweet wife, and they shall have done, and would to fate my life were done, if I can never please thee! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Save you, lady; where is master Deliro?

Deli. Here, master Macilente: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you have been graced exceedingly of master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies for his sake.

Maci. Alas, the poor fantastic! he's scarce known
To any lady there; and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play upon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps,
Holding the cloth for them,[9] praising their wits,

[9] *Holding the* cloth *for them.*] Lifting up the arras, or hangings, for them, as they moved from room to room, so that they might pass without disordering their dress. So in *Cynthia's Revels:* "This repeats jests, this presents gifts, this holds up "the *arras.*" A. V.

And servilely observing every one
May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen
With any man, though he be ne'er so worthy,
That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits,
But sets no such a sightly carriage
Upon their vanities, as they themselves;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
He's like the zany to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch! the good gentleman vouchsafed to make him his companion, because my husband put him into a few rags, and now see how the unrude rascal backbites him![1] [*Aside.*

Deli. Is he no more graced amongst them then, say you?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills up a room, that's all.

Fal. O monster of men! can the earth bear such an envious caitiff? [*Aside.*

Deli. Well, I repent me I ever credited him so much: but now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off, I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mortgaged to me, and forfeited; besides, I have bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: still, as he has had a fan but wagged at him, he would be in a new suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him i' faith, I'll suit him.

[1] —— *how the* unrude *rascal backbites him!*] *Un* is commonly used in composition as a negative, as *un*thankful, *un*civil, &c.; here, however, it seems to be employed as an augmentative. Unless, indeed, unrude be synonymous with the primitive rude, as *un*loose probably is with *loose*, &c. It occurs again in the *Masque of Christmas*: "*Unrude* people they are, your courtiers."

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he meet signior Puntarvolo at a notary's by change, presently; where he means to upon return.

w, out upon thee, Judas! canst thou ent to back-bite thy friend, but thou him! Wilt thou seek the undoing and of such a man too? and will , get your living by the counsel of trai-

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not bide here for all the gold and silver in heaven. [*Exit with Fungoso.*

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end. [*Exit.*

Maci. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life,[2] whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FALLACE *and* FUNGOSO *running; she claps to the door.*

Fal. Help me, brother! Ods body, an you come here I'll do myself a mischief.

Deli. [*within.*] Nay, hear me, sweet wife; unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

[2] *Now* pease *and not* peace *feed that life*, &c.] Deplorable as this attempt at a pun is, it has yet found imitators; see Fletcher's *King and no King*, A. II. For the credit of both poets, I hope that *peace* and *pease* were in their days pronounced alike.

Ful. Tut, you shall never have that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christian creature, make haste to the water side, (you know where master Fastidious uses to land,) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery. O heavens, how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste.: you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother; say, I sent you. [*Exit.*

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter-lane.—Well, I will go presently, say on my suit,[3] pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my tailor for the rest. [*Exit.*

[3] Say *on my suit,*] i. e. try it on. This word is so common that I should not have noticed it, were it not to observe that the modern editors usually print it with a mark of elision, *'say:* a practice which I have been reprehended for not following; (Massinger, Vol. I. p. 169;) but there is no necessity, as a few examples will prove:

"———but pray do not
"Take the first *say* of her yourself." *Chapman.*

"So good a *say* invites the eye
"A little downward to espy." *Sir P. Sidney.*

"Wolsey makes dukes and erles to serve him of wine with a *say* taken." *Holingshed.*

"I could cite more, but these shall suffice for a *say.*"
Old Trans. of the Andria.

SCENE. III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Deli. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente. Though she be froward, yet I know she is honest.

Maci. Well, then have I no judgment. Would any woman, but one that were wild in her affections, have broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible——

Deli. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments i' the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How like you the deciphering of his dotage?*

Mit. *O, strangely: and of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.*

Cor. *Ay, and his scrivener with him.*

SCENE IV.

Puntarvolo's *Lodgings.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, Notary, *and Servants with the dog and cat.*

Punt. I wonder monsieur Fastidious comes not! But, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with them presently.

Punt. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. [*writes.*] Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat, must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople; the time limited for our return, a year; and that if either of us miscarry, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou? or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. Ay, sir.

Punt. Now, for particulars: that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking; and that hiring a coach for myself, it shall be lawful for my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Punt. That I may choose to give my dog or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that, by the judgment of the most authentical physicians[4] where I travel, shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither, in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magic,

[4] *By the judgment of the most* authentical *physicians.*] *Authentical* physicians are those who are allowed to practise publicly. There is a similar expression in Shakspeare, "*Par.* So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus. *Laf.* Of all the learned and *authentic* fellows." *All's Well that ends Well*, A. II. S. 3.
WHAL.

witchcraft,[5] or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar;[6] (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

[5] *That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither—by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft,* &c.] The whole of this is a solemn burlesque upon the oaths which were taken by the combatants of romance, and indeed of history, before they were permitted to encounter each other. The *powder*, Whalley conceives to be fern-seed, which from its minuteness, not being itself visible, was supposed, according to the vulgar superstition, "to make the person *invisible* who carried it about him." This is rather doubtful: but the subject is scarcely worth pursuing. By the ring, is meant that of Gyges, which, when the bezel was turned towards the palm of the hand, rendered the wearer of it invisible. Both are mentioned by Fletcher:

> "Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring,
> "Or the herb that gives invisibility?"
> *Fair Maid of the Inn*, A. I. S. 1.

[6] *Or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar.*] Alluding probably to Cornelius Agrippa's dog. Paulus Jovius gives the following account of the master and his dog: (*Elog. doct. Viror.* edit. Basil. 1577, p. 187.) *Excessit è vita nondum senex apud Lugdunum, ignobili et tenebroso in diversorio, multis eum tanquam necromantiæ suspicione infamem execrantibus; quod cacodæmonem nigri canis specie circumduceret; ita ut quum propinquâ morte ad pœnitentiam urgereter,* cani collare loreum *magicis per clavorum emblemata inscriptum notis exsolverit; in hæc suprema verba irate prorumpens,* Abi, perdita bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti! *nec usquam familiaris ille canis, aut assiduus itinerum omnium comes, et tum morientis domini desertor postea conspectus est, quum precipiti fuga saltu in Ararim se immersisse, nec enatasse, ab his qui id vi disse asserebant, existimetur.* WHAL.

Punt. That, for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. [*writes.*] 'Tis done, sir.

Punt. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that, upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

Not. Very good, sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CARLO.

Punt. O Carlo! welcome: saw you monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

Punt. Ay, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the commandments, than his hour; upon my life, in such a case trust him.

Punt. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth, ha!

Car. Why, I came but now from a hot-house; I must needs look smooth.

Punt. From a hot-house!

Car. Ay, do you make a wonder on't? why, it is your only physic. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubb'd, and froted, with a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linen, he shall ne'er have the pox.

Punt. What, the French pox?

Car. The French pox! our pox: we have them in as good a form as they, man; what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you, Sogliardo?

Car. O porpoise! hang him, no: he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder;[7] his villainous Ganymede and he have been droning a tobacco-pipe[8] there ever since yesterday noon.

Punt. Who? signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiffe?

Car. Ay, he. They have hired a chamber and all, private, to practise in, for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant.[9] I brought

[7] *He's a* leiger *at Horn's ordinary yonder;*] i. e. he has taken up his abode there: a *leiger* was a resident ambassador. Of Horn I know nothing; he was perhaps, the master of the Mitre: and yet the Mitre was too respectable an inn for the haunts of cavaliero Shift.

[8] ——— droning *a tobacco-pipe*] See the *Silent Woman*, A. IV. S. 1.

[9] —— *for the making of the* patoun, *the* receipt reciprocal, *and a number of other mysteries not yet extant.*] An editor of Jonson has to struggle with difficulties which seem to grow beneath his toil. I know no other poet of that age, whose language may not be explained by references to contemporary writers;

some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view them, as you'd do a piece of perspective, in at a key-hole; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while the other open'd his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or fourscore ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourscore ounces?

Car. Ay, and preserv'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood when he opens a vein.

Punt. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the vein of thy friend?

Car. Friend! is there any such foolish thing in the world, ha? 'slid, I never relished it yet.

Punt. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

but with Jonson it is not so; at least, as far as my little experience enables me to judge. He has many terms which are no where else to be found, many allusions to customs which are not noticed by the poets of his time. I mention this to procure some indulgence for the conjectures in which I frequently find myself engaged at a venture. *Patoun* I have never met with elsewhere, nor can I pretend to determine its precise meaning here. Patons, in *French*, are those small pellets of paste with which poultry are crammed: *making of the patoun*, may, therefore, be moulding tobacco, which was then always cut small, into some fantastic or fashionable form for the pipe. The *receipt reciprocal*, is not improbably what Decker, in the *Guls Horn-book*, calls the *ring*, that is, as I suppose, passing the pipe from one to another, as is done now in some countries, and was once sufficiently common here; but this, with the former term, must be left to the reader. It appears that Whalley had endeavoured to procure some information on these points, for on the margin of his copy I find the following memorandum by Steevens.

"Mr. Reed, who may be considered as the high-priest of black letter, declares no book to have been written containing instructions how to take tobacco. You have therefore not a single auxiliary on the present subject, except your own saga-

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all; I can oil my tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good sleek forehead; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough: what Lynceus can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend! it's a vain, idle thing, only venerable among fools; you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Deli. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo.

Punt. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Deli. Pray you, sir, did you see master Fastidious Brisk?
I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Punt. You heard no figment, sir;[1] I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Deli. In good time, sir.

Car. There's a fellow now looks like one of the patricians of Sparta; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred:[2] a good blood-hound, a

city; and must of course be content to rank the patoun, &c. among "the mysteries not yet extant." Aug. 29, 1781."

This somewhat consoles me in my ignorance.

[1] *You heard no* figment, *sir;*] See *Cynthia's Revels.* For *every pulse of my watch,* the quarto has "every minute my watch strikes."

[2] *There's a fellow now looks like one of the* patricians of Sparta; *marry, his wit's after* ten i' the hundred:] i. e. his imagination is employed in contriving how to place out his money at interest, which, by a statute of the thirteenth of Elizabeth, was fixed at *ten per cent.* What idea Carlo had of a *Spartan patrician* I know not; there is surely nothing very republican in the conduct of Deliro: but it is perhaps impossible to allot any determinate sense to such patronymic expressions of kindness or contempt, as *Grecian, Trojan, Spartan,* &c. which seem in our old plays to signify just what the speaker pleases. Sparta

close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well; marry, he's at a fault now, methinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of satin, or rather Satan indeed, that will walk, like the children of darkness, all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blanks,[3] ready to swallow up as many poor unthrifts as come within the verge.

Punt. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, d——n me! immortality! I'll not meddle with him; the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Punt. How, Carlo! ha, what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente; do you not know him? a rank, raw-boned anatomy, he walks up and down like a charged musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

Punt. His rest! why, has he a forked head?[4]

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended; you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Deli. Troth, now I think on't, I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes, faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For,

was famous for its breed of dogs: perhaps some recollection of this circumstance might give rise to the abusive terms which follow.

[3] ——*with their pockets full of* blanks, &c.] Meaning, I suppose, bonds and covenants ready drawn, and only waiting to be filled up by such as were reduced to sell or mortgage their estates.

[4] Punt. *His* rest! *why, has he a forked head?*] Alluding to the semi-circular form of the musket rest; see Vol. I. p. 62.

look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that——

Maci. Your wife! now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I, if I had a wife, suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour, and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

Deli. O, but signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

Maci. Such a wife! Now hate me, sir, if ever I discern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that have been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, have not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces, that have done very well too, in my judgment. But, in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good, pretty, proud, hard-favour'd thing, marry not so peerlessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, however you please to forget yourself, I have not deserv'd to be thus played upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the savour of his breath, at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman,[5] and by my life,

[5] *Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no* proper *woman.*] i. e. not *proper* or peculiar to yourself, but *common* to all who solicit her. This is Mr. Whalley's explanation; which he inforces by several examples of the word *proper* thus applied. As I think him wrong, I have omitted his quotations: *proper* is used here, as *properer* is just above, for *handsome;*

I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect, if you please, do you see? I'll urge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Deli. Good, sir. [*Exit.*

Maci. Good sir! now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind, egregious dotard!

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy. —Signior Macilente, you saw monsieur Brisk lately: I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. Ay, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? I know you'll deal ingenuously with us; is he made much of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith, ay; his civet and his casting-glass[6]
Have helpt him to a place amongst the rest:
And there, his seniors give him good slight looks,
After their garb, smile, and salute in French
With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why say, that they should shew the frothy fool
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mighty windfall out of doubt!
Why, all their graces are not to do grace
To virtue or desert; but to ride both

had it been otherwise, Macilente would not have immediately subjoined——"and, by my life, I suspect her honesty, *that's more.*"

[6] *His* casting *glass.*] Casting-glasses, or, as they were more generally termed, *casting-bottles*, were small bottles for holding liquid essences and perfumes They were in very general use, and are mentioned in a thousand places by our old dramatists. It may be observed here that perfumes of all kinds were more in vogue in the age of Elizabeth than of George III. They were certainly more necessary; but fashion and propriety do not always walk hand in hand.

With their gilt spurs quite breathless, from themselves.
'Tis now esteem'd precisianism in wit,'[7]
And a disease in nature, to be kind
Toward desert, to love or seek good names.
Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving?
Who can provide feast for his own desires,
With serving others?—ha, ha, ha!
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful slave, ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

Car. D—n me! I could eat his flesh now; divine, sweet villain!

Maci. Nay, prithee leave: What's he there?

Car. Who? this in the starched beard?[8] it's the dull stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now presently: he has a good knotty wit; marry, he carries little on't out of the land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money upon the return of a dog and cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. Ay, this is he; a good tough gentleman:

[7] *'Tis now esteem'd* precisianism *in wit,*] i. e. Puritanism, the Puritans in this age being called the *precise.* WHAL.

[8] Car. *Who? this in the* starched *beard?*] The precise and formal gallants of the day (such as Puntarvolo is described to be) had their beard *stiffened with starch:* thus Taylor, the water-poet, no ill chronicler of the fashions.

"Some seem as they were starched, stiff, and fine,
" Like to the bristles of an angry swine."

In a preceding passage, Puntarvolo desires the boy not to stand too near him, lest his breath should thaw his ruff.

he looks like a shield of brawn at Shrove-tide, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry pole of ling upon Easter-eve, that has furnish'd the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing similes: I shall have you aiming at me with 'em by and by; but——

Car. O, renounce me then! pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now. Ods so, look here, man; sir Dagonet and his squire![9]

Enter SOGLIARDO *and* SHIFT.

Sog. Save you, my dear gallantos: nay, come, approach, good cavalier: prithee, sweet knight, know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion; and therefore do him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, I know him all over.

Punt. Sir, for signior Sogliardo's sake, let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why, as I am a gentleman, I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any in the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir!

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir: Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow, there?

9 *Sir* Dagonet *and his squire.*] Sir Dagonet is a considerable personage in *Morte Arthur.* He was the squire, or, as the old romance calls him, the fool of good king Arthur, and seems to be introduced like a Shrove-tide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one.

Cor. What, cavalier Shift?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you mercy: before me, I think him the tallest man living[1] within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, an 'twere as huge again, I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swagger'd even now in a place where we were—I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed, swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior?

Maci. Ay, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags,
For every drunken flourish, should achieve
The name of manhood; whilst true perfect valour,
Hating to shew itself, goes by despised!
Heart! I do know now, in a fair just cause,
I dare do more than he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this, ha!
And give my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger.—Now, the pox
Light on your Pickt-hatch prowess!

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir; he has been the only *Bid-stand*[2] that ever kept Newmarket, Salisbury-plain, Hockley 'i the Hole, Gads-hill, and all the high places of any request: he has had

[1] *I think him the* tallest *man living*, &c.] i. e. the stoutest, the bravest: the ambiguity of this word must apologize for its being noticed a second time.

[2] *Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only* Bid-stand! A cant term for a highwayman. Thus, in the *Parson's Wedding*, "If you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that *bade-stand*, and made a carrier pay dear for a little ground-rent upon his majesty's *highway*." A. I. S. 1.

his mares and his geldings, he, have been worth forty, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your greyhound: he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What, and scaped?

Sog. Scaped! i' faith, ay: he has broken the gaol when he has been in irons and irons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear Orestes: causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.

Car. How! Pylades and Orestes?

Sog. Ay, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes: how like you the conceit?

Car. O, 'tis an old stale interlude device: no, I'll give you names myself, look you; he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree[3] to hang on.

Maci. Nay, rather let him be captain Pod, and this his motion;[4] for he does nothing but shew him.

[3] *And you shall be his* elder tree,] It was the tradition, that Judas hung himself on an *elder-tree*: thus, in Nixon's *Strange Foot-post:* "Our gardens will prosper the better, when they have in them not one of these *elders*, whereupon so many covetous *Judasses hang* themselves."

[4] *Let him be captain* Pod, *and this his motion;*] The celebrated owner of a puppet-shew. He is often mentioned in Jonson.

WHAL.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shall be Holden, and he your camel.[s]

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his Countenance, and he your Resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, cavalier, shall it be so?

Car. Ay, ay, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good Resolution.

Car. Mass, he cannot say, good Countenance, now, properly, to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Maci. O, sir, the countenance of Resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

Enter FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fast. Good hours make music with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours! —How now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk! many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

[s] *You shall be* Holden, *and he your* camel.] This seems to be no bad compliment to cavaliero Shift, for Holden's camel was a beast of parts. He is mentioned by Taylor, and in very good company:

> "That for *ingenuous study* down can put
> "Old *Holden's camel*, or fine Banks his cut."
> *Cast over the Water*, p. 159.

Our camels now stalk along the streets with exemplary gravity; but they appear to have intermitted their "ingenuous studies" of late, which have been zealously taken up by bears and pigs; with more advantage, it is to be feared, (as indeed has been sometimes said of students with two legs,) to others than to themselves.

Fast. Good faith, I must crave pardon: I was invited this morning, ere I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules's labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gave me this bracelet of her hair[6] but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she ——————what! are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend, Sogliardo? Oh, signior Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not; I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth. I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace, indeed, sir.

Maci. You may, sir.

[6] *Especially one that gave me this* bracelet of her hair, &c.] These pretty love-tokens are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists: thus Brathwayt:

"Didst ever see a favour worn by me,
"But that poor *bracelet* I received of thee,
"Twined with thy faithless *hair*?" *Inconstant Shepheardesse.*

But it was not the ladies only who bestowed them; the gentlemen appear to have been equally lavish of their love-locks. In *the Ball*, Lucina is very pleasant with poor sir Ambrose, on this subject:

Luc. ——————Had you not
A head once?
Amb. A head! I have one still.
Luc. Of *hair*, I mean;
Favours have glean'd too much: pray, pardon me,
If it were mine, they should go look their *bracelets*,
Or stay till the next crop.

Car. He knows some notorious jest by this gull,[7] that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fastidious, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him! beshrew me, ay; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swagger'd about London: he, and I, call Countenance and Resolution; but his name is cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew signior Clog, that was hang'd for the robbery at Harrow on the hill?

Sog. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Punt. How! was it your project, sir?

Shift. Pardon me, Countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions public, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. God's will! here are none but friends, Resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects; where, how, and to whom.—Yes, sir, he shewed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that affair, sir; for, if he had managed matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, sir; and he himself might have lived, in despight of fates, to have fed on woodcocks,[8] with the rest: but it was his heavy

[7] *He knows some notorious jest* by *this gull,*] i. e. *of* this gull. See Vol. I. p. 139. The *check* to which Fastidious alludes was the contempt expressed for him at court, by Saviolina.

[8] *He might have lived to have fed on* woodcocks, &c.] A woodcock is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, as the chief dish at ordinaries, (gambling-houses,) and at the best

fortune to sink, poor Clog! and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more aiders then?

Sog. O lord, sir! ay, there were some present there, that were the Nine Worthies to him, i' faith.

Shift. Ay, sir, I can satisfy you at more convenient conference: but, for mine own part, I have now reconciled myself to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now, I assure you, and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.'

tables; but *woodcock*, as has been already noticed, was also a cant name for a fool; to *feed on woodcocks*, therefore, in the language of Shift, most probably meant, to *prey on the dupes* who assembled there. This Shift is really a pleasant fellow: and Gay, in the *Beggar's Opera*, has some obligations to him.

9 *He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Banks did with his* horse, *or the fellow with the* elephant.] Banks's cut (curtal) has been just noticed in the quotation from Taylor; he was taught, says sir Kenelm Digby, to shew tricks, with cards and dice, and perform several feats of art to the admiration of the virtuosos of those days, who mention him with great respect on all occasions. Not satisfied with his reputation in this country, *Morocco*, (for that was the animal's name,) wandered, in a luckless hour, to the Continent, where, if we may trust Jonson, (*Epig.* 134,) both he and his master were "burned for witches." The *elephant*, though not so well known as the "cut," was also of some celebrity in his time, and is mentioned together with him, by *Donne, Sat.* I.

"But to a grave man he doth move no more
"Than the *wise politique horse* would heretofore,
"Or thou, O *elephant*, or ape wilt do,
"When any names the king of Spain to you."

Maci. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself; sir Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name him, signior Luculento.

Punt. Luculento! what inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored, and in fine we met. Now, indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rash'd his doublet-sleeve,[1] ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here,—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had,—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy goldsmith's

[1] Rash'd *his doublet sleeve*,] To *rash*, (a verb which we have improvidently suffered to grow obsolete,) is to strike obliquely with violence, as a wild boar does with his tusk. It is observable with what accuracy Shakspeare has corrected the old quarto of King Lear, which read,

——— "nor thy fierce sister
"In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs,"

for which he has properly given, "*stick* boarish fangs."

work, cuts my brims, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow: nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to the former manner of my defence; he, on the other side, abandon'd his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows: but I being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun,[2] ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet miss'd the skin. He, making a reverse blow,—falls upon my emboss'd girdle, I had thrown off the hangers a little before[3]—strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.[4]

[2] *Made a kind of* stramazoun,] *Stramazzone*, Italian (*estramaçon*, French) is a descending blow with the edge of a sword as opposed to *stoccata*, a thrust. It frequently occurs in our old writers, with whom a duel was not so quickly dispatched, as it is in our days. I am not accountable for the sense which Fastidious gives the term, for he was probably designed to blunder.

[3] *I had thrown off the* hangers *before*] i. e. the fringed loops appended to the girdle, in which the dagger or small sword usually hung.

[4] *I wonder he speaks not of his* wrought shirt.] This was one

Fast. Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused; but, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that, in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and, being Spanish leather,* and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings, that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half inch deep into the side of the calf: he, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse, and away: I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt——

Car. O! comes it in there?

Fast. Rid after him, and, lighting at the court gate both together, embraced, and march'd

of the fashionable extravagancies of the time. The linen, both of men and women, was either so worked as to resemble the finest lace, or was ornamented, by the needle, with representations of fruits, flowers, passages of history, &c. The Puritans, it appears, turned the mode to account, and substituted texts of scripture for the usual embellishments. There is a pleasant allusion to this practice in the *City Match:*

"Sir, she's a Puritan at her needle too:
"My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries,
"And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
"All my apparel will be quoted by
"Some pure instructor." A. II. S. 2.

* —— *one of the spurs catch'd hold of the* ruffle *of my boot, and being* Spanish leather, *&c.*] This explains what the nature of the *ruff*, or *ruffle* was, about which there have been some doubts. The tops of the boots of Jonson's time, as Whalley observes, turned down, and hung in loose folds over the leg; they were probably of a finer leather than the rest of the boot, and seem to have had their edges fringed or scalloped; the exact form of them may be seen in several of the whole-length portraits of James and Charles's days, particularly in those by Vandyke: the edges of the *ruffle*, in some instances, were evidently laid with gold lace.

hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Maci. Well! yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore valour, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now, what says the notary?

Serv. He says, he is ready, sir; he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Sog. You shall entreat me, sir.—Come, Resolution.

Shift. I follow you, good Countenance.

Car. Come, signior, come, come.

[*Exit all but Macilente.*

Maci. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the just storm of a wretched life
Beats them not ragged for their wretched souls,
And, since as fruitless, even as black, as coals!

[*Exit.*

Mit. *Why, but signior, how comes it that Fungoso appeared not with his sister's intelligence to Brisk?*

Cor. *Marry, long of the evil angels that she gave him, who have indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Deliro's *House.*

Enter Fungoso *in a new suit, followed by his* Tailor, Shoemaker, *and* Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put to strings myself. [*Exit Shoemaker.*]—Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

Habe. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does it become me, well?

Tai. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so all.

Habe. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man in this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; never trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my suit?

Tai. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

Habe. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

Tai. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we!

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

[*Gives him money.*

Habe. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

Tai. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

Fung. I'll have points anon. How now! Is 't right?

Habe. Faith, sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes—— Good morrow to you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fung. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well, now, master Snip, let me see your bill.

Mit. *Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.*

Cor. *O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this tailor, in place of a page, to follow him still.*

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith: hark you, master Snip—Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were; but———if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand.

Tai. Sir——

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

Tai. O lord, sir——

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you by the courtesy.

Tai. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money:[5] it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tai. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

[5] ——*four* angels, *and fifteen shillings of* white money:] An angel was a *gold* coin, worth about 10 shillings; white money was the cant term for silver specie. Thus Massinger: "If thou wert an *angel of gold*, I would not put thee into *white money*." *Virgin Martyr.*

Fung. No, an I do, pray heaven I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it! By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

Cor. *He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit him upon this volley of oaths.*

Tai. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate, how happy am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'll go seek out monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot riband for my shoes, and points. 'Slid, what luck 's this! how shall I do? Master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points and ribands: as I am an honest man, I have utterly disfurnished myself, in the default of memory; pray let me be beholding to you; it shall come home in the bill, believe me.

Tai. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money;[6] but I'll take up, and send you some by my boy, presently. What coloured riband would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet in your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tai. Well, I'll send you some presently.

[6] Tai. *Faith, sir, I can hardly* depart *with ready money;*] To part and *depart* with any thing, were synonymous expressions. So our author, in the *Sad Shepherd*,

"I have *departed* it 'mong my poor neighbours."

And Shakspeare, in *K. John*,

"John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
"Hath willingly *departed* with a part." WHAL.

Fung. And points too, sir?

Tai. And points too, sir.

Fung. Good lord, how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir! Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. [*Exit Tailor.*] Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

Cor. *Do you observe the plunges that this poor gallant is put to, signior, to purchase the fashion?*

Mit. *Ay, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.*

Cor. *Stay: O, here they come from* seal'd and deliver'd.

SCENE IV.

Puntarvolo's *Lodgings.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK *in a new suit, and* Servants, *with the dog.*

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith, sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not, if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Enter CARLO, SOGLIARDO, SHIFT, *and* MACILENTE.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman [*points to Sogliardo.*] to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear

the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why they are as nature lent him them, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these two threadbare beggarly qualities, learning and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the life itself——

Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder[7] and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond thought and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious, and almost immortal beauties; hear such angelical and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosial spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh, it makes a man all quintessence and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown of the sky, where, hovering in the strength of his imagination, he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the Insulæ Fortunatæ, Adonis' Gardens, Tempe, or what else, confined within the amplest verge of poesy, to be mere umbræ, and imperfect figures, conferred with the most essential felicity of your court.

Maci. Well, this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.[8]

[7] Fast. *O, the most celestial and full of wonder, &c.*] This interruption of Brisk's is very artful in the poet: Carlo was more a man of the town, whose elysium was the inside of a tavern, or an ordinary, and not the presence-chamber at court; but Brisk, whose happiness centered in the circle of courtiers, may with great propriety break out into a rapturous harangue on the pleasures of a court life. WHAL.

[8] —— *this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.*] i. e. It was too fluent and highly finished; and, indeed, it

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero, as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry, this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistress's dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and, in making love to her, never fear to be out; for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your Resolution has taught you in tobacco, the whiffe, and those sleights, will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. Ay, to some, perhaps; but, an he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i'faith. O, by this bright sun, she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that——tut, there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. Ay, indeed, she's a little too self-conceited; an 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admired lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

Maci. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

has the air of being borrowed from some pedantic rhapsodist of the day. *Adonis' Gardens*, and the *Fortunate Isles*, were not likely to be much known to Fastidious: there is, besides, an evident allusion to the elegant day-dreams of Plato, in every part of the speech. Carlo plunges at once into common life and common language.

Fast. Easily, sir! then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior. What will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen.—Carlo, come hither.

[*Maci. Car. Punt. and Fast. whisper together.*

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court. What thinks my Resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, Countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco, as Carlo says, will shew excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, Resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, Countenance, about three or four o'clock; but, to say to go with you, I cannot; for, as I am Apple-John, I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and therefore, pray, present me excused, good Countenance.

Sog. Farewell, good Resolution, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live. [*Exit.*

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O, let me alone, that's my task.
[*Goes to Sogliardo.*

Fast. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent: 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever proved courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolved to go with you, afore I moved it.

Maci. Why, then, gallants, you two and Carlo go afore to prepare the jest; Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of monsieur Brisk, and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. Ay, but will you promise to come?

Punt. Myself shall undertake for them; he that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Ods so, look who comes here!

Enter FUNGOSO.

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suit.

Fung. Another suit! [*Swoons.*

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fast. Would you speak with me, sir?

Car. Ay, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll![9]

Punt. Some rosa-solis.

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Maci. Why, this it is to dog the fashion.[1]

Car. Nay, come, gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe; I'll be the dog's guardian myself.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sog. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court: nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. 'Slid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest; but I had an errand to monsieur Fastidious, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come, gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell, Carlo; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.[2]

[9] *Poor poll!*] He calls him parrot, from his imitating the dress, as that bird does the words, of others. WHAL.

[1] —— *this it is to* dog *the fashion.*] i. e. To follow the fashion at a distance, as a dog follows the heels of his master. WHAL.

[2] —— *would I had one of* Kemp's shoes *to throw after you.*] "To throw an old shoe after one for luck's sake," is a proverb

Punt. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not; and we shall frolick. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in it, I believe.*

Cor. *O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he, in this calm of his humour, plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with them, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections, oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.*

Mit. *Ay marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you, signior, though I was loth to interrupt the scene, yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it* Every Man out of his Humour, *when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?*

Cor. *Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre,*[3] *and approacheth nearest the life: especially*

of very ancient standing; and Kempe, who about this time had finished his "*Nine Days Wonder*," or his *Morrice-dance from London to Norwich*, was sufficiently popular (exclusive of his talents on the stage) to make the allusion to his shoes well received. Peradventure too, as Nic. Bottom says, "to render the jest more gracious," *Kempe* himself might be the speaker; for though his name does not appear among the performers, as in the preceding comedy, yet it is almost certain that he was in the list; and he, not improbably, played Carlo Buffone.

Kempe published the account of his singular expedition in 1600. It is a great curiosity, and, as a rude picture of national manners, extremely well worth reprinting.

[3] Cor. *Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre,* &c.] In this compliment, which Jonson pays to himself, there is a

when in the flame and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be fell'd in a moment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride and fullness, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. *Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talk of.*

Cor. *To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of oars: and by this, suppose Puntarvolo, Brisk, Fungoso, and the dog, arrived at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. Macilente and Sogliardo, we'll leave them on the water, till possibility and natural means may land them. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.*

portion of sophistry and bad reasoning, of which poor Mitis, as usual, suspects nothing. A tree, whether felled in a moment, or cut down by degrees, is still destroyed by *violence;* but violent changes in humours, as Jonson justly understands the word, are neither probable nor natural. He had well learned, from his beloved ancients, that, previously to a change in the tenor of the plot, the incidents should all grow to *their pride and fullness;* but he forgot, or rather did not choose to remember, that the developement should not, for that, be hasty and abrupt. This error is not of modern date, for it is noticed by Aristotle. There are many, he says, who complicate and involve their plots with much art, but who are not equally successful in the unravelling of them: Πολλοὶ δὲ, πλεξαντες εὖ, λυουσι κακως. Περὶ Ποι. *cap.* 18.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace Stairs.

Enter PUNTARVOLO, *with his dog, followed by* FASTIDIOUS BRISK *and* FUNGOSO.

Punt. Come, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog; he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true indeed, knight; you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.[4]

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. 'Slight, how will you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog.

Enter a Groom, *with a basket.*[5]

My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

[4] —— *forgot to bring one of my* cormorants *to attend me.*] i. e. one of my servants. Menials appear to have been treated formerly with very little ceremony: they were stripped and beaten at their master's pleasure; and *cormorants*, *eaters*, and *feeders*, were among the civilest names bestowed upon them.

[5] *Enter a Groom, with a basket.*] This stage direction is from the quarto, and it may be assumed, from Puntarvolo's observation,

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge! no; there were no policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

Groom. Yes, sir.

Punt. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly monsieur Brisk; when we come in eye-shot, or

that the basket had coals in it. With our ancestors, *colliers*, I know not for what reason, lay, like Mrs. Quickly, *under an ill name:* Decker has a little treatise on them, full of the grossest abuse; and a *dealer in coals*, an article, at that time, of no great sale, perhaps, seems synonymous with every thing base, and vile. Thus Marston, speaking of worthless people, says, that "they were born naturally for a *coal-basket*." *Malecontent*, A. IV. S. 1. The allusion here, however, is not to the seller of this unfortunate article, but to the bearer of it. In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of *black* guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained. Mr. Pinkerton, with his usual success in etymologizing, attempts to derive them from *blaguer*, which, he tells us, is French for a soldier's trull: they were, however, what I have described; and it is to one of this degraded race, who now enters with his basket of charcoal, that Puntarvolo ventures to comm the tuition of his dog. See p. 179.

presence of this lady, let not other matters carry us from our project; but, if we can, single her forth to some place———

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings. [*Exeunt Punt. Fast. and Fungoso.*

Groom. Honesty! sweet, and *short!* Marry, it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the *sweet:* but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, he shall have him; there's for the *short* now. 'Slid, what a mad humourous gentleman is this to leave his dog with me! I could run away with him now, an he were worth any thing.

Enter MACILENTE *and* SOGLIARDO.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like yourself.

Sog. Faith, an you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't! no; you shall begin with, *How does my sweet lady*, or, *Why are you so melancholy, madam?* though she be very merry, it's all one. Be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most fair she is.*[6] Screw your face at one side

[6] *How* more than most fair she is.] Macilente speaks *pure Arcadia*, as did, probably, all the affected courtiers of the day:

" O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
" Making those lillies and those roses grow,
" Which ay most fair, now *more than most fair* show,
" While graceful pity beauty beautifies."

thus, and protest:[7] let her fleer, and look askance, and hide her teeth with her fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing; you must talk forward, (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing,) 'tis most court-like, and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means; 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advised, sir, by my friends.

Maci. Od's my life, see where sir Puntarvolo's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortunes else.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now; ha! by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. [*Aside.*] Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir. [*Walks off in a meditating posture.*

Maci. How now, mine honest friend! whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir! I hope I scorn that, i'faith.

Maci. Why, dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: [*throws off the dog.*] I think this be *sweet* and *short*. Make me his dog-keeper! [*Exit.*

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, stay, sir; [*seizing the dog.*] you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage, here. [*gives him poison.*] So, sir, I'll

[7] *Screw your face at one side thus, and* protest:] i. e. use some petty and affected oaths. See Vol. I. p. 24.

be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. [*kicks him out.*]—Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I have it, i' faith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not,[8] signior, ere you come there; preserve it. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *How like you this first exploit of his?*

Mit. *O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.*

Cor. *Here they come will make it appear.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SAVIOLINA, PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK, *and* FUNGOSO.

Sav. Why, I thought, sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage.

Punt. Dear and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sav. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

[8] *Take heed you* leese *it not.*] *Leese* is frequently used for *lose* by the writers of Jonson's age. Thus, in the *Spanish Tragedy:*

"To *leese* thy life ere life was new begun." A. II.

And in Stow's *Annals*, "I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I *leese* my kingdom." *Edit.* 1580, p. 827. More examples are unnecessary.

Sav. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir.

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber; marry, I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Sav. I'll give you some water for her eyes. When do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

Sav. What is he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman? [*Points to Fungoso.*

Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman to justice Silence.[9]

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him. He's a gentleman, lady, of that rare and admirable faculty, as, I protest, I know not his like in Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travelled, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world; speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment; his wit, the most exuberant, and, above wonder, pleasant, of all that ever entered the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry, he is no such excellent proper man.[1]

[9] *This is a kinsman to* justice Silence.] From this allusion, it is clear that Shakspeare's second part of *Henry IV.* could not, as Mr. Malone observes, be written later than 1598, the year before the date of this comedy. WHAL.

[1] *Marry he is no such excellent* proper *man.*] His *personal* endowments are not so extraordinary: this he says to prepare

Punt. His travels have changed his complexion, madam.

Sav. O, sir Puntarvolo, you must think every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever——

Fast. Ay, especially a rustic or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit in the world to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Sav. O, monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own; not find the sparks of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman!

Fung. No, in truth, sweet lady, I believe you cannot.

Sav. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. Ay, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.[a]

Sav. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of; may one have a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Sav. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast. I'faith, sweet lady, that you shall; see, here he comes.

the lady for the appearance of Sogliardo, who is described, in the Introduction, as "an essential clown."

[a] *I think I have seen your ladyship at our* revels.] At the Inns of Court: see the letter to his father, p. 116. Saviolina evidently mistakes his meaning, for the *revels* of which he speaks were not calculated for the amusement of ladies of fashion: nor was she *likely* to be seen at them.

Enter MACILENTE *and* SOGLIARDO.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Sav. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? *hot and moist?*[3] *beautiful and lusty?* ha!

Sav. Beautiful, an it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady, it pleases you to say so, in truth: And *how does my sweet lady?* in health? *Bona roba, quæso, que novelles? que novelles?* sweet creature!

Sav. O excellent! why, gallants, is this he

[3] Hot and moist?] These two important words have been produced by Steevens as a striking proof of Jonson's malignity to Shakspeare, they being a manifest sneer at *hot and moist* in *Othello*. I believe Shakspeare to be the greatest parodist, or sneerer, except Aristophanes, that ever existed; and I know that, in many instances, where Jonson has been represented as the aggressor, he is "a man more sinned against than sinning." *Every Man out of his Humour* preceded *Othello* by many years; the sneer therefore, if any there be, must be placed to the account of the latter. But, seriously—can any folly equal that of construing every application of a written passage into an insult upon the original? When we quote Horace or Virgil either seriously or humourously, we do it, I suppose, to shew our wit or our reading, and not to sneer at them. But Shakspeare is sacred! Not so; for we have recourse to him upon all occasions: yet who so honoured?—The fact seems to be, that his expressions may be lawfully used by every one but Jonson; upon whom, if a single word employed by Shakspeare be found, the whole cry of commentators open at once,

"With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and ring
"A hideous peal."

After all, the trite words which gave rise to this attack upon our author, are expressly marked by himself as a quotation:—this, however, his calumniators did not know.

that cannot be deciphered?[4] they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earnest, lady?

Sav. Do I, sir! why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the noon-day; alas——nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have deciphered him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true, knight: but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Sav. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman to imitate: but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. Ay, is it not?

Sav. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you!

Fung. Good sadness, I wonder at it.

Maci. Why, has she deciphered him, gentlemen?

Punt. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration.

[4] *Why, gallants, is this he that cannot be deciphered?*] Saviolina had been told that Sogliardo spoke the languages with purity, from the gallimaufry of Latin, French, and Italian, with which he accosts her, she naturally concludes that he is endeavouring to impose upon her by an appearance of ignorance.

Maci. Is it possible?

Fast. She hath gather'd most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

Sav. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you a little: was this your device, to try my judgment in a gentleman?

Maci Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others. What if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your ladyship be Out of your Humour?

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Sav. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? Nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father and mother; that I'll assure you.

Sav, O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you; look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madam?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright as at noon-day, she; she deciphered him at first.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Sav. O, you are goodly beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady: *que novelles? que novelles?*

Sav. Out, you fool, you! [*Exit in anger.*

Fung. She's Out of her Humour, i'faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her blush in the presence; my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life, I believe, sir. [*Aside.*]—Come, signior, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. Od's will, this suit frets me at the soul. I'll have it alter'd to-morrow, sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace Stairs.

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. I am come to the court, to meet with my Countenance, Sogliardo; poor men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make him despair of consequence. The world will say, 'tis base: tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it by any means.

Enter FASTIDIOUS, PUNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO, FUNGOSO, *and* MACILENTE.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably out of her humour, i'faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at the tilt of all the court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully.[5]

Sog. I think I did my part in courting.—O, Resolution!

Punt. Ay me, my dog!

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. 'Sprecious, go seek for the fellow, good signior. [*Exit Fungoso.*

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but cavalier Shift; enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier, since you came?

Shift. His dog, sir! he may look his dog, sir. I saw none of his dog, sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has stolen your dog, sir, and been hired to it by some that have ventured with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Sirrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir! I have none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou liest.

Shift. Lie, sir! s'blood,—you are but a man, sir.

Punt. Rogue and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you,[6] o' my word.

Maci. This is rare.

[5] *O, this applause* taints *it foully.*] See p. 55.

[6] *Take heed what you do; he'll* bear no coals, *I can tell you.*] He will not be insulted; he will bear no injuries. From the mean nature of this occupation, it seems to have been somewhat hastily concluded, that a man who would *carry coals*, would submit to any indignity. (see p. 169.) Hence to *carry coals*,

Sog. It's marle he stabs you not: By this light, he hath stabbed forty, for forty times less matter, I can tell you of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen, pacify him, or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man! if you love his life, stand betwixt them. Make him stoop!

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman, thy Countenance———

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And without my dog, I will hang thee, for them. [*Shift kneels.*

Sog. What! kneel to thine enemies!

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life.

Re-enter FUNGOSO.

Fung. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. Heart, is he not dead yet! [*Aside.*

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me, sir. [*Exit with Fungoso.*

in the sense of tamely putting up an affront, occurs perpetually in our old writers, both serious and comic. It is needless to multiply examples, but as I have one before me which does not, I think, appear in the long lists of Steevens and Malone, I will subjoin it: "It remayneth now that I take notice of Jaspar's arryvall, and of those Letters with which the Queene was exceedingly well satisfied: saying, that you were too like some body in the world, to whom she is afrayde you are a little kin, *to be content to carry coales at any Frenchman's hand.*" Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville, March 2, 1559.

Sog. How! did you never do any robbery in your life?

Maci. O, this is good! so he swore, sir.

Sog. Ay, I heard him: and did you swear true, sir?

Shift. Ay, as I hope to be forgiven, sir, I never robbed any man; I never stood by the highway-side, sir; but only said so, because I would get myself a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out, base viliaco![8] thou my Resolution! I thy Countenance! By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable company of robberies, and damn'd himself that he did 'em; you never heard the like. Out, scoundrel, out! follow me no more, I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence, speak not; I will not hear thee: away, camouccio! [*Exit Shift.*

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat myself! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumour'd. Well, by this time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both out of humour to travel. [*Aside.*]—Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night,[9] if you love your reputations.

[8] *Out, base* viliaco!] This word occurs in Decker: "Before they came near the great hall, the faint-hearted *villiacoes* sounded at least thrice." *Untrussing the humourous Poet.* In both places it means a worthless dastard: (from the Italian *vigliacco.*) *Camouccio*, which concludes this speech, is perhaps a corruption of *camoscio*, *a goat* or *goat's skin*; and may mean *clown*, or *flat-nose*, or any other apposite term which pleases the reader better. I cannot pretend, in fact, to fix the precise sense of those vituperative appellations, of which the purport, perhaps, was as vague as the orthography.

[9] *Our supper at the* Mitre *must of necessity hold to-night,*] And, above, (p. 98,) "No better place than the Mitre." This

Fast. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster—but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. Tush, melancholy! you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a fury: Carlo will rack your sinews asunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not. [*Exeunt.*

Mit. *O, then their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.*

Cor. *Ay, here he comes; conceive him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.*

SCENE IV.

A Room at the Mitre.

Enter CARLO.

Car. Holla! where be these shot-sharks?[1]

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by; you are welcome, good master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

celebrated tavern, of which such frequent mention is made in our old plays, is described in some of them as standing in Cheapside, and, in others, in Bread-street: it was therefore not improbably the corner house. *In tenui labor.* It is noticed for the goodness of its entertainments by Middleton: "Why, this will be a *true feast*, a right *Mitre* supper. *A Mad World my Masters.* A. V.

[1] *Where be these* shot-sharks?] Improved from the quarto,

Draw. What wine please you have, sir? I'll draw you that's neat, master Buffone.

Car. Away, neophite,[2] do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me:—

Enter GEORGE.

Mass, here he comes.

George. Welcome, master Carlo.

Car. What, is supper ready, George?

George. Ay, sir, almost: Will you have the cloth laid, master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? Are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, George;[3] let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

George. It shall, sir.

Car. And withal, hear you, draw me the biggest shaft you have out of the butt you wot of;[4] away, you know my meaning, George; quick!

George. Done, sir. [*Exit.*

which reads, *shot-makers*. *Shot*, a tavern reckoning, is correctly rendered by Horne Tooke, *that which is thrown out*, or flung upon the table; and to hunt greedily and eagerly after this, is certainly no bad designation of a waiter.

[2] *Away*, neophite,] i. e. youngster, or novice: the word occurs again in *Cynthia's Revels*.

[3] *Stay*, take me with you, *George*;] i. e. Understand me perfectly before you go. The phrase is very common in our old dramas; see Massinger, Vol. III. p. 488.

[4] *Draw me the biggest* shaft *you have out of the* butt *you wot of*;] I shall certainly incur the censure of poor Tibbald of "restoring lost puns;" for which, after all, I have no great respect: but I cannot avoid observing that here is a twofold allusion, 1. to *archery*, and, 2. to the device of the worthy prior *Bolt ton*.

Car. I never hungered so much for anything in my life, as I do to know our gallants' success at court; now is that lean, bald-rib Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'em all up: Could the pummice but hold up his eyes at other men's happiness, in any reasonable proportion, 'slid, the slave were to be loved next heaven, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly and the groin, whatever.

Re-enter GEORGE *with two jugs of wine.*

George. Here, master Carlo.
Car. Is it right, boy?
George. Ay, sir, I assure you 'tis right.
Car. Well said, my dear George, depart: [*Exit George.*]—Come, my small gimblet, you in the false scabbard, away, so! [*Puts forth the Drawer, and shuts the door.*] Now to you, sir Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

Mit. *What, will he deal upon such quantities of wine, alone?*
Cor. *You will perceive that, sir.*

Car. [*drinks.*] Ay, marry, sir, here's purity; O, George—I could bite off his nose for this, now:[5]

[5] *I could bite off his nose now:*] This odd mode of expressing pleasure, which seems to be taken from the practice of animals, who, in a playful mood, bite each others ears, &c. is very common in our old dramatists. Thus Shakspeare, "I will *bite* thee by the ear for that jest." *Romeo and Julict.* And sir John Suckling, in the *Goblins*, "Rare rogue in buckram, let me bite thee," &c.

sweet rogue, he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-works to-night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.[6]

[*Sets the two cups asunder, drinks with the one, and pledges with the other, speaking for each of the cups, and drinking alternately.*

Cor. *This is worth the observation, signior.*

Car. 1 *Cup.* Now, sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

[6] *So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.*] The reader may possibly imagine the following scene to be extremely ridiculous, and that the incident it contains could hardly be copied from real life. Mr. Dryden, I believe, thought otherwise. He hath given us a close imitation of it in *The Wild Gallant*. A person is represented playing by himself at backgammon, who throws first out of one dice-box, and then out of the other: just as Carlo drinks alternately out of the two cups. In the progress of the game, words arise between the players, which bring on a quarrel; and it ends in the actor's overturning the tables, and throwing the men about the floor. This may sufficiently vindicate our author from the charge of singularity.

WHAL.

Jonson does not derive much credit to his *incident*, from the circumstance of its being imitated by Dryden. The *Wild Gallant* is a first play, and a very insignificant performance; written, the author says, while he was yet "unfledged, and wanted knowledge." I suspect, however, that the poet took the scene from real life; it is sufficiently dull and uninteresting, but it is not improbable, and, unless I have been misinformed, has actually taken place in our own times. If Carlo, as Whalley wishes to suppose, and as I incline to think, was a real person, the mummery, we may be pretty confident, was characteristic of him, for, in those times, little delicacy or reserve was thought necessary, either on or off the stage.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, sir, [*drinks.*] and will return you the like proportion; but withal, sir, remembering the merry night we had at the countess's, you know where, sir.

1 *Cup.* By heaven, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir; the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2 *Cup.* I do vail to it with reverence.[7] [*drinks.*] And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1 *Cup.* Do you know her, sir?

2 *Cup.* O lord, sir, ay; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1 *Cup.* Good faith, sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly. [*drinks.*]

Mit. *Whom should he personate in this, signior.*

Cor. *Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.*[8]

2 *Cup.* If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it

[7] *I do* vail *to it with reverence,*] i. e. bow or bend submissively. The word is so common in this, its proper, sense, that I shall content myself with merely referring to Massinger, Vol. III. p. 255.

[8] Mit. *Whom should he personate in this, signior?*

Cor. *Faith, I know not, sir, observe, observe him.*] The question of Mitis is natural enough, upon seeing so peculiar an extravagance: but the answer of Cordatus is not in the usual manner. It is rather an evasion of the question, than a satisfactory reply. He doth not attempt to clear the poet by a parallel example, either in some ancient comic writer, or from what might be observed in common life; but puts off the inquirer's curiosity, by desiring him to attend to what follows. This looks as if the

respectively,[9] sir. [*drinks.*] And now, sir, here is a replenish'd bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the count Frugale.

1 *Cup.* The count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light. [*Kneels.*

2 *Cup.* Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knees, then, by the light.

Mit. *Why, this is strange.*

Cor. *Have you heard a better drunken dialogue?*

2 *Cup.* Nay, do me right, sir.

1 *Cup.* So I do, in faith.

2 *Cup.* Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1 *Cup.* Why, believe me, it was not.

2 *Cup.* Believe me it was; and you do lie.

1 *Cup.* Lie, sir!

2 *Cup.* Ay, sir.

1 *Cup.* 'Swounds! you rascal!

2 *Cup.* O, come, stab if you have a mind to it.

1 *Cup.* Stab! dost thou think I dare not?

Car. [*speaks in his own person*] Nay, I beseech

matter would not bear a very nice examination, lest a discovery should be made of what the author did not choose to have publicly known. Hence one is induced to imagine that the character is personal; and that the humour exposed in it was the humour of a particular man. WHAL.

See the Introductory Verses by Jasper Mayne.

9 *I am bound to pledge it* respectively,] i. e. *respectfully*. So the word is used by our author's contemporaries. Thus May,

"The modest and *respective* nothing gains."

All Fools, A. I. S. 1.

And Daniel,

"Out of the compass of *respective* awe." *Civil Wars.*

And Shakspeare, very frequently. WHAL.

you, gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame respect you reputations.

[*Overturns wine, pot, cups, and all.*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Why, how now Carlo! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good mischief! art thou come? where are the rest, where are the rest?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordnance are burst.

Car. Burst! how comes that?

Maci. Faith, overcharged, overcharged.

Car. But did not the train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

Maci. *Imprimis,* sir Puntarvolo; next, the Countenance and Resolution.

Car. How, how, for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the Resolution is proved recreant; the Countenance hath changed his copy; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What! is his dog dead?

Maci. Poison'd, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the Bank-side[1] to resolve. For my part, I know nothing more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purposed to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good prepara-

[1] *Here, o' the Bank-side*] It should be recollected that this comedy was acted at the Globe play-house, on the Surrey side of the river.

tive of old sack here; but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will assuredly come; marry, Carlo, as thou lov'st me, run over 'em all freely to-night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous jest that may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but ply them with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverin, or any thing, what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of petrionels; so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What, George! *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

[*Sings and dances.*

Re-enter GEORGE.

George. Did you call, master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: *Lomtero, &c.*

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough?

George. Ay, sir, it is enough. [*Exit.*

Maci. Pork! heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

Car. True, my raw-boned rogue, and if thou wouldst farce[a] thy lean ribs with it too, they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a

[a] *And if thou wouldst* farce *thy lean ribs, &c.*] i. e. *stuff* or fill them out. Our old poets are fond of this culinary term. Thus Beaumont, "Whatever she's about, the name, Palamon, *lards* it; that she *farces* every business withal." *Two Noble Kinsmen.* And Shakspeare, "Wit *larded* with malice, malice *farced* with wit." *Troilus and Cressida.*

good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel though that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they have done, well pamper'd with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight! fed with it, the whoreson strummel-patch'd, goggle-eyed grumbledories, would have gigantomachized—

Re-enter GEORGE *with wine.*

Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

Mit. *This savours too much of profanation.*
Cor. *O* ——— ——— Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.
The necessity of his vein compels a toleration, forbar this, and dash him out of humour before his time.

Car. *'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, what comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and entrails assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine. [*Drinks.*

Maci. True; and he, to requite their courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.

[*Drinks.*

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows, nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice nature) if we fed one upon another, we should shoot up a great deal faster, and thrive much better; I refer me to your usurous cannibals, or such like: but since it is so contrary, pork, pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would never have desired to have been incorporated into swine else.—O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'em Carlo, charge, charge!

Enter PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK, SOGLIARDO, *and* FUNGOSO.

Car. 'Fore God, sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness; body o' me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's stone about you,[3] ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

[3] *Had you no* unicorn's horn, *nor* bezoar's stone *about you?*] These were supposed to be antidotes to poison, and what passed under their names was once sold at a vast price. Their virtues, it is now known, are as imaginary as their appellations; but many strange stories were formerly current of them. Both are frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Thus Webster:

——— "I do not doubt,
"As men, to try the precious *unicorn's horn*,
"Make of the powder a preservative circle,
"And in it put a spider; so," &c.* *White Devil.*

And Massinger, who indeed appears somewhat incredulous:

"His syrups, julips, *bezoar stone*, nor his
"Imagined *unicorn's horn*, comes in my belly."
Roman Actor.

* Aubrey has a curious anecdote on this subject. Sir W. Davenant, in his youth, was page to the duchess of Richmond. "I remember, (says Aubrey,) he told me, she sent him to a famous apothecary for some *unicorne's horne*, which he was resolved to try with a spyder, which he empaled in it, but without the expected success: the spyder would goe over, and through and through unconcerned." MS. Aubrey. Mus. Ashm.

I quote this to Sir William's honour. Trying experiments was not much in vogue in his days. Our ancestors loved

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat have recovered her catarrh,[4] fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how, sweet Carlo; for, so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged, good sir Puntarvolo, I am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you; for rather than thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it upon his own bare return from Calais. [*Aside.*

Car. Nay, 'slife, he'd be content, so he were well rid out of his company, to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Paul's. [*Aside to Macilente.*]—But for your dog, sir Puntarvolo, if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. 'Sprecious! knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently. [*Exit George.*

Sog. Ay, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your Resolution?

[4] —— *your cat have recovered her catarrh.*] See p. 173. The quarto reads *cataract:* either word will serve.

wonders, and believed from generation to generation, without once questioning the authenticity of what they heard and read: hence the silly and disgusting trash about raising fairies, giving men asses heads, and I know not what, formerly detailed from book to book, by Scot, Bulwer, and others, and now copied with all the complacency of parade, into the comments on our dramatic poets.

Sog. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O, Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so?

Sog. O, the arrantest crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man——

Maci. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight. [*Aside to Carlo.*

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots; his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks—let me see—as melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter.[5]—Do you hear, sir Puntarvolo?

Punt. Sir, I do intreat you no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand, here are none but friends, and such as wish you well, I would have you do this now; flay me your dog presently, (but in any case keep the head,) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or, if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here 's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan: or a fellow that makes perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall never be discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient!

[5] —— *as melancholy as one on the* masters' side *in the Counter.*] See p 207.

Car. Or thus, sir; you may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar[6] for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or any thing, what you will, for certain hours—— [*Puntarvolo strikes him.*]——'Ods my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold!

Re-enter GEORGE, *with wax, and a lighted candle.*

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you!

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, he that stirs in his rescue, dies.—Drawer, begone! [*Exit George.*

Car. Murder, murder, murder!

Punt. Ay, are you howling, you wolf?—Gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone, lie down; make no exclamations, but down; down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier hilts.

Car. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and 'fore heaven I'll honour thee more than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down, I say! [*Carlo lies down.*]—Who's there? [*Knocking within.*

Cons. [*within.*] Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente——

Punt. Open no door; if the Adalantado of Spain[7] were here he should not enter: one help

[6] —— *you may have, as you come through Germany, a* familiar, &c.] This alludes, probably, to the strange stories propagated in Germany respecting the dog of Cornelius Agrippa. See p. 137.

[7] —— Adalantado *of Spain.*] "*Adalantado* is a lord deputie

me with the light, gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. *Et tu, Brute!*[8]

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heaven.

Car. O! O!

Cons. [*within.*] Open the door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have patience a little, you shall come in presently, we have almost done. [*Puntarvolo seals up Carlo's lips.*

Punt. So, now, are you Out of your Humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen.

[*They all draw, and run out, except Fungoso, who conceals himself beneath the table.*

Enter Constable *and Officers, and seize* FASTIDIOUS *as he is rushing by.*

Cons. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, sir, for what?

Cons. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot! master constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence?

Cons. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

or president of a countrie; *in Hispania unius provinciæ præses determinandis litibus destinatus.*" *Minsheu.*

[8] Car. *Et tu, Brute!*] This, I suppose, is said to Macilente, who had privately instigated his attacks on the knight, and, from his officious malignity, probably held the candle.

Re-enter GEORGE *and* Drawer.

Fast. Peremptory! 'Slife, I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Cons. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George, here.

Cons. Tut, George was not here: away with him to the Counter, sirs.—Come, sir, you were best get yourself drest somewhere.

[*Exe. Const. and Officers, with Fast. and Car.*

George. Good lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Drawer. A pox on 'em, they have left all the meat on our hands; would they were choaked with it for me!

Re-enter MACILENTE.

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs?

George. O, here's master Macilente.

Maci. [*pointing to Fungoso.*] Sirrah, George, do you see that concealment there, that napkin under the table?

George. 'Ods so, signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all: I'll return presently.

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What, of Macilente?

George. No; look under the table.

Fung. [*creeping out.*] I hope all be quiet now;

if I can get but forth of this street, I care not: masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone?

George. What, master Fungoso!

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs?

George. Yes, faith; have you been here all this while?

Fung. O lord, ay; good sir, look an the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay! 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken! not by me, I hope?

George. By you, sir! I know not that; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

Fung. My company! 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir: they are all gone but you, and we must be answered; that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross about me.

George. What, and have such apparel! do not say so, signior; that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest man, my tailor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter my suit too. Good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night, and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to eat any thing.*

* *'Tis* Friday *night,—and I have no stomach in the world to eat any thing.*] Friday, it should be recollected, was a *fast-*

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. 'Slight, with what conscience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup, which is silver, but you did not; you do me infinite wrong: I looked in the pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it shall be all one to us.

Within. George!

George. By and by. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. *Lose not yourself now, signior.*

SCENE VIII.

A Room in Deliro's *House.*

Enter MACILENTE *and* DELIRO.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that; but I will now make my love to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion that may be raised to cloud it; and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will never labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, signior; but what is that you tell me may concern my peace so much?

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort of gallants, there happened

day. The allusion recurs in p. 206: "What! *Friday* night, and yet your *delicate* morsels!"

some division amongst them, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning. Now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go and redeem him; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall hear, (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it,) that you came, and offered yourself so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance.—Bring me shoes and a cloak there.—I was going to bed, if you had not come. What tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Deli. O! Why, Fido! my shoes.—Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Enter FALLACE.

Fal. Come, I marle what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a cloak, and your shoes: What, is this your pander?

Deli. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world——

Fal. Hang him, rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quick-set beard there.[7] Whither go you now with him?

[7] —— *with his wild* quick-set beard *there.*] His *beard* cut

Deli. No whither with him, dear wife; I go alone to a place, from whence I will return instantly.—Good Macilente, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted; frame some other answer.—I'll come back immediately. [*Exit.*

Fal. Nay, an I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, mistress Deliro.

Fal. So, sir, and what say you?

Maci. Faith, lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know them.

Fal. Your intents! why, what may your intents be, for God's sake?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst, with more conveniency, I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to monsieur Brisk——Nay, comfort, sweet lady. This night, being at supper, a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he only is apprehended and carried to the Counter, where, if your husband, and other creditors, should but have knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ah me! that he were.

Maci. Now, therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not fore-

like a *quick-set* hedge. The several figures into which they pruned their beards, and this among the rest, are mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Whip of Pride:*

"And some, to set their loves desire on edge,
"Are cut and prun'd, like to a *quick-set hedge.*" WHAL.

This seems to be the simplest of all the modes in vogue. Mrs. Quickly talks of a *beard* rounded "like a glover's paring-

slow it.[s] A bribe to the officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O lord, sir! he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently.

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband's return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may; farewell, good sir. [*Exit Maci.*]—Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I would have sworn upon all the Testaments in the world he had not loved master Brisk. Bring me my keys there, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all I have in this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service. [*Exit.*

Mit. *How Macilente sweats in this business, if you mark him!*

Cor. *Ay, you shall see the true picture of spight anon: here comes the pawn, and his redeemer.*

knife;" and Taylor, in the poem just quoted by Whalley, mentions two others "with the *hammer-cut*, or the *Roman* T." This last, from its perfect absurdity, seems to have been in high request:

——————"he strokes his *beard*,
"Which now he puts i' th' posture of a T,
"The Roman T; your T *beard is the fashion*."
Queen of Corinth, A. IV. S. 1.

[s] —— *do not* foreslow *it*.] i. e. Slacken or delay it. Thus Spenser:

"But by no means my way I would *forslow*."

And Shakspeare:

"*Forslow* no longer, make we hence amain."

And almost every writer of the time; though Theobald pronounces the word to have been then obsolete.

SCENE IX.

A Room at the Mitre.

Enter DELIRO, FUNGOSO, *and* GEORGE.

Deli. Come, brother, be not discouraged for this, man; what!

Fung. No, truly, I am not discouraged; but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

Deli. You say well.—This is all in the bill here, is it not?

George. Ay, sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth, an I live.

Deli. What, is it right?

George. Ay, sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg saved, now the reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Where's signior Deliro?

Deli. Here, Macilente.

Maci. Hark you, sir, have you dispatch'd this same?

Deli. Ay, marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news; Brisk is in the Counter.

Deli. In the Counter!

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that in the mean time you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot, indeed, I think.

Maci. Think! why 'tis past thought; you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it.—Brother, pray you go home afore, (this gentleman and I have some private business,) and tell my sweet wife I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother has used you, (do you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were possest of, credit; gave you as gentleman-like terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog[9] any more.—Come, signior, let's make haste. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *a* shot-clog.] i. e. An incumbrance on the reckoning, as Whalley observes. The agency of Macilente is employed with great art, in hastening the catastrophe, so long delayed. Jonson has every where distinguished, with matchless dexterity, the subtle and active malignity of this dangerous character, from the boisterous and sarcastic petulance of the mischievous Carlo.

SCENE X.

The Counter.

Enter FALLACE *and* FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

Fal. O, master Fastidious, what pity is it to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place!
[*Kisses him.*

Cor. *As upon her lips, does she mean?*
Mit. *O, this is to be imagined the Counter, belike.*

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning; I know not whether you received it or no.

Fast. No, believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

Fal. O, the lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fal. O, sweet master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you, Lord deliver you! you are in for one half-a-score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's-sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you.

Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies, are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress. Why are you in this passion?

Fal. O lord, master Fastidious, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I railed at him that persuaded him to it, the scholar there, (who, on my conscience, loves you now,) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns[1] for his pains: and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed. Your keeper, for God's sake! O, master Brisk, as 'tis in *Euphues*,[2] *Hard is the choice, when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame.*

Fast. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath, as it were, contracted, prosperity shall not———Od's me! your husband.

[1] —— *I gave him four* sovereigns.] Four ten-shilling pieces, four angels. See p. 134.

[2] —— *as 'tis in* Euphues,] This was written by John Lilly, the author of several plays, which were once in high favour. Its title was "Euphues; the Anatomie of Wit, verie pleasant for all gentlemen to read, and most necessarie to remember, &c." 1580. Two years afterwards came out, "Euphues and his England, containing his Voyage and Adventures, &c." These notable productions were full of pedantic and affected phraseology, (as Whalley truly says,) and of high-strained antitheses of thought and expression. Unfortunately they were well received at court, where they did incalculable mischief, by vitiating the taste, corrupting the language, and introducing a spurious and unnatural mode of conversation and action, which all the ridicule in this and the following drama could not put out of countenance.

Enter DELIRO *and* MACILENTE.

Fal. O me!

Deli. Ay! Is it thus?

Maci. Why, how now, signior Deliro! has the wolf seen you,* ha? Hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead!

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you might have suspected this long afore, had you pleased, and have saved this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha! If you could persuade yourself it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband!

Deli. Out, lascivious strumpet! [*Exit.*

Maci. What! did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of *sweet wife*, and *dear heart;* and are you fallen just into the same now, with *sweet husband!* Away, follow him, go, keep state: what! remember you are a woman, turn impudent; give him not the head, though you give him the horns. Away. And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of *enfant perdu* here,

* *Why, how now,—has the* wolf seen you?] It was anciently supposed that if a *wolf* saw any one before he was seen, that person was deprived of speech. Hence Virgil,

——*vox quoque Mœrin*
Jam fugit ipsa; lupi Mœrin videre priores. *Ec.* IX.

your forlorn hope.[3] [*Exit Fal.*]—How now, monsieur Brisk? what! Friday night, and in affliction too, and yet your pulpamenta,[4] your delicate morsels! I perceive, the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fast. Now, in good faith, and as I am gentle, there could not have come a thing in this world to have distracted me more, than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor dame.

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it: Signior Deliro has entered three actions against you, three actions, monsieur! marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand pound together: trifles, trifles.

Fast. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that will help too; and then six score pounds for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fast. O heaven!

Maci. What! do you sigh? this it is to *kiss the hand of a countess*, to *have her coach sent for you*, to *hang poniards in ladies garters*, to *wear*

[3] *And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of* enfant perdu *here, your* forlorn hope.] These are military terms, and denote a body of men, placed even in the cannon's mouth, or sent out upon any desperate service. WHAL.

[4] *And yet your* pulpamenta,] i. e. as Jonson well explains it, your delicacies, your nice bits. Whalley says that the allusion is to Terence,

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris? Eun. A. III. S. 1.

Was he aware of the sense of this passage? In any case, it does not apply to Fastidious and Fallace.

bracelets of their hair, and for every one of these great favours to *give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns, or so;* why, 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads on the heels o' your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward[5] quickly, to save charges, and there set up your rest to spend sir Puntarvolo's hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, go! [*Exit Fastidious.*
Why, here's a change! now is my soul at peace:
I am as empty of all envy now,
As they of merit to be envied at.
My humour, like a flame, no longer lasts
Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly
Being now raked up in their repentant ashes,
Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.
I am so far from malicing their states,
That I begin to pity them. It grieves me
To think they have a being. I could wish
They might turn wise upon it, and be saved now,
So heaven were pleased; but let them vanish, vapours!——
Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not been tedious?[6]

[5] *Remove yourself to the* two-penny ward *to save charges.*] Fastidious was now in the *master's ward* (see p. 193.). The Counter had four compartments, or "sides," the knight's ward, the master's ward, the two-penny ward, and the hole; and it was not uncommon for the debtors, as their means wasted, to descend gradually from the first to the last. The rooms in the knight's ward seem to have been expensive: the hole was a mere dungeon, and only tenanted by the poorest prisoners. See Massinger, Vol. IV. p. 7, and, for a fuller account, Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth.*

[6] After this line there follow, in the quarto, several others, which concluded the play: as they are not without merit, I shall subjoin them:

And now with Asper's tongue, though not his shape,
Kind patrons of our sports, you that can judge,

Cor. *Nay, we have done censuring now.*
Mit. *Yes, faith.*

Maci. How so?

Cor. *Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be out of our humours. Besides, here are those round about you of more ability in censure than we, whose judgments can give it a more satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to them.*

[Exeunt Cordatus and Mitis.

Maci. [*coming forward.*] Ay, is it even so? —

And with discerning thoughts measure the space
Of our strange Muse in this her maze of humour;
You, whose fine notions do confine the forms
And nature of sweet poesy to you,
I tender solemn, and most duteous thanks,
For your stretch'd patience and attentive grace.
We know, and we are pleased to know so much,
The cates that you have tasted were not season'd
For every vulgar palate, but prepared
To banquet pure and apprehensive ears:
Let then their voices speak for our desert;
Be their applause the trumpet to proclaim
Defiance to rebelling ignorance:
And the green spirits of some tainted few,
That, spight of pity, do betray themselves
To scorn and laughter; and, like guilty children,
Publish their infancy, before their time,
By their own fond exception: such as these
We pawn 'em to your *censure*, till time, wit,
Or observation, set some stronger seal
Of *judgment* on their judgments; and entreat
The happier spirits in this fair-fitted *Globe*,
(So many as have sweet minds in their breasts,
And are too wise to think themselves are tax'd
In any general figure, or too virtuous
To need that wisdom's imputation:)
That with their bounteous hands they would confirm
This, as their pleasure's patent: which so sign'd,
Our leaven'd spent endeavours shall renew
Their beauties, with the spring, to smiles on you.

Well, gentlemen, I should have gone in, and return'd to you as I was Asper at the first; but by reason the shift would have been somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farther, we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now, that you may see I will be out of humour for company, I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and indeed am nothing so peremptory as I was in the beginning: marry, I will not do as Plautus in his *Amphytrio*, for all this, *summi Jovis causâ, plaudite;* beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you, out of the bounty of your good-liking, will bestow it, why, you may in time make lean Macilente as fat as sir John Falstaff. [*Exit.*

THE

EPILOGUE,

AT THE

PRESENTATION BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MACILENTE.

NEVER till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces
All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chased all black thoughts from my bosom,
Like as the sun doth darkness from the world.
My stream of humour is run out of me,
And as our city's torrent, bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames,
Is check'd by strength and clearness of the river,
Till it hath spent itself even at the shore;
So in the ample and unmeasured flood
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd;
And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarified and subtle air:——
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
Yet humble as the earth, do I implore, [*Kneels.*
O heaven, that She, whose presence hath effected
This change in me, may suffer most late change
In her admired and happy government:
May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,
And rugged Treason tremble at the sound,
When Fame shall speak it with an emphasis.
Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
And pale Invasion come with half a heart,
When he but looks upon her blessed soil.

The throat of War be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
About her court;[7] where never may there come
Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind
In her dread presence; Death himself admire her;
And may her virtues make him to forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

[7] *And turtle-footed Peace dance* fairy *rings*
About her court;] There is a true poetical spirit in the preceding and following verses; and the principal occurrences which distinguished the reign of queen Elizabeth are touched upon with extreme delicacy and justice. The allusion of this line refers to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which was a compliment to the princess then on the throne. WHAL.

There is nothing so general, nor so deplorable as the blunders of the commentators about fairies. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which is one of the grossest misnomers in romance or history, bears no features of the fairy nation. She might have been (for it is clear that Spenser himself had no definite ideas on the subject) the Calypso of antiquity, or the Enchantress of the middle ages, but could never have possessed one attribute in common with the fairy of our simple ancestors. I may one day, perhaps, find an opportunity of giving the popular tradition on this subject, which will be found as elegant as any of the mythological fables of Greece and Rome: meanwhile it will be sufficient to ask where Whalley found his "reference" to Spenser, whose knights are neither more nor less than the knights of Arthur's Round Table; polished indeed into the formality of his own times; but who neither dance *fairy rings*, nor very sedulously cultivate the acquaintance of *turtle-footed Peace*.

This spirited and poetical Epilogue, as he justly terms it, originally made part of Macilente's concluding speech, and was prefaced by four lines of absurd and fulsome rant, bordering on profaneness. It is to the praise of the audience, that, though accustomed to hear the queen addressed in terms of the grossest adulation, they yet murmured at this, and expressed their dislike so strongly as to draw from Jonson an awkward attempt at justification. Neither the verses, nor the apology for them, call for preservation; the former were rejected by the author, and the latter appeared only in the quarto. Jonson was undoubtedly ashamed of both.

Fly from her, Age; sleep, Time, before her throne;
Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.[8]

[8] The preliminary observations of the author have left me little to say on this "Comical Satire." In vigour, in purity and elegance of style, it is, perhaps, superior to *Every Man in his Humour:* it is also more correspondent to its title; for we have real humours here, i. e. qualities "whose currents run all one way," while, in the former, we have chiefly affectations.

It is said by Hurd that Jonson has given us in this drama "an unnatural delineation of a group of passions wholly chimerical, and unlike to any thing we observe in the commerce of common life:" this is hazarded without much consideration of the subject. The characters seem to be drawn from a close observation of human nature as she appeared in the poet's days; and to call them "chimerical," because the originals, after a lapse of two centuries, are not discernable, is at once illogical and unjust. No one believes that Bobadill was a mere creature of the imagination; yet what is Fastidious Brisk but a Bobadill at Whitehall? The court, like the army, had undoubtedly its boasters and pretenders, and Jonson pourtrayed them as they probably offered themselves to his pencil, in his intercourse with both.

Nor is Bobadill the only character of the preceding play, which he has, in the present, endeavoured to heighten and improve. Sogliardo and Fungoso are master Mathew and master Stephen thrown into new situations, and marked with more skilful and vivid touches.

With all these excellencies, and many others——for most of the persons of the drama, (and above all, cavalier Shift,) are delineated with a masterly hand, *Every Man out of his Humour* is, as a whole, very deficient in interest. The plot is progressive, but not well combined; the action awkwardly helped forward by the Chorus; and the catastrophe, though sufficiently ingenious, not altogether legitimately produced by previous occurrences. A poet, says Horace, should endeavour either to profit or delight. This is not enough: he should seek to do both, or he will but imperfectly secure his end. Like Jonson, in the present case, he may, and must, be admired in the closet; but he will not be followed to the stage.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS:

OR, THE

FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.] The first edition of this "Comical Satire" was printed in quarto, 1601, with this motto,

Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio—
Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt;

which probably bore an allusion to some circumstance now unknown. When Jonson republished it, he chose a more intelligible passage: *Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum;* and transferred the last line of the former motto, to the title-page of his general works. The folio edition of this play, which appeared in 1616, differs considerably from the quarto, being increased by several new scenes, with which, to the utter discomfiture of the reader's patience, the author injudiciously swelled out the last two acts. *Cynthia's Revels* appears to have been not unfavourably received, since we are told that it was "frequently acted at the Blackfriars, by the children of queen Elizabeth's chapel." It was also among the earliest plays revived after the Restoration, and was often performed at the New Theatre in Drury Lane, "very satisfactorily," as Downes says, "to the town:" though now laid aside. *Cynthia's Revels* was first acted in 1600, and the folio gives the names of the boys (children, as they were called) who performed the principal parts: "Nat. Field, Sal. Pavy, Tho. Day, I. Underwood, Rob. Baxter, and John Frost." Of these some lived to be eminent in their profession; and one, who died young, and who was, indeed, an actor of very extraordinary promise, was honoured by the grateful poet with an epitaph, which has not often been surpassed.

TO

THE SPECIAL FOUNTAIN OF MANNERS,

THE COURT.

THOU art a bountiful and brave spring, and waterest all the noble plants of this Island. In thee the whole kingdom dresseth itself, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass. Beware then thou render men's figures truly, and teach them no less to hate their deformities, than to love their forms: for, to grace, there should come reverence; and no man can call that lovely, which is not also venerable. It is not powdering, perfuming, and every day smelling of the tailor, that converteth to a beautiful object: but a mind shining through any suit, which needs no false light, either of riches or honours, to help it. Such shalt thou find some here, even in the reign of Cynthia,[1]*—a Crites and an Arete. Now, under thy Phœbus, it will be thy province to make more;*[2] *except thou desirest to have thy source mix with the spring of self-love, and so wilt draw upon thee as welcome a discovery of thy days, as was then made of her nights.*

Thy Servant, but not Slave,

BEN. JONSON.

[1] *Such shalt thou find here*, even *in the reign of Cynthia,*] Cynthia was now dead, and this little reflection upon her memory, which might have been spared, was thrown in to cajole her successor. The quarto has no dedication. It is unnecessary to call the reader's attention to the extreme elegance of this little composition.

[2] *Now under thy* Phœbus, *it will be thy province to make more:*] This was intended as a compliment to James. Our poet growing into reputation by the representation of his last comedy, in the presence of the queen and court, endeavours to ingratiate himself by the following performance; which he designed, with an honest freedom, for the correction of the fantastic humour, and extravagance of courtiers. WHAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cynthia.	Echo.	
Mercury.	Arete.	
Hesperus.	Phantaste.	
Crites.	Argurion.	
Amorphus.	Philautia.	
Asotus.	Moria.	
Hedon.	Cos.	
Anaides.	Gelaia.	
Morphides.	Phronesis,	*Mutes.*
Prosaites.	Thauma	
Morus.	Time,[3]	
Cupid.		

SCENE Gargaphie.

[3] *Time.*] Time is the Greek word for Honour, and must be pronounced as a dissyllable. WHAL.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

INDUCTION.

The Stage.

After the second sounding.

Enter three of the *Children* struggling.

1 Child. *Pray you away; why, fellows! Gods so, what do you mean?*

2 Child. *Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, sir.*

3 Child. *Why, do you hope to speak it?*

2 Child. *Ay, and I think I have most right to it: I am sure I studied it first.*

3 Child. *That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.*

1 Child. *I plead possession of the cloak:*[1] *gentles, your suffrages, I pray you.*

[Within.] *Why, Children! are you not ashamed? come in there!*

[1] *I plead possession of the* cloak:] The usual dress of the person who spoke the prologue was a black velvet cloak

WHAL.

So in the prologue to Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, "Do you not know that I am the *Prologue*? Do you not see this long *black velvet cloak* upon my back?" And in that to the

3 Child. *Slid, I'll play nothing in the play, unless I speak it.*

1 Child. *Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.*

3 Child. *O, no, sir gallant; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.*

1 Child. *No, would I were whipp'd, if I had any such thought; try it by lots either.*

2 Child. *Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.*

3 Child. *Well said, resolute Jack! I am content too, so we draw first. Make the cuts.*

1 Child. *But will you not snatch my cloak while I am stooping?*

3 Child. *No, we scorn treachery.*

2 Child. *Which cut shall speak it?*

3 Child. *The shortest.*

1 Child. *Agreed: draw.* [they draw cuts.] *The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.*

2 Child. *A spite of all mischievous luck! I was once plucking at the other.*

3 Child. *Stay, Jack: 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge myself on the author: since I speak not his prologue. I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention*[2] *to the auditory, before it come forth.*

Woman Hater, "A *prologue* in verse is as stale as a *black velvet cloak*," &c. The only remaining vestige of this ancient custom is to be found in *Hamlet*, where the prologue to the tragedy played before the king, still appears in his *black cloak*.

[2] *And so* stale *his invention*,] i. e. disclose it prematurely, make it common, so as to deprive it at once of all interest and novelty. See Vol. I. p. 42.

1 Child. *O, do not so.*

2 Child. *By no means.*

3 Child. [Advancing to the front of the Stage.] *First, the title of his play is* Cynthia's Revels, *as any man that hath hope to be saved by his book can witness;*[3] *the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid travelling on foot, resolved to turn page. By the way Cupid meets with Mercury, (as that's a thing to be noted; take any of our play-books without a Cupid or a Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretic in poetry.*—[In these and the subsequent speeches, at every break, the other two interrupt, and endeavour to stop him.] *Pray thee let me alone. Mercury, he in the nature of a conjuror, raises up Echo, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away: and there's an end of her.——Now I am to inform you, that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia, or Self-love, a court lady: Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a courtier; one that ranks himself even with Anaides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaia, the daughter of Folly, a wench in boy's attire, to wait on him.—— These, in the court, meet with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to*

[3] *As any man that hath hope to be saved by his book, can witness;*] i. e. that can read: alluding, in the first place, to what is vulgarly called the neck-verse, and secondly to the title of the play, which, in those days, when scenery was unknown to the stage, was written or painted in large letters, and stuck up in some conspicuous place.

fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you—Look, these emmets put me out here—that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Asotus, or the Prodigal, who, in imitation of the traveller, who hath the Whetstone following him,[a] entertains the Beggar, to be his attendant——Now, the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love; Phantaste, a light Wittiness; Argurion, Money; and their guardian, mother Moria, or mistress Folly.——

1 Child. *Pray thee, no more.*

3 Child. *There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, carcanets, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to be made known to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the Fool to follow him, as well as the Beggar——By this time, your Beggar begins to wait close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottlemen.——There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fallen into a sudden apoplexy——*

1 Child. *Stop his mouth.*

3 Child. *And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better contemn'd of a society of gallants, than it is; and he applies his service, good gentleman, to the lady Arete, or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train, that's scarce able to buy herself a gown; you shall see her play in a black robe anon: a creature that, I assure you, is no less scorn'd than himself. Where am I now? at a stand!*

2 Child. *Come, leave at last, yet.*

3 Child. *O, the night is come, ('twas somewhat dark, methought,) and Cynthia intends to come*

[a] —— *who hath the* Whetstone *following him,*] i. e. Cos.

forth; that helps it a little yet. All the courtiers must provide for revels; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which, is——What, will you ravish me?——that each of these Vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are; and therefore assume the most neighbouring Virtues as their masking habit————I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.

2 Child. *Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation;*[5] *to give them the inventory of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.*

1 Child. *Tut, this was but to shew us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have plaid the ignorant critic with every thing, along as he had gone; I expected some such device.*

3 Child. *O, you shall see me do that*[6] *rarely; lend me thy cloak.*

1 Child. *Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.*

3 Child. *No, would I might never stir then.*

2 Child. *Lend it him, lend it him.*

1 Child. *Well, you have sworn.*

[Gives him the cloak.

3 Child. *I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your genteel auditors, that am come in, having paid my money at the door, with much ado, and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts*

[5] 2 Child. *Come, we'll have no more of this anticipation;*] This is well thought on!

" 'Fore the beginning of this play,
I, hapless Polydore, was found
By fishermen, or others, drown'd," &c.

If Jonson had really meant to satirize the practice, he could not have done it more effectually.

[6] 3 Child. *O, you shall see me do that,*] i. e. The part of an *ignorant critic;* and certainly the boy does it *rarely*, as he promises. Decker has copied much of this in his *Guls Horn-book.*

of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. [At the breaks he takes his tobacco.] *By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here——They do act like so many wrens, or pismires——not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.——And then their music is abominable——able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten——pillories, and their ditties——most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them——poets. By this vapour, an 'twere not for tobacco——I think——the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates——A man were better visit fifteen jails, ——or a dozen or two of hospitals——than once adventure to come near them. How is't? well?*

1 Child. *Excellent; give me my cloak.*

3 Child. *Stay; you shall see me do another now, but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is, as it may be thought, some friend, or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.*

1 Child. *What, upon the stage too?*

2 Child. *Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, Would you have a stool, sir?*[7]

3 Child. *A stool, boy!*

2 Child. *Ay, sir, if you'll give me sixpence I'll fetch you one.*

7 *Would you have* a stool, *sir?*] At the theatres, in Jonson's time, spectators were admitted on the stage. Here they sat on *stools*, the price of which, as the situation was more or less commodious, was *sixpence*, or a shilling: here too their own pages, or the boys of the house, supplied them with pipes and tobacco. Amidst such confusion and indecency were the dramatic works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries produced, works which we,

"With all appliances and means to boot,"

with every thing that can promote the reality of the scene, and invigorate exertion, have never equalled, and very seldom indeed approached.

3 Child. *For what, I pray thee? what shall I do with it?*

2 Child. *O lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.*

3 Child. *Away, wag; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective, I hold my life, or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here! Sir crack,*[8] *I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.*

2 Child. *'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suitor to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to begin.*

3 Child. *Most willingly, my good wag; but I would speak with your author, where is he?*

2 Child. *Not this way, I assure you, sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tireman, rail the music out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine enghles as we.*[9] *Well, 'tis but our hard fortune!*

3 Child. *Nay, crack, be not dishearten'd.*

2 Child. *Not I, sir; but if you please to confer with our author, by attorney, you may, sir; our proper self here, stands for him.*

[8] *Sir* crack,] *Crack* is a sprightly forward boy. It frequently occurs in Jonson and his contemporaries. Thus Heyward:

It is a rogue, a wag, his name is Jack,
A notable dissembling lad, a *crack*.
Four Prentices of London. WHAL.

[9] —— *if he had such fine* enghles *as we.*] See the *Poetaster*.

3 Child. *Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turn'd upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests,*[1] *and to way-lay all the stale apothegms, or old books, they can hear of, in print, or otherwise, to*

[1] —— *they could wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests*, &c.] This, with what follows, has, as Whalley says, been understood to be pointed at Shakspeare. I am weary of repelling such malicious absurdities, and must therefore leave them to the reader's scorn. This comedy, as the title-page tells us, was acted by the children of the queen's chapel, and the current complaint against them was, that they gave the public but little novelty. Thus in *Pasquil and Katharine:*

"I sawe the children of Powles last night,
And troth they pleased me prettie, prettie well,
The apes in time will do it handsomely.
Pla. I'faith,
I like the audience that frequenteth there
With much applause: a man shall not be choakt
With the (strong) stench of garlick, nor be pasted
To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
Bra. 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope
The boys will come one day into request.
Pla. Ay, *an they had good playes, but they produce*
Such musty fopperies of antiquity,
And do not suit the humerous age's backs
With cloathes in fashion."

This is precisely what Jonson says, and the satire, in both poets, is levelled at Lilly, Marston, and, perhaps, Decker. Shakspeare is entirely out of the question. He manifests, indeed, in his *Hamlet*, a little managerial jealousy at the success of the "eyasses," and probably did not see new plays put into their hands with much pleasure; but this has nothing to do with Jonson, who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, was living on terms of confidence and kindness with him.

farce their scenes withal.[a] *That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace, with servile imitation, from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with; as if their invention lived wholly upon another man's trencher. Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it;*[b] *nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags.*

2 Child. *So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek?*

3 Child. *It is; do not you think it necessary to be practised, my little wag?*

2 Child. *Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is received.*

3 Child. *O, (I had almost forgot it too,) they say, the* umbræ *or ghosts of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since, have been seen*

[a] *To* farce *their scenes withal.*] See p. 189. To live upon another man's trencher, which occurs just below, is literally from Juvenal:

—— *aliena vivere quadra.* Sat. v.

[b] —— *they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had drest it;*] In this speech the poet obliquely commends himself; and in these words he retorts the accusation of his adversaries, who charged him with being a year about every play. WHAL.

I am not altogether so certain of this, as my predecessor seems to be. Jonson is got among a new set of players, and he is distributing very wholesome satire to the comedians who usually wrote for them. When Whalley talks of the "accusation of Jonson's enemies," had he forgotten that he had, at this time, only two plays on the stage? That the charge was subsequently made, is as certain, as that Jonson replied to it in the most triumphant manner; but I can discover no marks of a "retort" upon it here.

walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.

2 Child. *Good, sir; but what will you say now, if a poet, untouch'd with any breath of this disease, find the tokens upon you, that are of the auditory? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning, than the price of satin and velvets; nor other perfection than the wearing of a neat suit; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd critic in the house, presuming his clothes should bear him out in it. Another, whom it hath pleased nature to furnish with more beard than brain, prunes his mustaccio, lisps, and, with some score of affected oaths, swears down all that sit about him; "That the old Hieronimo, as it was "first acted,*[4] *was the only best, and judiciously "penn'd play of Europe." A third great-bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here,*[5] *and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscalls all by the name of fustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only shakes his*

[4] "*That the old Hieronimo, as it* was first acted, &c.] Here, indeed, our author palpably alludes to himself, for he had, about this time, borrowed of Mr. Henslow xxxx. s. upon the credit of his *adycions* to this old favourite of the stage. Vol. I. p. 34. It is not a little singular that he should be so vain of these improvements, which, after all, possess no extraordinary degree of merit; especially as it was not then the practice to lay open claim to the *purpurei panni* with which almost every drama of the time was patched. But Ben was unwilling that any of his labours should be confounded and lost in those of his contemporaries.

[5] —— *when* Monsieur *was here.*] In 1579 the duke of Anjou, brother to Charles IX. king of France, came into England and paid his addresses to queen Elizabeth, who cajoled him for some time, and then sent him home in disgrace. His residence

bottle head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful learned face, and is silent.

3 Child. *By my faith, Jack, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace! Here, take your cloak, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or, I'll be sworn, we have marr'd all.*

2 Child. *Tut, fear not, child,*[6] *this will never distaste a true sense: be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied to sweeten thy mouth.*

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

If gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
The lights of judgment's throne, shine any where,
Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere;
And therefore opens he himself to those.
To other weaker beams his labours close,
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,
To every vulgar and adulterate brain.
In this alone, his Muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path;

here seems to have formed an era for our old dramatists, who make frequent mention of it. Thus Middleton:

"It was suspected much in *Monsieur's* days."

Mad World my Masters.

[6] 2 Child. *Tut, fear not,* child,] In the quarto it is, "Tut, fear not, *Sall;*" from which it appears that the third child was Salathiel Pavy, who also played Anaides. *Jack*, the second boy, was probably John Underwood, who proved a good actor, though he died young.

And proves new ways to come to learned ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause,
Or foamy praise, that drops from common jaws:
The garland that she wears, their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
About his poesy; which, he knows, affords
Words, above action; matter, above words.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Grove and Fountain.

Enter CUPID, *and* MERCURY *with his caduceus, on different sides.*

Cup. Who goes there?
Mer. 'Tis I, blind archer.
Cup. Who, Mercury?
Mer. Ay.
Cup. Farewell.
Mer. Stay, Cupid.
Cup. Not in your company, Hermes, except your hands were rivetted at your back.
Mer. Why so, my little rover?
Cup. Because I know you have not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, cousin Mercury, when you please to extend it.
Mer. Whence derive you this speech, boy?
Cup. O! 'tis your best polity to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you! nor Neptune's trident! nor Apollo's

bow! no, not you! Alas, your palms, Jupiter knows, they are as tender as the foot of a foundered nag, or a lady's face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing.

Mer. Go to, infant, you'll be daring still.

Cup. Daring! O Janus! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heel'd coz, what are you any more than my uncle Jove's pander? a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility? wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, warble upon a crowd a little,[7] and fill out nectar when Ganymede's away? one that sweeps the gods' drinking-room every morning, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night; can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the crier of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negociations, &c. Here's the catalogue of your employments, now! O no, I err; you have the marshalling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known; but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in lifting,[8] or

[7] — warble *upon a* crowd *a little*,] This seems but a scurvy compliment to the *curvæ lyræ parentem;* but Cupid is pleased to be satirical. To *warble* on a crowd, is a Latinism, *canere tibia*, &c. *Crowd* is the old word for a fiddle; indeed, it is still in use in every part of the kingdom. I need not inform the learned reader, that Jonson is here trying his strength with Lucian, from whom many of the circumstances are taken; and surely prejudice itself must admit that, in elegance and sprightliness of style, this dialogue is not a whit inferior to any in that lively and Attic writer. The allusions to him are too crowded and too obvious, to be pointed out.

[8] *In* lifting,] i. e. stealing; hence the modern word *shoplifter*. WHAL.

leiger-du-main, which few of the house of heaven have else besides, I must confess. But, methinks, that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt yourself and others, that we should be said to 'over dare' in speaking to your nimble deity. So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the bar farther, or lift more join'd stools at the arm's end, than we. If this might carry it, then we, who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforced Saturnius himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking suit, too light for a reveller of eighteen to be seen in———

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo sexto!*[9] charm your skipping tongue, or I'll——

Cup. What? use the virtue of your snaky tipstaff there upon us?

Mer. No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air, on the very hour I was born, in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.

Cup. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus, at

[9] *My dancing braggart in* decimo sexto!] This expression for a youth, a stripling, occurs in many of our old writers. See Massinger, Vol. III. p. 32. *Charm* your tongue, is silence it, put a spell on its motion.

Thus Shakspeare,

"*Peace*, wilful boy, or I shall *charm* your tongue." *Hen. VI.*

And again,

"Mistress, go to! *charm* your tongue." *Othello.*

the same time, but stoop'd to embrace you, and, to speak by metaphor, you borrowed a girdle of her's, as you did Jove's sceptre while he was laughing; and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

Mer. 'Tis well, sir.

Cup. I heard, you but look'd in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and entreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you, i' faith, that you will keep your hook'd talons in practice with any thing. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfumed courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittle-cocks from you, or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco-boxes; for I am strangely jealous of your nails.

Mer. Never trust me, Cupid, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant of late! the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtile stroke of your thin-ground tongue; you fight with too poignant a phrase, for me to deal with.

Cup. O Hermes, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore entreat my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.

Mer. Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag; but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

Cup. Faith, to recover thy good thoughts, I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breathed against

her, for her divine justice on Acteon, as she pretends, hath here in the vale of Gargaphie,[1] proclaim'd a solemn revels, which (her godhead put off) she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expense of one of her clearest moons: in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes; as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charged with.

Mer. But, what is all this to Cupid?

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise, during the interim of these revels, I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where, if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness and aim they are directed, I doubt not but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over nice proscription of my deity from their court.

Mer. Pursue it, divine Cupid, it will be rare.

Cup. But will Hermes second me?

Mer. I am now to put in act an especial designment from my father Jove; but, that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

Cup. Well, then we part. [*Exit.*

Mer. Farewell, good wag.
Now to my charge.—Echo, fair Echo, speak,

[1] *Here in the vale of Gargaphie.*] The vale where Acteon was torn to pieces by his own hounds:

Vallis erat piceis, et acuta densa cupresso,
Nomine Gargaphie, &c. Ovid Metam. l. 3. Whal.

'Tis Mercury that calls thee; sorrowful nymph,
Salute me with thy repercussive voice,
That I may know what cavern of the earth
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou may'st hear.
Echo. [*below.*] Here.
Mer. So nigh!
Echo. Ay.
Mer. Know, gentle soul, then, I am sent from Jove,
Who, pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death,
Commands, that now, after three thousand years,
Which have been exercised in Juno's spite,
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,
Enrich'd with vocal and articulate power.
Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my winged rod
Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee way.
Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise,
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name.
Echo. [*ascends.*[a]] His name revives, and lifts me up from earth,

[a] Echo. [*ascends.*] Warton affirms that Jonson meant in this place to ridicule the frequent introduction of Echo in the masques of his time; (a practice which he himself followed;) and he gives a ludicrous abridgment of the scene. It certainly requires far less ability than Warton possessed, to burlesque any mythological fable; and therefore it was the less necessary that he should misrepresent it. To say that Mercury strikes the earth twice, &c. may be very facetious; but cannot much affect the poet's reputation with those who know him. Jonson was infinitely superior to Warton as a classical scholar, and the whole of this scene is in the strictest conformity with the ancient models. It is not, perhaps, as poetical as some of his contem-

O, which way shall I first convert myself,[3]
Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,
That, in a moment, I may be deliver'd
Of the prodigious grief I go withal?
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weep yet
Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,
Who, now transform'd into this drooping flower,
Hangs the repentant head, back from the stream,
As if it wish'd, *Would I had never look'd*
In such a flattering mirror! O Narcissus,
Thou that wast once, and yet art, my Narcissus,
Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,
She would have dropt away herself in tears,
Till she had all turn'd water; that in her,
As in a truer glass, thou mightst have gazed,
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection.
But self-love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense

poraries would have made it; but it is not very defective even in this respect, and is, besides, quite as serious as any other part of the play. In the song which follows, there is, indeed, as the clown says, *no great matter;* but it is not *burlesque*, as Warton asserts; nor is it true "that a song was always the sure consequence of Echo being raised." Why would Mr. Todd encumber the pages of his *Milton* with such inconsiderate attempts at criticism?

[3] *O which way shall I first* convert *myself*,] i. e. *turn* myself. The word occurs in this sense in the old translation of the Bible: "Howbeit, after this, Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked way." 1 *Kings*, xiii. 33.

Of her own self-conceived excellence.
O, hadst thou known the worth of heaven's rich gift,
Thou wouldst have turn'd it to a truer use,
And not with starv'd and covetous ignorance,
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more,
Than to thy famish'd mind the wide world's store:
So wretched is it to be merely rich!
Witness thy youth's dear sweets here spent untasted,
Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted.
Mer. Echo be brief, Saturnia is abroad,
And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high will.
Echo. I will, kind Mercury, be brief as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last rites,
But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning strain
Over his wat'ry hearse.[4]
Mer. Thou dost obtain;
I were no son to Jove, should I deny thee.
Begin, and more to grace thy cunning voice,
The humourous air[5] shall mix her solemn tunes
With thy sad words: strike, music, from the spheres,
And with your golden raptures swell our ears.

[4] ——— *sing some mourning strain*
Over his wat'ry hearse.] Beautifully imitated by Milton:

"He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
"Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
"Without the meed of some melodious tear."

[5] *The* humourous *air, &c.*] *Humourous* here means moist, flaccid from humidity, flexible, &c. I merely notice this, to prevent the reader, who may chance to peruse this passage in Warton, from taking it, as he evidently does, in contrast to *sad* in the next line, for mirthful, or frolicksome.

ECHO [*accompanied.*]

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil.——

Mer. Now, have you done?
Echo. Done presently, good Hermes; bide a little;
Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze awhile,
But e'en to taste the place, and I am vanish'd.
Mer. Forego thy use and liberty of tongue,
And thou mayst dwell on earth, and sport thee there.
Echo. Here young Acteon fell, pursued and torn
By Cynthia's wrath, more eager than his hounds;
And here—ah me, the place is fatal!—see
The weeping Niobe, translated hither
From Phrygian mountains; and by Phœbe rear'd,
As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.
Mer. Nay, but hear—
Echo. But here, O here, the fountain of self-love,
In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,
Regardless of my sorrows, bathe themselves
In hourly pleasures.
Mer. Stint thy babbling tongue!
Fond Echo, thou profan'st the grace is done thee.

So idle worldlings merely made of voice,
Censure the Powers above them. Come, away,
Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks no stay.
Echo. O, stay: I have but one poor thought to clothe
In airy garments, and then, faith, I go.
Henceforth, thou treacherous and murdering spring,
Be ever call'd the FOUNTAIN OF SELF-LOVE:
And with thy water let this curse remain,
As an inseparate plague, that who but taste
A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themselves.
Now, Hermes, I have finish'd.
Mer. Then thy speech
Must here forsake thee, Echo, and thy voice,
As it was wont, rebound but the last words.
Farewell.
Echo. [*retiring.*] Well.
Mer. Now, Cupid, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leave the earth.

Enter AMORPHUS *hastily.*

Amo. Dear spark of beauty, make not so fast away.
Echo. Away.
Mer. Stay, let me observe this portent yet.[a]
Amo. I am neither your Minotaur, nor your Centaur, nor your satyr, nor your hyæna, nor

[a] *Stay, let me observe this portent* yet.] This word is not well understood by modern critics, who seem to consider it, in such expressions as this before us, as little more than an expletive. It has, however, a meaning, and a very good one, though it may be difficult to define it precisely. It seems to have somewhat of the power of notwithstanding, nevertheless, &c. and can only be felt in all its force by those who have diligently studied our old writers, far better judges of the euphony as well

your babion,[7] but your mere traveller, believe me.

Echo. Leave me.

Mer. I guess'd it should be some travelling motion pursued Echo so.

Amo. Know you from whom you fly? or whence?

Echo. Hence. [*Exit.*

Amo. This is somewhat above strange: A nymph of her feature and lineament, to be so preposterously-rude! well, I will but cool myself at yon spring, and follow her.

Mer. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'll leave you too. [*Exit.*

Amor. I am a rhinoceros, if I had thought a creature of her symmetry could have dared so improportionable and abrupt a digression.—Liberal and divine fount, suffer my profane hand to take of thy bounties. [*takes up some of the water.*] By the purity of my taste, here is most ambrosiac water; I will sup of it again. By thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water, a more

as the power of language than ourselves. In Todd's *Milton*, Vol. V. p. 368, is this passage;

> "This is mere moral babble, and direct
> "Against the common laws of our foundation;
> "I must not suffer this; *yet* 'tis but the lees
> "And settlings, &c."

"*Yet*," says Hurd, "is bad; *but*, very inaccurate." Tickell and Fenton omit *yet!* All this comes from not understanding the phrase, and the consequent vile pointing. It should be,

> "I must not suffer this *yet;* 'tis but the lees, &c."

i. e. *however*. This restores the passage to sense and rhythm: as it stood, it had but little of either.

[7] *Nor your babion,*] i. e. baboon. Our old writers spell this word in many different ways; all derived however from *baviaan*, Dutch. We had our knowledge of this animal from the Hollanders, who found it in great numbers at the Cape.

running, subtile, and humourous nymph than she, permits me to touch, and handle her. What should I infer? if my behaviours had been of a cheap or customary garb; my accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate, or unpractised in the encounter of a beautiful and brave attired piece; then I might, with some change of colour, have suspected my faculties: But, knowing myself an essence so sublimated and refined by travel; of so studied and well exercised a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render the face of any statesman living;[8] and to speak the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth return upon venture; and was your first that ever enrich'd his country with the true laws of the duello; whose optics have drunk the spirit of beauty in some eight score and eighteen princes courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies, all nobly, if not princely descended; whose names I have in catalogue: To conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration herself doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me:—certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the least steam or fume of a reason, that should invite this foolish, fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

[8] *Able to* render *the face of any statesman living;*] To explain his looks, and guess at his intention and thoughts by them. The first folio has, *tender* the face, which seems to be corrupt. WHAL.

I doubt, after all, whether the folio be not right: the quarto reads "to *make* the face," &c. that is, I believe, to put on the air and gravity "of any statesman living." Whalley found his

Enter CRITES[9] *and* ASOTUS.

Cri. What, the well dieted Amorphus become a water drinker! I see he means not to write verses then.

Aso. No, Crites! why?

Cri. Because——

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Amo. What say you to your Helicon?

Cri. O, the Muses well! that's ever excepted.

Amo. Sir, your Muses have no such water, I assure you; your nectar, or the juice of your nepenthe, is nothing to it; 'tis above your metheglin, believe it.

Aso. Metheglin; what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composure of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued, Amorphus, if we may credit Lucian, who, in his *Encomio Demosthenis*,

reading in the octavo of 1716, an edition of no authority, and utterly beneath his care.

[9] *Enter* CRITES.] Throughout the quarto he is called Criticus. By Crites here, as well as by Asper in *Every Man out of his Humour*, and Horace in the *Poetaster*, Jonson undoubtedly meant to shadow forth himself. This sacrifice to vanity, as it involved him in personalities, naturally increased the number of his enemies, and exasperated the hostility with which he was long pursued. Decker, in his *Untrussing the humourous Poet*, does not overlook this circumstance: "You must be called *Asper*, and *Criticus*, and *Horace!* Your title's longer reading than the stile o'the big Turk's: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus." It appears that the boy who performed this laborious part was John Underwood.

affirms, he never drunk but water[1] in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own travels, before all the Lucians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittons,[2] figments, and leasings.

Cri. Indeed, I think, next a traveller, he does prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir?

Cri. 'Tis Asotus, son to the late deceased Philargyrus, the citizen.

Amo. Was his father of any eminent place or means?

Cri. He was to have been prætor next year.

Amo. Ha! a pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth; pity he is not more genteely pro-

[1] Lucian, *in his Encomio Demosthenis, affirms he never drunk but water*] These are the words of Lucian, ουκ ὀυΐως ὁ Δημοσθενης συνετιθει προς μεθην τους λογους, αλλ' ὑδωρ πινων. WHAL.

[2] *He doth feed you with* fittons, figments, *and* leasings.] Perhaps the reading of the quarto is most eligible, and that is *fictions;* unless we suppose that *fittons* is an affected expression of this travelled gallant; which is not improbable. WHAL.

The quarto has merely "fictions and leasings." It does not appear that *fitton* is an "affected expression," as it is used by some of our plainest writers. Thus old Gascoigne, "To tell a *fittone* in your landlord's eares." And North, in his Translation of Plutarch, "In many other places, he commonly used to *fitton*, and to write devices of his own." It seems synonymous with feign, or fabricate. *Figment* is thus explained by Fletcher:

———"A *figment* is a candid lie,
"This is an old pass." *Four Plays in One.*

Leasing is, or ought to be, familiar to every reader. In Jonson's time, perhaps, these words had different shades of turpitude, which are no longer distinguishable.

pagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him what I am, if you please; though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one: yourself can best inform him of yourself, sir; except you had some catalogue or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to shew him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This Crites is sour: [*Aside.*]—I will think, sir.

Cri. Do so, sir.—O heaven! that any thing in the likeness of man should suffer these rack'd extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticate good parts. [*Aside.*

Aso. Crites, I have a suit to you; but you must not deny me: pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! why, is there any difference between you?

Aso. No; I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

Aso. In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him.

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamour'd by this time. [*Aside.*

Aso. Will you, sweet Crites?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Aso. Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is it a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

Aso. No, but would I might never stir, he's a

most ravishing man! Good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith; la!

Cri. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

Aso. And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Aso. Nay, I know you can better marshal these affairs than I can——O gods! I'd give all the world, if I had it, for abundance of such acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now to bestow this reciprocal brace of butterflies one upon another? [*Aside.*

Amo. Since I trod on this side the Alps,[3] I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish, or Italian! that would indifferently express my languages now: marry, then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*,[4] and so make my induction! that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have seen him in Venice or Padua! or some face near his in similitude! 'tis too pointed and open. No, it must be a more quaint and collateral device, as —— stay: to frame some encomiastic speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politic

[3] *Since I trod* on this side *the Alps*,] O bone! Was the scene laid in Bœotia for this?

[4] *Ragioni del stato*,] This "choice remnant of Italian," (which no Italian could pronounce,) or, something like it, seems to have been proverbial for the politics of different countries. It is used by Cartwright, (and many others,) "*Ragioni di stato* generally reek in all." *Ordinary*, A. I. S. 4.

number, 'tis odds but his father fill'd up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans,[5] and such like? as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it?[6] ha! 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital, whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish church in his life time, with his name at length, for want of arms, trickt upon them? any of these. Or to praise the cleanness of the street wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prætor?[7] or, leaving his parent, come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva!

Aso. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then ——He comes to me!

Amo. 'Tis a most curious and neatly wrought band, this same, as I have seen, sir.

[5] Burning *of cans,*] i. e. impressing the mark of legality, with a hot iron, on the wooden measures then in use. WHAL.

[6] *As also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it?*] This alludes to the practices of the Puritans. Stowe tells us, that many of the lower images belonging to the cross in Cheapside were frequently broken, or pulled down: and particularly, that about the year 1596, "under the image of Christ's resurrection defaced, was set up a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble; and in the same, an alabaster image of Diana, a woman for the most part naked, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast." WHAL.

Jonson was at this time a Catholic; but the satire is not, on that account, the less ingenious and severe, if what is strictly just, can be termed satire.

[7] *Or the provident painting of his* posts, *against he should have been prætor?*] See p. 123.

Aso. O lord, sir!

Amo. You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

Cri. His eye waters after it, it seems. [*Aside.*

Aso. O lord, sir! there needs no such apology, I assure you.

Cri. I am anticipated: they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see. [*Aside.*

Amo. Your riband too does most gracefully, in troth.

Aso. 'Tis the most genteel, and received wear now, sir.

Amo. Believe me, sir, I speak it not to humour you—I have not seen a young gentleman, generally, put on his clothes with more judgment.

Aso. O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

Amo. No, as I am virtuous, being altogether untravell'd, it strikes me into wonder.

Aso. I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

Amo. I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Aso. O lord, sir! I would there were any thing in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to shew it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motley,[8] sir. [*Aside.*

Amo. Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to travel, I assure you, hath made you another myself in mine eye, and struck me enamour'd on your beauties.

[8] *O here's rare* motley,] i. e. simple, silly; from the parti-coloured dress worn by fools. Thus Fletcher, "What *motley* stuff is this! sirrah, speak sense." *Maid in the Mill.*

Aso. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir! and yet I would travel too.

Amo. O, you should digress from yourself else: for, believe it, your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or, as the Italian says, *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

Aso. I think it be great charge though, sir.

Amo. Charge! why 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as yourself, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all time. Good faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; 'tis so pretty and fantastic; what! is it a beaver?

Aso. Ay, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account?

Aso. Yes, sir.

Cri. And so near his head! beshrew me, dangerous. [*Aside.*

Amo. A very pretty fashion, believe me, and a most novel kind of trim: your band is conceited too!

Aso. Sir, it is all at your service.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Aso. I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be prais'd out of his clothes?

Aso. By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner;[9] I would you should conceive so of me.

Amo. Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction: May I pray your name, sir?

[9] *After the Italian manner,*] i. e. with a hope to have it refused. *Beaver* hats were not common in this country. Howel sends home one from Paris (Lett. 17) as a great rarity.

Aso. My name is Asotus, sir.

Amo. I take your love, gentle Asotus; but let me win you to receive this, in exchange———

[*They exchange beavers.*

Cri. Heart! they'll change doublets anon.

[*Aside.*

Amo. And, from this time esteem yourself in the first rank of those few whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anaides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you graced and respected: this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

Aso. 'Slid, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

Cri. I looked when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

Amo. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? Be not so sad, be not so sad: It is a relic I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphic of my affection; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block; I have received it varied on record to the three thousandth time, and not so few: It hath these virtues beside; your head shall not ache under it, nor your brain leave you, without license; it will preserve your complexion to eternity; for no beam of the sun, should you wear it under *zona torrida*, hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proof against thunder, and enchantment; and was given me by a great man in Russia, as an especial prized present; and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that accompanied the politic Ulysses in his tedious and ten years travels.

Aso. By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

Enter Cos *and* PROSAITES.

Cos. Save you, sweet bloods! does any of you want a creature, or a dependent?

Cri. Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave!

Amo. A page of good timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private.—How art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos, sir, Cos.

Cri. Cos! how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone?[1]

Amo. I do entertain you, Cos; conceal your quality till we be private; if your parts be

[1] Cos! *how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a* whetstone?] *Cos* is the Latin word for a *whetstone;* and the joke consists in the allusion of his name to his manners. A *whetstone* was a cant term of that age, to denote the faculty of lying, or any incitement to tell a lie. So in the Induction, the traveller is said to have the *Whetstone* following him. WHAL.

Whalley has said nothing of the origin of this "joke," as he calls it; nor can I pretend to advance any thing with certainty on the subject. It may have arisen from the story of the *whetstone* which was cut in two by the augur, Accius: though, why the simplest miracle in all Livy should have been singled out to typify lying, it is not easy to conjecture. Amidst the elegant amusements of our ancestors at wakes and fairs, such as jumping in a sack, grinning through a collar, &c. there was one of a most extraordinary and culpable nature, which was *lying.* The clown who told the most enormous and impossible falsehood, was rewarded for his perverse ingenuity with *a whetstone,* which, four or five centuries ago, might, perhaps, be somewhat more valuable than it is at present. Hence the familiar connection between the vice and the reward. A notorious liar was said to be *lying for a whetstone;* and it was no uncommon punishment for such a one to have a whetstone tied round his neck, or fastened on the outside of his garment, and to be thus publicly exposed. I could give many instances of this; but enough, perhaps, has been already said.

worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you.—Gentles, shall we go?

Aso. Stay, sir; I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then——I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that——mark the place.—What's your name, youth?

Pros. Prosaites, sir.

Aso. Prosaites! a very fine name; Crites, is it not?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the Beggar.

Aso. Follow me, good Prosaites; let's talk.

[*Exeunt all but Crites.*

Cri. He will rank even with you, ere't be long,
If you hold on your course. O, vanity,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light and empty ideots! how pursued
With open and extended appetite!
How they do sweat, and run themselves from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,
Still turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,
That buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following time!
O how despised and base a thing is man,
If he not strive t'erect his grovelling thoughts
Above the strain of flesh! but how more cheap,
When, ev'n his best and understanding part,
The crown and strength of all his faculties,
Floats, like a dead drown'd body, on the stream
Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st dregs!
I suffer for their guilt now, and my soul,
Like one that looks on ill-affected eyes,
Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.[a]

[a] *Is hurt with mere* intention *on their follies.*] *Intention* is

Why will I view them then, my sense might ask me?
Or is't a rarity, or some new object,
That strains my strict observance to this point?
O, would it were! therein I could afford
My spirit should draw a little near to theirs,
To gaze on novelties; so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale,[3] rank, foul; and were it not
That those that woo her greet her with lock'd eyes,
In spight of all th' impostures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd, Custom, dawbs her cheeks withal,
She would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright the enamour'd dotards from themselves:
But such is the perverseness of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
How antic and ridiculous soe'er
It suit with us, yet will our muffled thought
Choose rather not to see it, than avoid it:
And if we can but banish our own sense,
We act our mimic tricks with that free license,
That lust, that pleasure, that security,
As if we practised in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the motion, but the motion.[4]
Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too loud:
While fools are pitied, they wax fat and proud.

the act of fixed and earnest gazing on an object. In this sense the word occurs frequently in Jonson.

[3] *Tut, she is stale, &c.*] This passage is well abridged by Pope:

"Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
"That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

[4] *As if we practised in a pasteboard case,*
And no one saw the motion, *but the* motion.] A simile taken from the management of puppets behind the curtain, with strings and wires: the cause of whose *motion* must be kept from the eyes of the spectators. The obscurity lies in the different

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter CUPID *and* MERCURY, *disguised as pages.*

Cup. Why, this was most unexpectedly followed, my divine delicate Mercury; by the beard of Jove, thou art a precious deity.

Mer. Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improperly; since we are turn'd cracks, let's study to be like cracks; practise their language and behaviours, and not with a dead imitation: Act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veins ran with quicksilver, and not utter a phrase, but what shall come forth steep'd in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire.

Cup. That's not every one's happiness, Hermes: Though you can presume upon the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you shall give me leave to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capering humour.

Mer. Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must have

senses of the word *motion;* the first is taken in the common sense, the last signifies the puppet itself. WHAL.

Whalley seems pleased with this note, for, in the margin of his copy, he has directed it to stand: it is, however, incorrect. Jonson's meaning is simply this—"As if we were without spectators, and none but the puppets saw the puppet-show." In the quarto *Motion* is in both places distinguished by italics and capitals; this, perhaps, Whalley did not know; for he seems to have generally overlooked the first copies.

There is great force and beauty in this speech of Crites; and, indeed, the whole of this act is worthy of the author in his happiest moments.

you hood-wink'd again; for you are grown too provident since your eyes were at liberty.

Cup. Not so, Mercury, I am still blind Cupid to thee.

Mer. And what to the lady nymph you serve?

Cup. Troth, page, boy, and sirrah: these are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?

Cup. O, no, that had been supererogation; you shall never hear your courtier call but by one of these three.

Mer. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.

Cup. Why, what parcel of man hast thou lighted on for a master?

Mer. Such a one as, before I begin to decipher him, I dare not affirm to be any thing less than a courtier. So much he is during this open time of revels, and would be longer, but that his means are to leave him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.

Cup. Hedon! he uses much to my lady's chamber, I think.

Mer. How is she call'd, and then I can shew thee?

Cup. Madam Philautia.

Mer. O ay, he affects her very particularly indeed. These are his graces. He doth (besides me) keep a barber and a monkey; he has a rich wrought waistcoat to entertain his visitants in, with a cap almost suitable. His curtains and bedding are thought to be his own; his bathing-tub is not suspected.[5] He loves to have a fencer,

[5] *His* bathing-tub *is not suspected.*] i. e. is supposed to be used

a pedant,[6] and a musician seen in his lodging a-mornings.

Cup. And not a poet?

Mer. Fie, no: himself is a rhymer, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer,[7] no, though he come when he takes physic, which is commonly after his play. He beats a tailor very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitement, but against the publishing of a new suit; marry, then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn: if not, he does hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon, to shew. He is thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither: six milliners shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pommado[8]

simply for a bath, and not for the cure of any disease, as was then the common practice.

[6] *A pedant,*] i. e. a teacher of the languages.

[7] *He is not* lightly *within to his mercer,*] *Lightly* is commonly, in ordinary cases. Thus Shakspeare:

"Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring." *Richard III.*

WHAL.

[8] *The whole or half the* pommado] It may be just necessary to observe, that the *pommado* is vaulting on a horse, without the aid of stirrups, by resting one hand on the saddle-bow. The pommado reversa was vaulting off again. Thus Marston:

"Room for a vaulting skip,
"Room for Torquatus, that ne'er opt his lip
"But in prate of pommado reversa." *Sat.* II.

in a seven-night before: and sometime ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week; but wisely conceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, *and* GELAIA.

Hed. Boy!

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

Mer. None yet, sir.

Hed. Give me some gold,—more.

Ana. Is that thy boy, Hedon?

Hed. Ay, what think'st thou of him?

Ana. I'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosopher's stone.

Hed. Well said, my good melancholy devil: sirrah, I have devised one or two of the prettiest oaths, this morning in my bed, as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

Ana. Prithee, let's hear them.

Hed. Soft, thou'lt use them afore me.

Ana. No, d—mn me then— I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

Hed. Faith, one is, *By the tip of your ear, sweet lady.* Is it not pretty, and genteel?

Ana. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light and ———

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther fet too. *By the white valley that lies between the alpine hills of your bosom, I protest* ———

Ana. Well, you travell'd for that, Hedon.

Mer. Ay, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

Hed. And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper: hay!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I call madam Philautia, my Honour; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, *Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip;* and, withal, kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, *Nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then do I reply; *I cannot be too Ambitious of Honour, sweet lady.* Will't not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O, assure your soul.

Hed. By heaven, I think 'twill be excellent; and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

Ana. I have thought upon one for Moria of a sudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't, my dear Invention?

Ana. Marry, I will come to her, (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered,) and I will tell her, *Madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise; for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.*[9]

Hed. Now, before Jove, admirable! [*Gelaia laughs.*] look, thy page takes it too. By Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month for this jest, my dear rogue.

Ana. O, by Hercules, 'tis your only dish; above all your potatoes or oyster-pies in the world.

[9] *Your hands have* wit enough to keep themselves warm.] This proverbial phrase is found in most of our ancient dramas. Thus, in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, "You are the wise woman, are you? you *have wit to keep yourself warm enough*, I warrant you." It seems unnecessary to cite more examples of so common an expression.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophecy to it; but I'll have some friend to be the prophet; as thus: I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini.[1] Another demands, Why would he be one of his mistress's cioppini? a third answers, Because he would make her higher: a fourth shall say, That will make her proud: and a fifth shall conclude, Then do I prophesy pride will have a fall;—and he shall give it her.

Ana. I will be your prophet. Gods so, it will be most exquisite; thou art a fine inventious rogue, sirrah.

Hed. Nay, and I have poesies for rings too, and riddles that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on them, time enough: But were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon?

Heb. O, no, I disdain that.

Ana. 'Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth. [*Exeunt Hedon and Anaides.*

[1] *I do wish myself one of my mistress's* cioppini.] A high shoe, or rather clog, worn by the Spanish and Italian ladies. 'Coriat, who travelled, with a foolish face of wonder, over a great part of Europe and Asia, gives a particular account of the "*chapineys*" that he saw in the Venetian territories, some of which were "half a yard in height." Honest Tom seems to have somewhat availed himself of the traveller's privilege; but that they were of a most preposterous thickness cannot be denied. Bulwer is very angry with them: "What a prodigious" (portentous) "affectation is that of *choppines*, wherein our ladies imitate the Venetian and Persian ladies!" And he expresses some concern for the ungenerous deception practised on the Spanish husbands, whose wives, though tall in appearance, "commonly prove no more but half wives; for at the wedding night it may be perceived that halfe the bride was made of guilded corke." *Artificial Changling*, p. 550.

Cup. Is that a courtier too?

Mer. Troth, no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides; one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, a wench in page's attire, following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, utter'd, as his land came to him, by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt.[2] He does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace, or tissue; stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco.[3] He will blaspheme in his

[2] *He never* drinks *below the* salt.] He never *drinks* to those at the lower end of the table. It refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the *salt* was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, or inferior relations of the master of the house. WHAL.

All that remains to be added to this pertinent note is, that the *salt* (salt-celler) was of a very large size, and easily distinguishable; so that the mortification of the humbler guests was complete. See Massinger, Vol. I. p. 170: but, indeed, the allusions to this practice are so numerous, that no reader of our old poets can want any reference on the subject.

[3] *A pipe of* pudding-*tobacco.*] It appears from the Induction (p. 223) that there were "three sorts of tobacco" then in vogue;

shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelvemonth. One other genuine quality he has[4] which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldered groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice, or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns or satin kirtles[5] in a pair or two of months, why, they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

[*They retire to the back of the stage.*

Enter AMORPHUS, ASOTUS, *and* COS.

Amo. Come, sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room

which, from the names scattered over our old plays, seem to be leaf, *pudding*, and cane tobacco. I can give the reader no other information respecting them, than that cane tobacco appears to have been the most expensive of the whole:

"The nostrils of his chimnies are still stuff'd
"With smoak, more chargeable than *cane* tobacco."
Merry Devil of Edmonton.

[4] *One other genuine quality he has*, &c.] This genuine quality is remarked by Juvenal:

Nil habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico,
Quintillæ quod donet, habet, &c. &c. Sat. VII.

[5] ——— *or satin* kirtles] Few words have occasioned such controversy among the commentators on our old plays, as this; and all for want of knowing that it is used in a two-fold sense, sometimes for the jacket merely, and sometimes for the train or upper petticoat attached to it. A full kirtle was always a jacket and petticoat, a *half kirtle* (a term which frequently occurs) was either the one or the other: but our ancestors, who wrote when this article of dress was every where in use, and when there was little danger of being misunderstood, most commonly contented themselves with the simple term, *(kirtle,)* leaving the sense to be gathered from the context. A man's jacket was also called a kirtle.

how sweetly it offers itself to our retired intendments.—Page, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surprised by the approach of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters,[6] fear nothing.

Mer. O what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted!

Amo. Plant yourself there, sir; and observe me. You shall now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudodox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which, I assure you, is not so in any politic creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular and distinct face* of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus; a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your student's, or academic face, which is here an honest, simple, and methodical face; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldier's face, a menacing and astounding face, that looks broad and big: the

[6] *I'll tell you when the* wolf enters,] This is an allusion to a Latin proverb, and applied when the person talked of comes in unexpectedly, and puts an end to the discourse. WHAL.

* *I will now give you the particular and distinct face*, &c.] This corroborates my explanation of the passage, p. 241. That "the face is the index of the mind" was "held" by Ovid, Juvenal, and others.

grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face, to this is your lawyer's face, a contracted, subtile, and intricate face, full of quirks and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statist's face,[7] a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity; the eye for the most part deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great judgment required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtier's face; 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practic, and theoric. Your courtier theoric, is he that hath arrived to his farthest, and doth now know the court rather by speculation than practice; and this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practic, is he that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touch'd the punctilio or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and overflowing face, that seems as it would run and pour itself into you: somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the alphabet, or *ut-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Aso. I'll practise them all, if you please, sir.

Amo. Ay, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assured of this, in any rank or profession whatever, the more general or major part of opinion goes with the face, and simply respects

[7] *Next is your* statist's *face,*] i. e. your *statesman's.* Thus Marmion; "Adorned with that even mixture of fluency and grace, as are required both in a *statist*, and a courtier." *The Antiquary*, A. I. S. 1. Whal.

nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough: but for the present you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you,) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides: or, if among ladies, laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiss. Where is your page? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirror in your hat,[8] as I told you: so! Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

Mer. O, for some excellent painter, to have taken the copy of all these faces! [*Aside.*

Aso. Prosaites!

Amo. Fie! I premonish you of that: in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

Cos. Master, *lupus in*[9]——O, 'tis Prosaites.

[8] *Place your* mirror *in your hat,*] "It should seem," Whalley says, "from this passage, that the finical courtiers carried a pocket-mirror about them, which they sometimes put in their hats." There can be no doubt of it: both sexes wore them publicly; the men, as brooches, or ornaments in their hats; and the women, at their girdles, (see Massinger, Vol. IV. p. 8.) or on their breasts; nay, sometimes in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. Lovelace has a poem on his mistress's fan, "with a looking-glass in it." This is a part of her address to it:

"My lively shade thou ever shalt retaine
"In thy inclosed *feather-framed* glasse;
"And, but unto ourselves, to all remaine
"Invisible, thou feature of this face!" &c.

[9] *Master*, lupus in ——] *fabulâ*, the Latin proverb referred to, p. 261.

Enter PROSAITES.

Aso. Sirrah, prepare my casting-bottle; I think I must be enforced to purchase me another page; you see how at hand Cos waits here.

[*Exeunt Amorphus, Asotus, Cos, and Prosaites.*

Mer. So will he too, in time.

Cup. What's he, Mercury?

Mer. A notable smelt.[1] One that hath newly entertain'd the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis Asotus, the heir of Philargyrus; but first I'll give ye the other's character,[2] which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of essays, and his beard is an Aristarchus. He speaks all cream skimm'd, and

[1] *A notable* smelt.] The quarto reads *finch*. *Smelt*, like *gudgeon*, is used by our old writers for a gull, a simpleton. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"These direct men, they are no men of fashion;
"Talk what you will, this is a very *smelt*."

Love's Pilgrimage, A. V. S. 2.

[2] *But first I'll give you the other's character*, &c.] This is all very inartificial. The plot stands still while the author is displaying his dexterity in drawing individual and insulated characters. Undoubtedly, if keen, vigorous, and discriminatin delineations of this nature were sufficient of themselves to constitute a legitimate drama, no man who ever wrote for the stage would stand in competition with Jonson. But the vivifying soul of the drama is action. Of this, unfortunately, we have but little; and that little is nearly overlooked amidst a minute and tiresome description of what the progress of the plot alone should have unfolded.

more affected than a dozen waiting women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse; which, indeed, is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk: ten constables are not so tedious.[3] He is no great shifter; once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well, out at a window. He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page. The other gallant is his Zany, and doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in every thing to a hair, except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, maccaroni, bovoli, fagioli,[4] and caviare, because he loves them; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry, before they met, he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing-school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his

[3] *Ten constables are not so tedious.*] This is said to be an attack on the constables in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Measure for Measure*. The last of these comedies, be it observed, was written full two years after *Cynthia's Revels!* and the first, probably, about as many months, for it was not brought on the stage till 1600. The prolixity, as well as the dulness, of a constable, was proverbial; and Shakspeare, Jonson, and hundreds besides, turned it to a humorous account. This is the whole of the matter.

[4] *Bovoli, fagioli*, &c.] These were delicacies in Jonson's days, and probably for some time after; the first were snails, or rather cockles; and the latter, French beans: they were dressed after the Italian manner, which was the fashion in vogue, and which are way to a better taste at the Restoration.

galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes, especially the first Sunday of his silk stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall strip him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

[*Crites passes over the stage.*

Mer. Ay, but one of another strain, Cupid; this fellow weighs somewhat.

Cup. His name, Hermes?

Mer. Crites. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency; he is neither too fantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric; but in all so composed and ordered, as it is clear Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. He will think and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as proclaiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such, that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight judgment and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous,

He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than Mercury commends him.

Mer. O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises: I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravish'd with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosom I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

Mer. Shall we go, Cupid?

Cup. Stay, and see the ladies now; they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What, lay colour upon colour! that affords but an ill blazon.

Cup. Here comes metal to help it, the lady Argurion. [*Argurion passes over the stage.*

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same. A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant, as they sit at primero in the presence, most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause visits the city so often, where she has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were wrapped with a whirlwind. Your young student, for the most part, she affects not, only salutes him, and

away: a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices; she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pander.[5]

Mer. Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

Enter PHANTASTE, MORIA, *and* PHILAUTIA.

Phan. Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

Mor. Now, in very good serious, ladies, I will have this order revers'd, the presence must be better maintain'd from you: a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective! Beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

Mer. Good Jove, what reverend gentlewoman in years might this be?

Cup. 'Tis madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs; one that is not now to be persuaded

[5] Nothing can possibly be more lively and ingenious than this description of Argurion; it partakes, however, of the defect which is so visible in many parts of the author's model, the *Plutus* of Aristophanes; where the literal and metaphorical sense is so blended as to form a very indistinct, though an amusing representation. This character Jonson subsequently expanded into the lady Pecunia and her train, in that most singular drama, the *Staple of News*.

of her wit; she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks any thing of any thing. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense.

Mer. That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

Cup. She will tell you, Philosophy was a fine reveller, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then, though she say it, she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court: as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune; and that, if the Fates had not cut his thread, he had been a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom; and unless she had whelp'd it herself, she could not have loved a thing better in this world.

Mer. O, I prithee no more, I am full of her.

Cup. Yes, I must needs tell you she composes a sack-posset well; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

Mer. Now, her breath or something more strong protect me from her! The other, the other, Cupid?

Cup. O, that's my lady and mistress, madam Philautia. She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shuttle-cock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you

the history of herself, and very subtilely run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own, She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

Phi. Faith, how liked you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? Was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

Phi. And did I not dance movingly the last night?

Mor. Movingly! out of measure, in troth, sweet charge.

Mer. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure!

Mor. Save only you wanted the swim in the turn: O! when I was at fourteen———

Phi. Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court, I'm sure on't; therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; every body will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

Pha. Come now, Philautia, I am for you; shall we go?

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste: What! have you changed your head-tire?

Pha. Yes, faith, the other was so near the common, it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth,

Phi. I'll be sworn, this is most excellent for the device, and rare; 'tis after the Italian print[6] we look'd on t'other night.

[6] *'Tis after the Italian print*, &c.] Phantaste alludes, perhaps, to the *Habiti Antichi e Moderni di Cesare Vecellio*, published at Venice in 1589.

Pha. 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide any thing that savours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper[7] in my chamber, I protest.

Phi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb Sunday-waiters; these courtiers for high days; I know not what I should call 'em——

Pha. O, ay, they do most pitifully imitate; but I have a tire a coming, i'faith, shall——

Mor. In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly; but, lay your hand on your heart, you never skinn'd a new beauty more prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically: look, good lady; sweet lady, look.

Phi. 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have——Who's your doctor, Phantaste?

Pha. Nay, that's counsel,[8] Philautia; you shall pardon me: yet I'll assure you he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physic, I protest.

Phi. For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste.

Pha. No, no, no, no, no, no, believe me, not for a million of heavens: I will not make him cheap. Fie——

[*Exeunt Phantaste, Moria, and Philautia.*

[7] *I hate it worse than to* burn juniper *in my chamber,*] I know not the cause of Phantaste's contempt. Perhaps she thought the practice too common; or, as juniper was burnt to sweeten rooms, (p. 7,) she might look on it as "insinuating her" of not being sufficiently fragrant in herself.

[8] *Nay, that's* counsel,] i. e. that's a secret: the expression is very common in this sense. See Massinger, Vol. I. p. 281.

Cup. There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is every where, Phantaste——

Mer. Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these, Cupid, the stars of Cynthia's court? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana?

Cup. They are in her court, Mercury, but not as stars; these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Timè, Phronesis, Thauma, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and, like so many meteors, will vanish when she appears.

Enter PROSAITES *singing, followed by* GELAIA *and* COS, *with bottles.*

Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say.
There's no riches but in rags, hey day, hey day:
You that profess this art, come away, come away,
And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey day,[9] &c.
[*Mercury and Cupid come forward.*

Mer. What, those that were our fellow pages but now, so soon preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles! The mystery, the mystery, good wags?

Cup. Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom?

Cos. My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

Mer. Thou hast well intitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

[9] In the quarto there is more of this doggrel. Jonson did well in omitting it; and I shall not bring it back.

Gel. Ay, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caused such a drought in the presence, with reporting the wonders of this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the rushes,[1] like so many pounded cattle in the midst of harvest, sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain to be brought into his mouth; and without we return quickly, they are all, as a youth would say, no better than a few trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

Mer. Well then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I'll go peruse this dry wonder. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *The ladies and gallants lie languishing upon the* rushes,] The chambers of palaces, as well as of noblemen and gentlemen's houses, were, at this time, strewed with rushes. See p. 125. "Rushes," says the old *Boke of Simplet*, "that growe upon dry groundes, be good to strew in halles, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon, defending apparel, as traynes of gowns and kertles, from dust. Rushes be old courtiers; and when they be nothing worthe, then they be cast out of the doores; so be many that doe *tread* upon them." p. 36. But they not only *trod*, but danced upon them: this was not the way to keep their "trains from dust."

"Thou *dancest* on my heart, lascivious queen,
"Even as upon these *rushes*."

Dumb Knight, A. IV. S. 1.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment at the Court.

Enter AMORPHUS *and* ASOTUS.

Amo. Sir, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit; you must not sink under the first disaster. It is with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview: you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, far more practised gallants than yourself, who were both out, to comfort you. It is no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtile politic to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your tailor provided the property we spake of at your chamber, or no?

Aso. I think he has.

Amo. Nay, I intreat you, be not so flat and melancholic. Erect your mind: you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day?

Aso. Where you please, sir; any where, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of sliced caviare, or so; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recall'd. If you had but so far gathered your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush when you were out, and wagg'd it thus, or cleansed your teeth with it; or but turn'd aside, and feign'd some business to whis-

per with your page, till you had recovered yourself, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention, so it had been sudden, you might have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

Aso. A poison of all! I think I was forespoke, I.[2]

Amo. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough; you must frequent ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourself: in which time, it will not be amiss, if, in private, you keep good your acquaintance with Crites, or some other of his poor coat; visit his lodging secretly and often; become an earnest suitor to hear some of his labours.

Aso. O Jove! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

Amo. You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next public meal, it is your own.

Aso. But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

[2] *I think I was* forespoke, *I.*] *Fore*, prefixed to a verb, is frequently taken negatively; as in Shakspeare:

"Thou hast *forespoke* my being in these wars."
Antony and Cleopatra, A. III. S. 7. WHAL.

This is true; but the expression is often applied by our old writers, and with perfect propriety, to the supposed effects of a supernatural power. To *forespeak* here, like *forbid* in Macbeth, is, to subject to a curse, to *bewitch*. Thus Drayton, in his Epistles:

"Or to *forespeak* whole flocks, as they did feed."

And in many other places.

What follows, to the conclusion of the scene, is not in the quarto.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero: it will pass.

Aso. I shall attempt, sir.

Amo. Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and, I assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it shall in time embolden you to some farther achievement: in the interim, you may fashion yourself to be careless and impudent.

Aso. How if they would have me to make verses? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

Amo. Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius; if you find none, you must hearken out a vein, and buy; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

Aso. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Amo. Rather seem not to know them, it is your best. Ay, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mentioned; but if they be offer'd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend yourself: 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restored to your colours: I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—which was ominous indeed—for as you enter at the door, there is opposed to you

the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which, surprising your eye suddenly, gave a false alarm to the heart; and that was it called your blood out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember, as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort, Hedon and Anaides. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter HEDON *and* ANAIDES.

Hedon. Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?[3]

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogran rascal! prithee think not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

Hed. Ods so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes.

Enter CRITES, *and walks in a musing posture at the back of the stage.*

Laugh at him, laugh at him; ha, ha, ha!

Ana. Fough! he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.

[3] —— *a* candle-waster.] This contemptuous term for a hard student occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing;* where Whalley, though with somewhat too much parade, has set the commentators right, and settled the meaning of a disputed passage:

"Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
"With *candle-wasters.*"

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! Never moved, nor stirr'd at any thing! Did you observe him?

Ana. Ay, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse: he is in a dream now. He has no other time to sleep, but thus when he walks abroad to take the air.

Hed. 'Sprecious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

Ana. 'Slid, my dear Envy, if thou but say'st the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, sweet Anaides?

Ana. Marry, half a score of us get him in, one night, and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

Hed. Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests! By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge or perpetuana[4] to come into the presence: methinks they should, out of their experience, better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

Ana. Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weeks, or fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously

[4] —— *a piece of serge or* perpetuana] This seems to be that glossy kind of stuff now called *everlasting*, and anciently worn by serjeants, and other city officers. It was also worn by the poet himself, and (whether out of modesty or arrogance let the reader determine) he has chosen to dress his diminutive representative in it. Decker has not forgotten this circumstance, nor to twit him with being in debt even for this homely attire:

"*Tucca.* Is't not better to be out at elbows, than to be a bond-slave, and to go all in parchment as thou dost?

"*Horace.* Parchment! Nay, 'tis *perpetuana*, I assure you."

empty of all other good outsides. D——n me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit! he does nothing but stab, the slave! How mischievously he cross'd thy device of the prophecy there? and Moria, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

Hed. Well, I am resolved what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good spirituous spark?

Hed. Marry, speak all the venom I can of him; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore God, most courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private or public, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously.

Ana. At any hand beware of that; so thou may'st draw thine own judgment in suspect. No, I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means: approve any thing thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men,[5] and swear it too, if thou'lt have me, and that I know the time and place where he stole it, though my soul

[5] *I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men, &c.*] If Jonson really designed the character of Crites for his own picture, it will be no easy matter to acquit him of the charge of vanity, which his enemies so often brought against him; but I will not affirm the similitude to be perfectly exact. It is only probable, that as he glanced at his adversaries in some passages of the play, he might have intended to sketch the outlines of his own character. WHAL.

be guilty of no such thing; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts; yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn myself, or do any thing.

Hed. Gramercy, my dear devil; we'll put it seriously in practice, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Hedon and Anaides.*

Cri. [*coming forward.*] Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a careless smile.
Poor piteous gallants! what lean idle slights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starv'd hopes!
As if I knew not how to entertain
These straw-devices; but, of force must yield
To the weak stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what every dor doth buz[6]
In credulous ears? It is a crown to me
That the best judgments can report me wrong'd;
Them liars, and their slanders impudent.
Perhaps, upon the rumour of their speeches,

[6] *Why should I care what every* dor *doth buz, &c.*] I have already had occasion to notice the impertinent attacks of this troublesome insect, of which the poet always speaks with great contempt. It is mentioned in the same way by Fletcher, and others. Thus in the *Merry Milkmaids:* "*Cal.* What was that? *Kar.* What? *Cal.* Something crost my nose. *Kar.* A *dor*, a *dor;* the fields are full of them. *Smirke.* I'll give you the *dor* too. [*fillips her.*]" It is singular that the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher should doubt the existence of *dor* as a verb; it is by no means uncommon, and an instance of it may be found in Jonson, Vol. I. p. 132.

Decker, as Whalley observes, has fastened on many parts of this speech, as proofs, perhaps, of Jonson's personality and arrogance; it is to be lamented that they savour of both.—But Decker also attempts to ridicule them:—in this, he is, of course, unfortunate; for the English stage does not afford a more spirited and masterly delineation of characters than is to be found in this and the six following pages. It is a pitch far above the flight of the "*Untrusser.*"

Some grieved friend will whisper to me; Crites,
Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censured vile before me! If good Chrestus,
Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the words,
They would have moved me, and I should have
call'd
My thoughts and actions to a strict account
Upon the hearing: but when I remember,
'Tis Hedon and Anaides, alas, then
I think but what they are, and am not stirr'd,
The one a light voluptuous reveller,
The other, a strange arrogating puff,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;
That talk as they are wont, not as I merit:
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,
Speak ill, because they never could speak well.
And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
What wise physician have we ever seen
Moved with a frantic man? the same affects[7]
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these:
And I do count it a most rare revenge,
That I can thus, with such a sweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their malice,
For that's the mark of all their enginous drifts,[8]

[7] *The same affects,*] i. e. Affections, dispositions. WHAL. See Massinger, Vol. II. p. 29.

[8] *For that's the mark of all their* enginous *drifts,*] So the quarto. The folio reads *inginous*, which has the same sense. Whalley printed it from the paltry edition of the booksellers, *ingenious*, and then remarked that the line "was not very harmonious." *Engine* and *ingine*, are both used by our old poets for craft, artifice, and sometimes, in a better sense, for wit, that is, genius, or the inventive faculty.

To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
To aim at other objects; which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

Enter ARETE.

Are. What, Crites! where have you drawn forth the day,
You have not visited your jealous friends?
Cri. Where I have seen, most honour'd Arete,
The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
(At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffused,[9]
So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,
As never yet, either by time, or place,
Was made the food to my distasted sense:
Nor can my weak imperfect memory
Now render half the forms unto my tongue,
That were convolved within this thrifty room.
Here stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his fore-top;
Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch;
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registring himself; is waited on
By mimics, jesters, panders, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.

[9] *So* diffused,] i. e. wild, irregular, careless, &c. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor:*

" ——— rush at once
" With some *diffused* song."

And *Henry V.*

" Swearing and stern looks, *diffused* attire." WHAL.

He past, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes and face; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act
Without man's motion, and must move just so
In spight of their creation: one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not smile
Beyond a point, for fear t'unstarch his look;
Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the cringe
Of several courts, and courtiers; knows the time
Of giving titles, and of taking walls;
Hath read court-common-places; made them his:
Studied the grammar of state, and all the rules
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving nods
To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms;
Which griped, like burning coals, he hurls away
Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus, one
Can change, and vary with all forms he sees;
Be any thing but honest; serves the time;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which, with cross face, he bears
To the divided heads, and is received
With mutual grace of either: one that dares
Do deeds worthy the hurdle or the wheel,
To be thought somebody; and is in sooth
Such as the satirist[1] points truly forth,
That only to his crimes owes all his worth.

[1] *Such as the satirist, &c.*

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis; probitas laudatur et alget;
Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas,
Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula caprum.

Juvenal, Sat. I.

Are. You tell us wonders, Crites.
Cri. This is nothing.
There stands a neophite glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
Against his idol enters; and repeats,
Like an unperfect prologue, at third music,
His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
In passion to himself. Another swears
His scene of courtship over; bids, believe him,
Twenty times ere they will; anon, doth seem
As he would kiss away his hand in kindness;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands wreath'd,
As he were pinn'd up to the arras, thus.
A third is most in action, swims and frisks,
Plays with his mistress's paps, salutes her pumps,
Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curls,
Will spend his patrimony for a garter,
Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.
A fourth, he only comes in for a mute;
Divides the act with a dumb shew, and exit.
Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their scene,
A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.
Where you shall hear one talk of this man's eye,
Another of his lip, a third, his nose,
A fourth commend his leg, a fifth, his foot,
A sixth, his hand, and every one a limb;
That you would think the poor distorted gallant
Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
Of tires and fashions, how they must take place,
Where they may kiss, and whom, when to sit down,
And with what grace to rise; if they salute,
What court'sy they must use: such cobweb stuff
As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers.
Are. Patience, gentle Crites.

This knot of spiders will be soon dissolved,
And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's court,
When once her glorious deity appears,
And but presents itself in her full light:
'Till when, go in, and spend your hours with us,
Your honour'd friends, Timè and Phronesis,
In contemplation of our goddess' name.
Think on some sweet and choice invention now,
Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desired occasion to prefer your worth,
And make your service known to Cynthia.
It is the pride of Arete to grace
Her studious lovers; and, in scorn of time,
Envy, and ignorance, to lift their state
Above a vulgar height. True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Cri. I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,
And vow myself to thee, and Cynthia. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the same.

Enter AMORPHUS, *followed by* ASOTUS *and his Tailor.*

Amo. A little more forward: so, sir. Now go in, discloak yourself, and come forth. [*Exit Asotus.*] Tailor bestow thy absence upon us; and be not prodigal of this secret, but to a dear customer. [*Exit Tailor.*

Re-enter ASOTUS.

'Tis well enter'd, sir. Stay, you come on too fast; your pace is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the palace of your pleasure, or place where your lady is pleased to be seen. First, you present yourself, thus: and spying her, you fall off, and walk some two turns; in which time, it is to be supposed, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face, then, stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips, with a trembling boldness, and bold terror, you advance yourself forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aso. Yes, sir;—pray Jove I can light on it! Here, I come in, you say, and present myself?

Amo. Good.

Aso. And then I spy her, and walk off?

Amo. Very good.

Aso. Now, sir, I stifle, and advance forward?

Amo. Trembling.

Aso. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall do it better when I come to it. And what must I speak now?

Amo. Marry, you shall say; *Dear Beauty*, or *sweet Honour*, (or by what other title you please to remember her,) *methinks you are melancholy.* This is, if she be alone now, and discompanied.

Aso. Well, sir, I'll enter again; her title shall be, *My dear Lindabrides.*

Amo. Lindabrides!

Aso. Ay, sir the emperor Alicandroe's daughter,

[a] *My dear* Lindabrides.] This fair creature, who should have been married to the Donzel del Phebo, is often mentioned by our old writers. So Rowley: "*Lindabrides!* slid, I have read of her in the *Mirror of Knighthood*," &c. *Match at Midnight.* From her celebrity, she became, with them, a common name for a mistress.

and the prince Meridian's sister, in *the Knight of the Sun;* she should have been married to him, but that the princess Claridiana———

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Aso. Nay, sir, I have read history, I am a little humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. *My dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides,—my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.*

Amo. Ay, and take her by the rosy-finger'd hand.

Aso. Must I so: O!—*My dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.*

Amo. Or thus, sir. *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Aso. Believe me, that's pretty. *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Amo. And then, offering to kiss her hand, if she shall coily recoil, and signify your repulse; you are to re-enforce yourself with,

More than most fair lady,
Let not the rigour[3] *of your just disdain*
Thus coarsly censure of your servant's zeal.

And withal, protest her to be the only and absolute unparallel'd creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Aso. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again.

Amo. Do so, and I will act it for your lady.

[3] *Let not, &c.*] These verses are probably what Jonson, just below, calls "play-particles." The prose was undoubtedly borrowed from the absurd and fustian courtship of the times, which was a corruption of the *Euphues* and *Arcadia.*

Aso. Will you vouchsafe, sir? *All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.*

Amo. So, sir, pray you away.

Aso. *More than most fair lady,*
Let not the rigour of your just disdain
Thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal;
I protest you are the only, and absolute, unapparell'd——

Amo. Unparallel'd.

Aso. *Unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.*

Amo. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, *lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court.* Then, if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and, laterally disposing yourself, swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth, (though they be ebony,) or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk and irpe,[4] shew the supple motion of your pliant body, but in chief of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Aso. I conceive you, sir, I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your lady; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention; and prove how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

[4] —— *brisk* and *irpe.*] See the *Palinode.*

Aso. Yes, sir. *My dear Lindabrides.*

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much; and let me tell you it is not so courtly. Your pedant[5] should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty commodity of Italian, to commence with, if you would be exotic and exquisite.

Aso. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

Amo. Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

Aso. I comprehend you, sir.

Amo. I do stand you, sir: fall back to your first place. Good, passing well; very properly pursued.

Aso. *Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what! are you all alone?*

Amo. *We would be, sir, if you would leave us.*

Aso. *I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel; but* ———

Amo. *What but?*

Aso. *No harm, more than most fair feature.*

Amo. That touch relish'd well.

Aso. *But, I protest* ———

Amo. *And why should you protest?*

Aso. *For good will, dear esteem'd madam, and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it:*
And will, in time, return from your disdain,
And rue the suff'rance of our friendly pain.

Amo. O, that piece was excellent! If you could pick out more of these play-particles, and, as occasion shall salute you, embroider or damask

[5] *Your* pedant,] See p. 255, and the *Poetaster.*

your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well-discharged and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

Aso. *Lady, I cannot ruffle it*[6] *in red and yellow.*

Amo. *Why, if you can revel it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.*

Aso. *Say you so, sweet lady! Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant, dante.* [Sings and dances.] *No, in good faith, madam, whosoever told your ladyship so, abused you; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure.*[7]

Amo. *Me, sir! Belike you measure me by yourself, then?*

Aso. *Would I might, fair feature.*

Amo. *And what were you the better, if you might?*

Aso. *The better it please you to ask, fair lady.*

Amo. Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continued. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit: this, once or twice a day, will render you an accomplish'd, elaborate, and well-levell'd gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will in the heat of this go visit the nymphs' chamber. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *I cannot* ruffle *it,*] i. e. flaunt it, swagger, or act the part of a ruffler. A cheating bully is called a ruffler in several acts of parliament in the reign of Hen. VIII. See Old Plays, Vol. I. p. 259. So in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611; "A *ruffler* is my stile, my title, my profession." A ruffler is described in Decker's *Belman of London*, 1616, Sign. D. WHAL.

[7] *I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure.*] Measures (when spoken of technically) were dances of a grave and dignified kind, performed at court and at public entertainments at the Temple, Inns of Court, &c. They were not to the taste of Sir Toby, if we may trust Shakspeare; and that the knight was not singular in his dislike appears from Shirley's *Bird in a Cage:* "No, none of your dull *measures!* There's no sport but in your country figaries."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, *and* CUPID.

Pha. I would this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travail with expectation of it.

Pha. Pray Jove, I never rise from this couch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

Phi. Nor I, I'll be sworn: the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

Cup. Here, lady.

Mor. They do not peel, sweet charge, do they?

Phi. Yes, a little, guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us ladies;[8] for it seems 'tis far fet by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours, dear Honour, it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you. O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeasurable strain.

Pha. Pray thee sit down, Philautia; that rebatu becomes thee singularly.[9]

[8] *This may be good for us ladies*, &c.] Argurion alludes to the old proverb; "*Far fet* (fetched) *is good for ladies.*"

[9] *That* rebatu *becomes thee singularly.*] This was a kind of ruff

Phi. Is it not quaint?

Pha. Yes, faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be: I know not how, he is grown out of his garb a-late, he's warp'd.

Mor. In trueness, and so methinks too; he is much converted.

Phi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire, methinks, makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

Mor. As I am wise, fair Honours, that title she gave him, to be her Ambition, spoil'd him: before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice——

Pha. No, no, you are the whole heaven awry, guardian; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides draws with him there,[1] has been the diverter of him.

Phi. For Cupid's sake speak no more of him; would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect ever a marmoset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shuttlecock, to make sport with now and then.

Pha. Come, sit down; troth, an you be good beauties, let's run over them all now: Which is

or collar-band, which turned back, and lay in plaits, on the shoulders. It is frequently mentioned by our old poets, as a fashionable part of the dress both of ladies and gentlemen.

[1] *'Tis the swaggering* coach-horse *Anaides draws with him*] This contemptuous term for a companion or close associate is very common. Thus, in *Mons. D'Olive*, "Welcome, little wit; my page Pacque here makes choice of you to be his *fellow coach-horse*."

Again,

"He'll be an excellent coach-horse for any captain."

Green's Tu Quoque.

And Shakspeare: "Three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym." *Merry Wives of Windsor.* WHAL.

the properest man amongst them? I say, the traveller, Amorphus.

Phi. O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto,[2] in the gallery yonder; and speaks to the tune of a country lady, that comes ever in the rearward or train of a fashion.

Mor. I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

Pha. A body would think so, at these years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a million at least.

Pha. Who might that be, guardian?

Mor. Marry, fair charge, Anaides.

Pha. Anaides! you talk'd of a tune, Philautia; there's one speaks in a key, like the opening of some justice's gate, or a postboy's horn, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

Phi. Ay, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pha. Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

Phi. His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

Pha. Nay, he has a worse fault than that too.

Phi. A long heel?

Pha. That were a fault in a lady, rather than him: no, they say he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

Phi. Out upon him! Turn to another of the

[2] *He looks like a Venetian trumpeter in the battle of Lepanto.*] Alluding to the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Christians in the year 1571, in which the Turks were defeated with great loss. WHAL.

And to little purpose, Whalley might have added. The 4to. reads *Dutch* trumpeter, which was well corrected in the folio.

pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion? Whom does she commend afore the rest?

Cup. I hope I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer. [*Aside.*

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to-day, i'the presence, but it appear'd she was otherways furnished before: she would none.

Pha. Who was that, Argurion?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain gentleman in the black there.

Pha. Who, Crites?

Arg. Ay, ay, he: a fellow that nobody so much as look'd upon, or regarded; and she would have had me done him particular grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of yourself, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

Arg. Tut, but she shall be no chooser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus; methinks none of them all come near him.

Pha. Not Hedon?

Arg. Hedon! In troth, no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, the other is a most delicate youth; a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportion'd leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

Phi. How now, Argurion!

Pha. O, you should have let her alone, she was bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

Phi. And then his several colours, he wears; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

Pha. O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes!

Phi. Why she doats more palpably upon him than ever his father did upon her.

Pha. Believe me, the young gentleman deserves

it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber-surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

Phi. Say you so! Methinks he looks like a tailor already.

Pha. Ay, that had sayed on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeezed orange, or ——

Arg. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

Mor. Ay, I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-faced.

Pha. Shame-faced, Moria! out upon him. Your shame-faced servant is your only gull.

Mor. Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to them, for I'll ensure you they will all relinquish; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience; and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reveller myself, and though I speak it, as mine own trumpet, I was then esteem'd ——

Phi. The very march-pane of the court,[3] I warrant you.

Pha. And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

Mor. Go to, they did somewhat;[4] that's no matter now.

[3] *The very* march-pane *of the court.*] A confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. much esteemed in the poet's age. WHAL.

[4] *Go to, they did somewhat,* &c.] All, from this speech to the entrance of Hedon, was first added in the folio, 1616. It is admirably written, and perfectly characteristic of the several speakers; yet it might well have been spared, as it conduces nothing to the progress of the plot, (such as it is,) and the play was before sufficiently long.

Pha. Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put case, that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish ourselves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria?

Mor. Who, I! let me see now. I would wish to be a wise woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what in the garden, what in the nymphs' chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed and which not; which lady had her own face to lie with her a-nights and which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow, be got with child in the verge, but I would guess, within one or two, who was the right father, and in what month it was gotten; with what words, and which way. I would tell you which madam loved a monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all; yes, and who jigg'd the cock too.[5]

Pha. Fie, you'd tell all, Moria! If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia? Who should she be?

Phi. Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish myself a little more command and sovereign-

[5] *Yes, and who* jigg'd the cock *too.*] This expression I do not understand. In canting language *jigger* is a *key.* Whether mother Moria means to say that she knew who turned the cock clandestinely, and added *drunkenness* to her other vices, I know not; perhaps the subject is better left in obscurity: I may, however, observe that the good old lady had been looking into Juvenal.

ty; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste?

Pha. Faith, I cannot readily tell you what: but methinks I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by and by a duchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies: and thus I would prove the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be piped and sung to; as a dairy-wench, I would dance at maypoles, and make syllabubs; as a country gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to my shifts; others miseries should be my pleasures. As a waiting-woman, I would taste my lady's delights to her; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers; as a great lady, lie a-bed, and have courtiers visit me; as a duchess, I would keep my state; and as an empress, I would do any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be follow'd with the affections of all that see me. Marry, I myself would affect none; or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save myself in them still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, now I think on't, I would, for one year, wish myself one woman; but the

richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very centre of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet; and in that person I would prove all manner of suitors, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort. I would see how love, by the power of his object, could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze; another with sighing and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends and pitiful verses; a fourth, with stabbing himself,[6] and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood; a fifth, in colour'd ribands and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himself. And, then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the *Book of Humours*, and every night read a little piece ere I slept, and laugh at it.—Here comes Hedon.

Enter HEDON, ANAIDES, *and* MERCURY, *who retires with* CUPID *to the back of the stage, where they converse together.*

Hed. Save you, sweet and clear beauties! By the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine Honour so dejected.

[6] *A fourth, with* stabbing *himself*, &c.] These appear to have been marks of heroic gallantry in this age.

"By the faith of a soldier, lady, I do reverence the ground that you walk upon. I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair, stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a *dagger* open *a vein* to drink a full health to you."

Green's Tu Quoque.

Phi. You need not fear, sir; I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my Ambition.

Hed. Fair Honour, Ambition dares not stoop; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will, as I am Hedon, apply myself to your bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to dis-title myself of honour. O, no, rather be still Ambitious, I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion——

Ana. Farewell, Hedon.

Hed. Anaides, stay, whither go you?

Ana. 'Slight, what should I do here? an you engross them all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

Hed. I engross them! Away, mischief; this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I began to salute them by their names.

Ana. Faith, you might have spared us madam Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aim'd at the rest.

Hed. Sheart, take them all, man: what speak you to me of aiming or covetous?

Ana. Ay, say you so! nay, then, have at them:—Ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names already: It shall only become me to ask how you do.

Hed. Ods so, was this the design you travail'd with?

Pha. Who answers the brazen head? it spoke to somebody.

Ana. Lady Wisdom, do you interpret for these puppets?

Mor. In truth and sadness, honours, you are in great offence for this. Go to; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two coaches a day, besides pages, monkeys, and paraquettoes, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive.[6] Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close and open behaviour as haply you may suspend;[7] their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

[7] *Howsoe'er you seem to* connive.] i. e. I suppose to wink, or make faces at it. Decker ridicules Jonson for the use of this word in his *Satiromastix*. "I was but at the barber's last day, and when he was rincing my face, did but cry out, Fellow, thou makest me *connive* too long; and says he, master Asinius Bubo, you have e'en *Horace's* words as right as if he had spit them into your mouth." As the poet is evidently imitating the affected jargon of the ladies of the court, it may be questioned whether his language be a legitimate object of satire: but, indeed, *connive* is used by other dramatic writers without the preposition; if it be this which offended Decker. Thus Fletcher:

——"the truth is,
"I must *connive* no more, no more admittance
"Must I consent to." *Martial Maid.*

And Massinger:

——"tis then most fit that we
"Should not *connive*, and see his government
"Depraved and scandalized." *Roman Actor.*

[8] *These ladies are not of that* close *and* open *behaviour, as haply you may* suspend.] If this be not an *Euphuism* for a disposition in the ladies to play *fast and loose* with their lovers, the reader, I believe, must acquiesce in Whalley's conjecture, and for *close* read *loose*. *Suspend*, as he observes, has the sense of *suspect*.

Enter AMORPHUS *and* ASOTUS.

Amo. That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither; if you could but endear yourself to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Aso. In truth, sir! pray Phœbus I prove favoursome in her fair eyes.

Amo. All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies; and to the male courtiers, compliment and courtesy.

Hed. In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

Pha. And I of the females.

Amo. Succinctly return'd. I do vail to both your thanks, and kiss them; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

Phi. Ods my life, how he does all-to-bequalify her! *ingenious, acute,* and *polite!* as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

Pha. Sit down, sweet Amorphus. When will this water come, think you?

Amo. It cannot now be long, fair lady.

Cup. Now observe, Mercury.

Aso. How, most ambiguous beauty! love you? that I will by this handkerchief.

Mer. 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant?

Aso. Constant, madam! I will not say for constantness; but by this purse, which I would

be loth to swear by, unless it were embroider'd, I protest, more than most fair lady, you are the only absolute, and unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom. Methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this?

Aso. Say you?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Aso. Now by this watch—I marle how forward the day is—I do unfeignedly vow myself—slight, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five—yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Asotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Aso. O lord, sweet lady!

Cup. There are new oaths for him. What! doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamour'd on Asotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am nobody, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets from mine arms.

Aso. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

Aso. Nay then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing?

Mer. O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup. Ay, if you had the airing of his apparel, coz, I think.

Aso. Loving! 'twere pity an I should be living else, believe me. Save you, sir, save you, sweet lady, save you, monsieur Anaides, save you, dear madam.

Ana. Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.[9]

Anai. 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy action.

Amo. A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

[9] *Some Fungoso that hath got* above the cupboard *since yesterday.*] Some mushroom, some upstart servant who has been just advanced. The cupboard (the modern sideboard) then contained the plate: near this, and above it, the retainers and superior domestics of great families were ranged for state, and for the service of the nobler guests. When the numerous gradations of servitude are considered, and the strictness with which each of them was formerly defined and maintained, it will not appear strange that a rapid advancement should produce some degree of pride, in weak minds. These *cupboards* are often mentioned by our old writers. Thus Sir John Harington: "I have ever been against the opinion of some elder sarvitors, who will maintain that till ii of the clocke no *gentleman* should stand *above the cupboard.*" *Treatise on Playe.* And Donne:

"Hear how the huishers cheques, *cupbord* and fire
"I pass'd; by which degrees young men aspire
"In court, &c. *Sat.* vi.

Phi. For sport's sake let's have some Riddles or Purposes, ho!

Pha. No, faith, your Prophecies are best, the t'other are stale.

Phi. Prophecies! we cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion. No; what call'd you that we had in the forenoon?

Pha. Substantives and adjectives, is it not, Hedon?

Phi. Ay, that. Who begins?

Pha. I have thought; speak your adjectives, sirs.

Phi. But do not you change then.

Pha. Not I. Who says?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-livered.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, signior?

Aso. What must I do, sir?

Amo. Give forth your adjective with the rest; as prosperous, good, fair, sweet, well——

Hed. Any thing that hath not been spoken.

Aso. Yes, sir, well-spoken shall be mine.

Pha. What, have you all done?

All. Ay.

Pha. Then the substantive is Breeches. Why *odoriferous* breeches, guardian?

Mor. Odoriferous,—because odoriferous: that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous; now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

Pha. Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next? Philautia?

Phi. Popular.

Pha. Why *popular* breeches?

Phi. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and brokers' stalls, to the public view of the world.

Pha. Good. Why *humble* breeches, Argurion?

Arg. Humble! because they use to be sat upon; besides, if you tie them not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

Mer. She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

Pha. But why *white-liver'd?*

Ana. Why! are not their linings white? Besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up any thing, may they not properly be said to be white-liver'd?

Pha. O yes, we must not deny it. And why *barbarous*, Hedon?

Hed. Barbarous! because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

Amo. That's good; but how *Pythagorical?*

Phi. Ay, Amorphus, why Pythagorical breeches?

Amo. O most kindly of all; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

Pha. How is it, exquisite Amorphus?

Amo. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

Phi. Nay, do not rack us thus.

Amo. I never truly relish'd myself before. Give me your ears. Breeches Pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

Mor. Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken ——

Pha. Ay, why *well-spoken* breeches?

Aso. Well-spoken! Marry, well-spoken, be-

cause—whatsoever they speak is well-taken; and whatsoever is well-taken is well-spoken.

Mor. Excellent! believe me.

Aso. Not so, ladies, neither.

Hed. But why breeches, now?

Pha. Breeches, *quasi* bear-riches; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

Amo. Most fortunately etymologized.

Pha. [1]Nay, we have another sport afore this, of A thing done, and who did it, &c.

Phi. Ay, good Phantaste, let's have that: distribute the places.

Pha. Why, I imagine, A thing done; Hedon thinks, who did it; Moria, with what it was done; Anaides, where it was done; Argurion, when it was done; Amorphus, for what cause was it done; you, Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it; and this gentleman, who would have done it better. What? is it conceived about?

All. Yes, yes.

Pha. Then speak you, sir, *Who would have done it better?*

Aso. How! does it begin at me?

Pha. Yes, sir: this play is called the Crab, it goes backward.

[1] Pha. *Nay, we have another sport afore this*, &c.] The preceding and following sport, as the author calls it, were probably the diversion of the age, and of the same stamp with our modern *cross-purposes, questions and commands*, &c.; but, trifling as it is, Jonson is not to be censured for representing his courtiers as they really were. WHAL.

This "other sport" is not in the 4to. Jonson, or his audiences, must have found the ridicule on the state follies of Whitehall highly entertaining, to encourage such frequent interpolations in this interminable drama. "Good Queen Bess" was now growing indifferent to popular amusements; but there had been a time when such attempts to excite mirth at the expense of even her meanest servants could not be hazarded with impunity.

Aso. May I not name myself?

Phi. If you please, sir; dare abide the venture of it.

Aso. Then I would have done it better, whatever it is.

Pha. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. *What followed upon the act*, Philautia?

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth.

Pha. *For what cause*, Amorphus?

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pha. *When*, Argurion?

Arg. Last progress.

Pha. *Where*, Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a pair of pain'd slops.

Pha. *With what*, Moria?

Mor. With a glyster.

Pha. *Who*, Hedon?

Hed. A traveller.

Pha. Then the thing done was, *An oration was made.* Rehearse. An oration was made—

Hed. By a traveller—

Mor. With a glyster—

Ana. In a pair of pain'd slops—

Arg. Last progress—

Amo. For the delight of ladies—

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth followed.

Pha. And, this silent gentleman would have done it better.

Aso. This was not so good, now.

[a] *Pain'd slops.*] Large and loose breeches, which were the fashionable dress of the age, and seem to have been made of *panes* or partitions, perhaps of different colours. Of this make were the coverings for beds, which are still called *counterpanes*. These slops seem to be alluded to in *Marston's* Satires:

"Yon tissue *slop*, yon holy-crossed *pane*." B. II. Sat. 7.

Phi. In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipp'd for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand and my heart else.

Amo. I do wonder at their protraction.

Ana. Pray Venus my whore have not discover'd herself to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

Aso. I must suit myself with another page: this idle Prosaites will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service,[3] if you will deign to accept of him.

Aso. And I shall be glad, most sweet lady, to embrace him: Where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

Aso. You shall not, most sufficient lady; I will keep both: pray you let's go see him.

Arg. Whither goes my love?

Aso. I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady. [*Exeunt Asotus and Moria.*

Ana. As sure as fate, 'tis so; she has opened all: a pox of all cockatrices! D—n me, if she have play'd loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within a hair's breadth, so it may be heal'd again.

Mer. What, is he jealous of his hermaphrodite?

Cup. O, ay, this will be excellent sport.

Phi. Phantaste, Argurion! what, you are suddenly struck, methinks! For love's sake let's have some music till they come: Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

[3] ——— wish *to your* service,] To *wish* is to recommend. Thus in a *Match at Midnight:* "He says he was *wished* to a very wealthy widow." And in *the City Night-cap:* "He is *wished* to her by Madona Lussuriosa." The word occurs again in the *Alchemist.* Whal.

Hed. Any thing to which my Honour shall direct me.

Phi. Come, Amorphus, chear up Phantaste.

Amo. It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that alone is able to infuse soul into the most melancholic and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O, let me kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears, attend it.

Hed. Will you have "*the Kiss*," Honour?

Phi. Ay, good Ambition.

HEDON *sings.*

O, that joy so soon should waste!
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not for ever last!
So sugar'd, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another;
It should be my wishing
That I might die with kissing.

Hed. I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a kiss that my Honour gave me; how like you it, sir?

Amo. A pretty air; in general, I like it well: but in particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can shew one almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have both the note and ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, sir, see.

Amo. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts, if I misthink not. I will read the ditty to your beauties here; but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents itself thus. Upon a time, going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his great hands, there being then present the kings of France and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence, Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Landgrave, count Palatine; all which had severally feasted me; besides infinite more of inferior persons, as counts and others; it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time, retiring myself into a bay-window,[4] the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the king of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel, fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she there immediately swooned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where, languishing some few days, after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expired. As that (I must mourningly say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever

[4] *A* bay-window,] This is what we call a bow-window, and was very common in our old houses. As these bows were sufficiently large, they were the common retiring-places; and it is impossible to read any of our ancient historians, without discovering that the most confidential conversations were held in them. "It hath its name, says Minshieu, because it is builded in manner like a *baie* or rode for shippes, that is, round." He is right in his explanation; but why a *bay* window should take its name from a *bay* for shipping, does not appear: both terms, in fact, are equally ancient, and derived, with a variety of others, from the Anglo-Saxon verb Bygan, signifying to bend or curve.

been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come; so I never yet sojourn'd or rested in that place or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

Mer. O, the sweet power of travel!—Are you guilty of this, Cupid?

Cup. No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

Phi. But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir?

Mer. O, she is too quick with him; he hath not devised that yet.

Amo. Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeath'd to me this glove: which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six coaches, cover'd all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the lords that brought it: only reserving the gift of the deceased lady, upon which I composed this ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the lyra.

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses
The pure rosy hand, that wear thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kiss'd it ofter
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistress, BEST OF GLOVES.

Mer. Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid!

Cup. I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

Phi. Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

Hed. Here, sir.

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you; you do well, you do well.—[*He sings it.*]——How like you it, sir?

Hed. Very well, in troth.

Amo. But very well! O, you are a mere mammothrept[5] in judgment, then. Why, do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note? nor an ascending syllable to a descending tone? Besides, upon the word *best* there, you see how I do enter with an odd minum, and drive it through the brief; which no intelligent musician, I know, but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will swallow any thing.

Pha. Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

Phi. And me too; in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Amo. I have denied it to princes; nevertheless, to you, the true female twins of perfection, I am won to depart withal.

[5] *O, you are a mere* mammothrept] i. e. a spoiled child, a delicate nurseling, a cockney, as Ainsworth has it. It is thus learnedly discussed in the *Colloquies*: "*Hoc dilucide docet Mammetrectus vulgò corrupte dictus, cum vero nomine dicatur* Mammothreptus, *quasi dicas avie alumnum.*" Synod. Grammat.

Hed. I hope, I shall have my Honour's copy.
Pha. You are Ambitious in that, Hedon.

Re-enter ANAIDES.

Amo. How now, Anaides! what is it hath conjured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A pox upon your filthy travelling face! hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, dost hear, Mischief?

Ana. Away, musk-cat!

Amo. I say to thee thou art rude, debauch'd, impudent, coarse, unpolish'd, a frapler,[6] and base.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tuff-taffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennyless hose, and now he is turn'd Hercules, he wants but a club.

Ana. Sir, you with the pencil on your chin;[7] I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all. [*Exit.*

[6] *A* frapler.] A quarreller, a bully, perhaps from the French, *frapper;* but I can produce no instance of the use of the word. *Frape* is in Bulloker's *Expositor*, and is there said to mean a rabble: this too is Coles's explanation, for he translates *frape* by *cœtus*, *turba*.

[7] *Sir, you with the* pencil *on your chin;*] Here again I am left to guess. Probably the allusion is to the form of Hedon's beard, which might resemble a *pencil*, or, as our old writers sometimes spell the word, *penselle*, a small flag gradually diminishing to a point. The beard of Charles I. and other persons of this age, appears, from their portraits, to have been picked in this manner: and that such kind of beards were not unfashionable may be learned from Greene: "Then he descends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he will be shaven or no: whether he will have his *peake cut short and sharpe, amiable like an* inamorato, or broad pendant, like a spade, to be terrible

be loth to swear by, unless it were embroider'd, I protest, more than most fair lady, you are the only absolute, and unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom. Methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this?

Aso. Say you?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Aso. Now by this watch—I marle how forward the day is—I do unfeignedly vow myself—slight, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five—yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Asotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Aso. O lord, sweet lady!

Cup. There are new oaths for him. What! doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamour'd on Asotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am nobody, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets from mine arms.

Aso. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

Aso. For love's sake, let me go: you see I am call'd to the ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forsake me, then?

Aso. Od so! what would you have me do?

Mor. Come hither, master Asotus.—I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy desert: and of a most bountiful nature. —You must shew and insinuate yourself responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment. —Good honours, grace him.

Aso. I protest, more than most fair ladies, *I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet music, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties.* Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake?

Arg. O!

Aso. And you, madam, this jewel and pendants?

Arg. O!

Pha. We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

Phi. No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

Pha. And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

Aso. O lord, ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hoped, but that it pleaseth your ladyships to extend. I protest it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my ——— if your ladyships want embroider'd gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatues, jewels, or carcanets,[8] any thing whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept——

Cup. And for it they will help you to shoeties, and devices.

[8] *Carcanets,*] i. e. necklaces, and, sometimes, bracelets for the arm; the word has occurred before, and, indeed, is sufficien ly common in our old poets.

Aso. I cannot utter myself, dear beauties, but you can conceive———

Arg. O!

Pha. Sir, we will acknowledge your service, doubt not—henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our goldfinch, and we your cages.

Aso. O Venus! madams! how shall I deserve this? if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now,—I'll try: pray you, away. [*To Argurion.*

Mer. How he prays money to go away from him!

Aso. Amorphus, a word with you; here's a watch I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known to that gallant.

Amo. That I will, sir.—Monsieur Hedon, I must entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing, next to the water we expect, I thirst after, sir. Good monsieur Asotus.

Aso. Good monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be loved of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir; they are not worth the bestowing——

Mer. O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases! this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bounty, I fear.

Aso. O Venus, sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And, if at any time you need my bill, or my bond——

Arg. O, O! [*Swoons.*

Amo. Help the lady there!

Mor. Gods-dear, Argurion! madam, how do you?

Arg. Sick.

Pha. Have her forth, and give her air.

Aso. I come again straight, ladies.

[*Exeunt Asotus, Morus, and Argurion.*

Mer. Well, I doubt all the physic he has will scarce recover her; she's too far spent.

Re-enter ANAIDES *with* GELAIA, PROSAITES, *and* COS, *with the bottles.*

Phi. O here's the water come; fetch glasses, page.

Gel. Heart of my body, here's a coil, indeed, with your jealous humours! nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can think on! 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you pox'd ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good punk, sweet rascal; d——n me, if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true, indeed; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter, there?

Gel. 'Slight, he has me upon interrogatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you use me,) where I have been? and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

Mor. In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any gentlewoman; and I'll ensure you if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she should never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go to.

Ana. Why, do you hear, mother Moria? heart!

Mor. Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear.

Ana. Swear! why? 'sblood, I have sworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter

mistake me. I have not honour'd Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court, next to Cynthia, with half that observance and respect, as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on; do it, I say.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

Re-enter ASOTUS.

Amo. How now, Asotus! how does the lady?

Aso. Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

Hed. O, here's the rarest water that ever was tasted: fill him some.

Pro. What! has my master a new page?

Mer. Yes, a kinsman of the lady Moria's: you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosaites.

Ana. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour; when I am angry, that any thing crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

Phi. O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor!

Pha. Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus:—[*knocking within.*] Who's that knocks? look, page. [*Exit Cos.*

Mor. O, most delicious; a little of this would make Argurion well.

Pha. O, no, give her no cold drink, by any means.

Ana. 'Sblood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hang'd else.

Re-enter Cos *with* ARETE.

Cos. Here's the lady Arete, madam.

Are. What, at your bever, gallants?

Mor Will't please your ladyship to drink? 'tis of the New Fountain water.

Are Not I, Moria, I thank you.—Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights; Cynthia will have no sports: when she is pleased to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the mean time, I could wish you did provide for solemn revels, and some unlook'd-for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

Amo. What say you to a masque?

Hed. Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

Are. Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice: be you ready in your endeavours: he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

Pha. But will not your ladyship stay?

Are. Not now, Phantaste. [*Exit.*

Phi. Let her go, I pray you, good lady Sobriety, I am glad we are rid of her.

Pha. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice!

Phi. O, she is the extraction of a dozen of Puritans, for a look.

Mor. Of all nymphs i' the court, I cannot away with her;[9] 'tis the coarsest thing!

Phi. I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above the rest. Here be they are every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

[9] *I cannot* away with *her.*] I cannot endure her. See *Bartholomew Fair.*

Pha. Ay, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

Mor. Ay, and as politic as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't.

Phi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

Pha. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Amo. And there's her minion, Crites: why his advice more than Amorphus? Have not I invention afore him? learning to better that invention above him? and infanted with pleasant travel———

Ana. Death, what talk you of his learning? he understands no more than a schoolboy; I have put him down myself a thousand times, by this air, and yet I never talk'd with him but twice in my life: you never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once; and then, because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away, and laugh'd at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the sodden nymph that was here even now, his mistress, Arete: and I love myself for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorn'd and contemn'd of us that are held the most accomplish'd society of gallants.

Mer. By yourselves, none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no music in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a mere poor scholar as he is, I think I should make some desperate way with myself; whereas now,—would I might never breathe more, if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellent! Well, I must alter all this soon.

Mer. Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

Aso. O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should have tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatliest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing——well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school: Would I might have led Philautia in the measures, an it had been the gods will! I am most worthy, I am sure.

Re-enter MORUS.

Morus. Master, I can tell you news; the lady kissed me yonder, and played with me, and says she loved you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

Aso. Peace, my most esteemed page.

Morus. Yes.

Aso. What luck is this, that our revels are dash'd! now was I beginning to glister in the very highway of preferment. An Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends again.

Amo. Contain yourself, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsafed applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight.

Pha. 'Tis true, Amorphus; what may we do to redeem it?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom, for some private reasons me specially moving, I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtile science of courtship: for which grace, he shall this night, in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz. *the Bare Accost, the Better Regard, the Solemn Address,* and *the Perfect Close.* What say you?

All. Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the forehead: I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanced in every angle of the court.—Sir, betray not your too much joy.—Anaides, we must mix this gentleman with you in acquaintance, monsieur Asotus.

Ana. I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus,

Aso. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know myself now.

Amo. O, you must continue your bounties.

Aso. Must I! Why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know myself worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesy is of my own device, *Let this blush for me,* sir.

Ana. So it must for me too, for I am not asham'd to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! By my troth, master, I love you; will you love me too, for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a

fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have them when you have done with them?

Aso. As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter, in the mean time, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

[*Exeunt all but the Pages.*

Mer. I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool: methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

Cup. Well, Prosaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

Pro. Ay, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Cos. The revels would have been most sumptuous to-night, if they had gone forward. [*Exit.*

Mer. They must needs, when all the choicest singularities of the court were up in pantofles; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole shew of itself.

Aso. [*within.*] Sirrah, a torch, a torch!

Pro. O, what a call is there! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come. [*Exit.*

Mer. How now, Cupid, how do you like this change?

Cup. Faith, the thread of my device is crack'd, I may go sleep till the revelling music awake me.

Mer. And then too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver! Well, I have a plot upon these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.[1]

The same.

Enter MERCURY *and* CRITES.

Mer. It is resolved on, Crites, you must do it.
Cri. The grace divinest Mercury hath done me,
In this vouchsafed discovery of himself,
Binds my observance in the utmost term
Of satisfaction to his godly will:
Though I profess, without the affectation
Of an enforced and form'd austerity,
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With so unequal natures.
Mer. We believe it.
But for our sake, and to inflict just pains
On their prodigious follies, aid us now:
No man is presently made bad with ill.[2]
And good men, like the sea, should still maintain
Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours
That flow about them, to corrupt their streams,
Bearing no season, much less salt of goodness.
It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this night's sport,
Which our court-dors so heartily intend:
And by that worthy scorn, to make them know

[1] The whole of what follows, to the entrance of Crites and Arete, (near two-thirds of this immeasurable act,) was first added in the folio, 1616. It consists of "inexplicable dumb shew," which, if the reader comprehends it, may not be unamusing.

[2] *No man is presently made bad with ill.*] *Opus est interprete;* and, luckily, we find him in Juvenal, who is perfectly intelligible: *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practised actions are.
Cri. Ay, but though Mercury can warrant out
His undertakings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his divinity,
Th' offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature so despised and poor;
When the whole court shall take itself abused
By our ironical confederacy.
Mer. You are deceived. The better race in court,
That have the true nobility call'd virtue,[3]
Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
Done to their separate merit; and approve
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customs and forced garbs
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not live unblemish'd in some few,
Whom equal Jove hath loved, and Phœbus form'd
Of better metal, and in better mould.
Cri. Well, since my leader-on is Mercury,
I shall not fear to follow. If I fall,
My proper virtue shall be my relief,
That follow'd such a cause, and such a chief.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter ASOTUS *and* AMORPHUS.

Aso. No more, if you love me, good master; you are incompatible to live withal: send me for the ladies!

[3] ——— *the true nobility call'd virtue,*] Mercury acts quite in character, and lays the poets under heavy contribution. This

Amo. Nay, but intend me.[4]

Aso. Fear me not; I warrant you, sir.

Amo. Render not yourself a refractory on the sudden. I can allow well, you should repute highly, heartily, and to the most, of your own endowments; it gives you forth to the world the more assured: but with reservation of an eye, to be always turn'd dutifully back upon your teacher.

Aso. Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust me with trussing all the points of this action, I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to perform the science as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an apted[5] and docible humour. Yet there are certain punctilios,

is from Juvenal——*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.* Just below, he contributes, with Virgil, to furnish a couple of lines:

——— "*Pauci quos æquus amavit*
"*Jupiter.*"

——— "*Quibus arte benigna,*
"*Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.*"

[4] *Nay, but* intend *me.*] Note me heedfully. Our old writers sometimes use this word in the sense of attend; and sometimes for a higher and more active degree of observation. Jonson usually adopts the latter sense as here, and in a former passage of this play, already noted,

——— ——— "My soul
"Is hurt with mere *intention* on their follies."

[5] *I confess you to be of an* aped *and docible humour.*] Here appears to be a mistake in the word *aped*, and I am glad to have Mr. Theobald's conjecture in support of my own. I imagined that *apted* was the true word; and confirmed by his authority, it has now a place in the text. WHAL.

I confess you to be of an apted, *&c.*] I have not disturbed Whalley's reading, because it affords very good sense: yet the old copies may, after all, be right. *Aped*, in the fantastical language of Amorphus, may mean "having the imitative qualities of an ape," and, therefore, prone to learn. The reader must decide for himself.

or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certain intrinsecate strokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, as your gentile dor in colours. For supposition, your mistress appears here in prize, ribanded with green and yellow; now, it is the part of every obsequious servant, to be sure to have daily about him copy and variety of colours,[6] to be presently answerable to any hourly or half-hourly change in his mistress's revolution——

Aso. I know it, sir.

Amo. Give leave, I pray you—which, if your antagonist, or player against you, shall ignorantly be without, and yourself can produce, you give him the dor.

Aso. Ay, ay, sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your opposite,

[6] *Now it is the part of an obsequious servant to have daily about him* copy *and variety of* colours, *&c.*] We have had this vile Latinism (*copy*) for plenty already: others follow to which it scarcely appears necessary to call the reader's attention. With respect to *colours*, on which the most learned commentary extant is here furnished by Amorphus, it is only necessary to observe that the gallants of the court (and perhaps of the city) carried about with them different coloured ribands, that they might be prepared to place in their hats, or on their arms, the colour in which their respective mistresses dressed for the day. To this custom there are numerous allusions. Thus in the *Parson's Wedding*, "As visible in your face, as your mistress's *colours* in your hat." A. II. S. 7. And in the *Antiquary*,

——"I was so simple, mistress,
"To wear your foolish colour," &c.

To a favourite, or accepted lover, a lady would sometimes, as a mark of especial kindness, present a riband or some other ornamental article of her dress; this was guarded with superstitious care;

"To lose't, or give't away, was such perdition
"As nothing else could match."

See Massinger, Vol. II. p. 105.

that the green your mistress wears, is her rejoicing or exultation in his service; the yellow, suspicion of his truth, from her height of affection: and that he, greenly credulous, shall withdraw thus, in private, and from the abundance of his pocket (to displace her jealous conceit) steal into his hat the colour, whose blueness doth express trueness, she being not so, nor so affected; you give him the dor.[7]

Aso. Do not I know it, sir?

Amo. Nay, good——swell not above your understanding. There is yet a third dor in colours.

Aso. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too? what is it? make good your knowledge.

Aso. Why it is——no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pain of the dor.

Aso. Why; what is't, say you?

Amo. Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative: as how? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: you lay wait before, preoccupy the chambermaid, corrupt her to return false colours; he follows the fallacy, comes out accoutred to his believed instructions; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

[7] *You give him the* dor,] i. e. as I must remark for the last time, baffle him, subject him to scorn. The reader who hopes to understand any part of the mummery which follows, must carefully attend to these instructions.

Aso. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me! It is a strange outrecuidance:[8] your humour too much redoundeth.

Aso. Why, sir, what, do you think you know more?

Amo. I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbrocatas in courtship; as the bitter bob in wit; the reverse in face or wry-mouth; and these more subtile and secure offenders. I will example unto you; Your opponent makes entry as you are engaged with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper, *Here comes your baboon, disgrace him;* and withal stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politicly, aloud say, Lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna, or stork's-bill,[9] which makes up your wit's bob most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well——'Slid, if I did not,

[8] *It is a strange* outrecuidance.] Pride, arrogance, or presumption. WHAL.

It should be observed that this strange petulance and forwardness in the once sheepish and timid Asotus, is the effect of the waters of the fountain of Self-love. No man ever preserved the consistency of his characters with such scrupulous, such unbending circumspection, as our great poet. If it were ever true of any English dramatic writer, that his dialogue might be correctly appropriated to the several speakers, without seeing their names, I do not hesitate to affirm that it was so of Jonson above all that ever wrote.

[9] *With this* sanna, *or* stork's bill.] *Sanna* is a Latin word

why was I nominated? why did you choose me? why did the ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest! By that light, and, as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the lord the ladies would come once!

Enter MORPHIDES.

Morp. Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire: [*Exit Asotus.*] Cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

Citizen. [*within.*] By your leave, my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pages. [*within.*] You by! why should you come by more than we?

Citizen's Wife. [*within.*] Why, sir! because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

Morp. Your brother!

Citizen. [*within.*] Ay, her brother, sir, and we must come in.

Tailor. [*within.*] Why, what are you?

Citizen. [*within.*] I am her husband, sir.

Tailor. [*within.*] Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Morp. Who's there? bear back there! Stand from the door!

Amo. Enter none but the ladies and their hang-byes.—

which implies some gesture of scorn and contempt; which the poet calls *stork's bill*, in allusion to the *ciconia* of the ancients; a manner of deriding a person, by extending the fore-finger at him. See Casaubon on this verse of Persius:

"*O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit.*" WHAL.

Enter PHANTASTE, PHILAUTIA, ARGURION, MORIA, HEDON *and* ANAIDES, *introducing two Ladies.*

Welcome, beauties, and your kind shadows.

Hed. This country lady, my friend, good signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice here.

Amo. She is welcome.

The Citizen *and his* Wife, Pages, *&c. appear at the door.*

Morp. Knock those same pages there; and, goodman coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

Wife. My brother.

Amo. With whom? Your brother!

Morp. Who is your brother?

Wife. Master Asotus.

Amo. Master Asotus! is he your brother? he is taken up with great persons; he is not to know you to-night.

Re-enter ASOTUS *hastily.*

Aso. O Jove, master! an there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you: it is my sister.

Wife. Brother!

Cit. [*thrusting in.*] Brother, master Asotus!

Aso. Who's there?

Wife. 'Tis I, brother.

Aso. Gods me, there she is! good master, intrude her.

Morp. Make place! bear back there!

Enter Citizen's Wife.

Amo. Knock that simple fellow there.

Wife. Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

Morp. The simpler fellow he.—Away! back with your head, sir! [*Pushes the Citizen back.*

Aso. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: husbands are not allow'd here, in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister; pray you meet us with a lantern, brother. Be merry, sister; I shall make you laugh anon. [*Exit.*

Pha. Your prizer is not ready, Amorphus.

Amo. Apprehend your places; he shall be soon, and at all points.

Ana. Is there any body come to answer him? shall we have any sport?

Amo. Sport of importance; howsoever, give me the gloves.

Hed. Gloves! why gloves, signior?

Phi. What's the ceremony?

Amo. [*distributing gloves.*] Beside their received fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'haviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, madam Philautia, guardian, signior Hedon, signior Anaides, gentlemen all, ladies.

All. Thanks, good Amorphus.

Amo. I will now call forth my provost, and present him. [*Exit.*

Ana. Heart! why should not we be masters as well as he?

Hed. That's true, and play our masters prizes as well as the t'other?

Mor. In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pha. Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason but we should take them down at their own weapons.

Phi. Troth, and so we may, if we handle them well.

Wife. Ay, indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere in the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

Pha. Pray you, what should we call your name?

Wife. My name is Downfall.

Hed. Good mistress Downfall! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

Wife. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

Ana. No, no, she has the more liberty for herself. [*A flourish.*

Pha. Peace, peace! they come.

Re-enter AMORPHUS, *introducing* ASOTUS *in a full-dress suit.*

Amo. So, keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright; your cloke on your half-shoulder falling; so: I will read your bill, advance it, and present you.—Silence!

Be it known[1] *to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white satin reveller, to the cloth of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Polytropus-Amorphus, master of the noble and subtile*

[1] *Be it known, &c.*] This *bill* is a parody on one of the licenses formerly granted by *masters* of defence to their pupils, when they were supposed to be properly qualified for taking either of their three degrees in the fencing-school, viz. a *master's*, a *provost's*, or a scholar's: indeed, the whole of this scene is a burlesque imitation of these public trials of skill in the "noble science of defence."

science of courtship, do give leave and license to our provost, Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in this subtile mystery, at these four, the choice and most cunning weapons of court-compliment, viz. the BARE ACCOST; *the* BETTER REGARD; *the* SOLEMN ADDRESS; *and the* PERFECT CLOSE. *These are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the said Acolastus-Polypragmon-Asotus, is here present (by the help of his mercer, tailor, milliner, sempster, and so forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the present day of this present month, to perform and do his uttermost for the achievement and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: viz. For the Bare Accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced: for the Better Regard, a face favourably simpering, with a fan waving: for the Solemn Address, two lips wagging, and never a wise word: for the Perfect Close, a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner. And Phœbus save Cynthia!*

Appeareth no man yet, to answer the prizer? no voice?—Music, give them their summons.

[*Music.*

Pha. The solemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence! Well, I perceive your name is their terror, and keepeth them back.

Aso. I'faith, master, let's go; no body comes. *Victus, victa, victum; victi, victæ, victi*——let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were dispunct to the ladies. Rather ourself shall be your encounter. Take your state up to the wall;[a] and, lady, [*leading*

[a] *Take your* state *up to the wall;*] The *state* sometimes means the raised platform, and canopy under which the ornamented chair was placed, and sometimes, as here, the chair itself. In-

Moria to the state.] may we implore you to stand forth, as first term or bound to our courtship.

Hed. 'Fore heaven, 'twill shew rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge. [*A charge.*

Ana. A pox on't! Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent now; by that candle, they'll never conceit it.

[*They act their Accost severally to Moria.*

Pha. Excellent well! admirable!

Phi. Peace!

Hed. Most fashionably, believe it.

Phi. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

Pha. Now the other.

Phi. Very good.

Hed. For a scholar, Honour.

Ana. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much. [*A flourish.*

Hed. This weapon is done.

Amo. No, we have our two bouts at every weapon; expect.

Cri. [*within.*] Where be these gallants, and their brave prizer here?

Morp. Who's there? bear back: keep the door.

Enter CRITES, *introducing* MERCURY *fantastically dressed.*

Amo. What are you, sir?

Cri. By your license, grand-master.—Come forward, sir. [*To Mercury.*

Ana. Heart! who let in that rag there amongst us? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

Hed. Out with him.

Morp. Come, sir.

Amo. You must be retrograde.

stances of both these senses, are so common in our old writers, that it seems sufficient just to have noticed them.

Cri. Soft, sir, I am truchman,[3] and do flourish before this monsieur, or French-behaved gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizer, so he may have fair play shewn him, and the liberty to choose his stickler.[4]

Amo. Is he a master?

Cri. That, sir, he has to shew here; and confirmed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complimentaries alive:[5] Please you read, sir. [*Gives him a certificate.*

Amo. What shall we do?

Ana. Death! disgrace this fellow in the black stuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

Hed. That's no matter: he is our own countryman.

Ana. Ay, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.[6]

Amo. Well, see these first.

Aso. Now shall I be observed by yon scholar, till I sweat again; I would to Jove it were over.

Cri. [*to Mercury.*] Sir, this is the wight of worth,

[3] *Sir, I am* truchman,] i. e. interpreter: the word is originally Turkish. WHAL.

Is it not rather a miserable corruption of the modern Greek, ἑρμηνευς?

[4] *To choose his* stickler.] *Sticklers* were side-men to fencers, or seconds in a duel; and were so called from the *sticks*, or wands, which they carried to part the combatants, before blood was drawn. WHAL.

[5] *The most cunning* complimentaries *alive:*] *Complimentaries* were masters of defence, such as Caranza, &c. who published elaborate works on the *compliments* and ceremonies of duelling.

[6] *He is our own* countryman.——*Ay, and a* scholar besides. *You may disgrace him with authority.*] "Let us cast nothing away," says Pandarus, "for we know not what use we may have for it." Asides has lately found admirers in the North,

that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see; and, I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly havings, well fashion'd 'haviour, and of as hardened and excellent a bark as the most naturally qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his original citycism; by this elixir, or mere magazine of man. And, for your spectators, you behold them what they are: the most choice particulars in court: this tells tales well; this provides coaches; this repeats jests; this presents gifts; this holds up the arras; this takes down from horse; this protests by this light; this swears by that candle; this delighteth; this adoreth: yet all but three men. Then, for your ladies, the most proud, witty creatures, all things apprehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of fools, mercers, and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining but their painter and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciprock commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.

Mer. Sir, you have plaid the painter yourself, and limn'd them to the life. I desire to deserve before them.

Amo. [*returning the certificate.*] This is authentic. We must resolve to entertain the monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.[7]

who have put his notable maxim in practice with great perseverance and success.

[7] *Howsoever we neglect* him,] i. e. the "impecunious fellow in the black stuff," Crites.

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

Ana. Content, and not look on the other.

Amo. Well devised; and a most punishing disgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourtship, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted: please you to use the state ordain'd for the opponent; in which nature, without envy, we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, sir.

Phi. Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

Pha. He keeps all his wit for action.

Ana. This hath discountenanced our scholaris, most richly.

Hed. Out of all emphasis. The monsieur sees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on; make it known how bitter a thing it is not to be look'd on in court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet! Does not monsieur perceive our disgrace?

Ana. Heart! he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him!

Cri. Illustrious and fearful judges——

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenced with some other.

Hed. Answer not him, but the stranger; we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him myself.

Cri. O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it!

Amo. Is it your suit, monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar? Now, sure the monsieur wants language——

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accomplished! 'Slight, that's a good jest; would we could take him with that nullity.—*Non sapete voi parlar' Italiano?*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.[8]

Cri. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

Amo. Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me reinstate you. [*Leads Moria back to the state.*] Provost, [*to Asotus.*] begin to me at the *Bare Accost.*[9] [*A charge.*] Now, for the honour of my discipline.

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect: what means he by that mouthed wave?

Cri. He is in some distaste of your fellow-disciple.

Mer. Signior, your scholar might have played well still, if he could have kept his seat longer: I have enough of him, now. He is a mere piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the scorn, monsieur?

Mer. Nor to be frighted with a face, signior.

[8] *'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.*] See *the Alchemist.*

[9] Provost, *begin to me at the Bare Accost.*] It appears from this term *(provost)* that Asotus had obtained his second degree in the school of courtship. Of the mummery which follows I comprehend but little; that little, however, is more than I can pretend to make intelligible to the reader.

I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose.

Amo. How!

Cri. Meaning your pupil, sir.

Ana. This is that black devil there.

Amo. You do offer a strange affront, monsieur.

Cri. Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him.

Mer. I am prest for the encounter.[1]

Amo. Me! challenge me!

Aso. What, my master, sir! 'Slight, monsieur, meddle with me, do you hear: but do not meddle with my master.

Mer. Peace, good squib, go out.

Cri. And stink, he bids you.

Aso. Master!

Amo. Silence! I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me! he never profest a thing at more charges.—Prepare yourself, sir.—Challenge me! I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a traveller's spleen is! Comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

Amo. You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, sir.

Aso. But must I lose the prizes, master?

Amo. I will win them for you; be patient.—

[1] *I am* prest *for the encounter.*] I am ready, I am prepared. Thus Spenser:

"Who him affronting soone to fight was readie *prest*:"

And Beaumont and Fletcher:

"However, stand prepared, *prest* for our journey."
Wildegoose Chase. WHAL.

Lady, [*to Moria.*] vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign.—Who shall be your stickler?

Mer. Behold him. [*Points to Crites.*

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker.—Sound, musics.—I provoke you at the Bare Accost.

[*A charge.*

Pha. Excellent comely!

Cri. And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

Hed. O, his leg was too much produced.

Ana. And his hat was carried scurvily.

Phi. Peace; let's see the monsieur's Accost: Rare!

Pha. Sprightly and short.

Ana. True, it is the French courteau:* he lacks but to have his nose slit.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

[*A flourish.*

Amo. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.

[*A charge.*

Pha. Good, believe it!

Phi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is called the solemn band-string.

Hed. Foh, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a face like a stabb'd Lucrece.*

Aso. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

* *He makes a face like a* stabb'd *Lucrece.*] Perhaps the poet alludes to Purfoote the printer's sign of Lucretia, in St. Paul's churchyard. This lady, with the dagger at her breast, and a ridiculous expression of agony in her face, formed a vignette to most of his books: the same figure was also stamped on the covers of them. Several of his books thus ornamented, Mr. Steevens says, are in the British Museum.

* *It is the French* courteau:] i. e. bidet, a little active horse: whence our curtal.

Cri. Making villainous faces.

Phi. See, the French prepares it richly.

Cri. Ay, this is ycleped the Serious Trifle.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the brown study.

Cri. Rather the bird-eyed stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir. [*A flourish.*

Amo. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

Aso. And yet your critic, or your besogno,[3] will think these things foppery, and easy, now!

Cri. Or rather mere lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections, much less, only live to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all?

Hed. We must prefer the monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

Ana. Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the Bare Accost.

Mor. A pair of wall-eyes in a face forced.

Ana. Give the monsieur. Amorphus hath lost his eyes.

Amo. I! Is the palate of your judgment down? Gentles, I do appeal.

Aso. Yes, master, to me: the judges be fools.

Ana. How now, sir! tie up your tongue, mungrel. He cannot appeal.

Aso. Say you, sir?

Ana. Sit you still, sir.

Aso. Why, so I do; do not I, I pray you?

Mer. Remercie, madame, and these honourable censors.

[3] *Or your* besogno,] i. e. your beggar, your needy wretch he alludes to Crites. This contemptuous term is very common in our old writers. See Massinger, Vol. III. 67.

Amo. Well, to the second weapon, the *Better Regard.* I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet Honour.

Phi. What says my good Ambition?

Hed. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you on Amorphus's head.

Phi. Why, I take the French behaved gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a Discretion.

Cri. A Discretion! A pretty court-wager! Would any discreet person hazard his wit so?

Pha. I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

Ana. Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads.

Cri. No, he should venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their plays. [*A charge.*

Hed. See, see! this is strange play!

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. 'Tis call'd your court-staggers, sir.

Hed. That same fellow talks so now he has a place!

Ana. Hang him! neglect him.

Mer. *Your good ladyship's affectioned.*

Wife. Ods so! they speak at this weapon, brother.

Aso. They must do so, sister; how should it be the Better Regard, else?

Pha. Methinks he did not this respectively enough.

Phi. Why, the monsieur but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies! 'Slight, see! he'll put him to 't in earnest.—Well done, Amorphus!

Ana. That puff was good indeed.

Cri. Ods me! this is desperate play: he hits himself o' the shins.

Hed. An he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he displays his feet rarely.

Hed. See, see! he does the respective leer damnably well.

Amo. *The true idolater of your beauties shall never pass their deities unadored: I rest your poor knight.*

Hed. See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus: he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly.

[*A flourish.*

Cri. And most terribly he comes off; like your rodomontado.

Pha. How like you this play, Anaides?

Ana. Good play; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

Amo. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language. [*A charge.*

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now.

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade too much.

Amo. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per le favore resciuto da lei; che veramente desidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: e sicurative, signora mea cara, chè io sera sempre pronto à servirla, e honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

Cri. The Venetian dop this.[4]

Pha. Most unexpectedly excellent! The French goes down certain.

Aso. *As buckets are put down into a well;*
Or as a school-boy——

Cri. Truss up your simile, jack-daw, and observe.

Hed. Now the monsieur is moved.

Ana. Bo-peep!

Hed. O, most antick.

[4] *The Venetian* dop this.] The *dop* is the dip, a very low bow, or curtesy. I have not attempted to correct the complimentary jargon in the preceding speech, or in that of Mercury, below; as the poet, perhaps, meant to display his courtier's ignorance in them.

Cri. The French quirk, this, sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her.

Mer. *Madamoyselle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstrer mon affection, mais je suis tant malheureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci——Je ne scay qui de dire—— excuse moi, Je suis tout vostre.* [*A flourish.*

Phi. O brave and spirited! he's a right Jovialist.

Pha. No, no: Amorphus's gravity outweighs it.

Cri. And yet your lady, or your feather, would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the prize, lady, at this Better Regard?

Mor. A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the monsieur.

Amo. You become the simper well, lady.

Mer. And the wag better.

Amo. Now, to our *Solemn Address.* Please the well-graced Philautia to relieve the lady sentinel; she hath stood long.

Phi. With all my heart; come, guardian, resign your place. [*Moria comes from the state.*

Amo. Monsieur, furnish yourself with what solemnity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

Mer. Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities.—Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practic observance, with which they lime twigs to catch their fantastic lady-birds.

Cri. Ay, but you should do more charitably to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mock'd in these monstrous affections.

[*A charge.*

Mer. Lackey, where's the tailor?

Enter Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Milliner, Jeweller, *and* Feather-maker.

Tai. Here, sir.

Hed. See, they have their tailor, barber, perfumer, milliner, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common! [*They make themselves ready on the stage.*

Ana. Ay, this is pretty.

Amo. Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets?[5]

Mer. Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it?

Tai. That it is, sir.

Mer. Is it so, sir? You impudent poltroon, you slave, you list, you shreds, you ——

[*Beats the Tailor.*

Hed. Excellent! This was the best yet.

Ana. Why, we must use our tailors thus: this is our true magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to, put on; we must bear with you for the times sake.

Amo. Is the perfume rich in this jerkin?

Per. Taste, smell; I assure you, sir, pure benjamin,[6] the only spirited scent that ever awaked a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin for a new-revenued gentleman yielded me three-

[5] *Where are thy* mullets?] *Mullets* are small pincers, answering, perhaps, to our curling-irons. The word is in Coles's English Dictionary; but I can give no example of its use by Jonson's contemporaries.

[6] *Pure* benjamin.] Benjamin or benjouin is an aromatic gum, sent into these parts from the East, from whence it is probable the name itself came likewise. WHAL.

In the next line there is an allusion to Martial:

"*Totum te cupias, Fabulle, nasum.*"

score crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

Amo. I savour no sampsuchine in it.[7]

Per. I am a Nulli-fidian,[8] if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of sampsuchinum in this confection, than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

Amo. You shall be simple to discover your simples.

Per. Simple! why, sir? What reck I to whom I discover? I have in it musk, civet, amber, Phœnicobalanus, the decoction of turmerick, sesana, nard, spikenard, calamus odoratus, stacte, opobalsamum, amomum, storax, ladanum, aspalathum, opoponax, œnanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, sir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And most worthy a true voluptuary. Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odours, have ever the least sense of them. Yet I do like better the prodigality of jewels and clothes, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs; the other at least wears out time. This presently expires, and, without continual riot in reparation, is lost: which whoso strives to keep, it is one

[7] *I savour no* sampsuchine *in it.*] Sampsuchine is sweet marjoram, an herb much in repute once for its sanative virtues.

[8] *I am a* Nulli-fidian,] An unbeliever, an atheist, or, in the modern phrase, a free-thinker: the perfumer seems to use the word for a person of no honour or credit, which is not much amiss.

special argument to me, that, affecting to smell better than other men, he doth indeed smell far worse.

Mer. I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

Tai. Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

Mer. By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee, than to undo an oyster.

Tai. Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress in the world can mislike it.

Mer. No, not goodwife tailor, your mistress; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a satin is cut upon six taffataes, will look that we should dive into the depth of the cut——Give me my scarf. Shew some ribands, sirrah. Have you the feather?

Feat. Ay, sir.

Mer. Have you the jewel?

Jew. Yes, sir.

Mer. What must I give for the hire on't?

Jew. You shall give me six crowns, sir.

Mer. Six crowns! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to shew, and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your worship will not do so, sir.

Mer. By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet——What's your jewel worth, I pray?

Jew. A hundred crowns, sir.

Mer. A hundred crowns, and six for the loan on't an hour! what's that in the hundred for the year? These impostors would not be hang'd! Your thief is not comparable to them, by Her-

cules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will have it and you shall, and the pox give you good on't!

Amo. Give me my confects, my moscadini, and place those colours in my hat.

Mer. These are Bolognian ribands; I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, sir, if they be not right Granado silk——

Mer. A pox on you, you'll all say so.

Mil. You give me not a penny, sir.

Mer. Come, sir, perfume my devant;[9]

May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love!

Hed. Your French ceremonies are the best.

Ana. Monsieur, signior, your Solemn Address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

Amo. Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepared. Signior Fig!

Per. Ay, sir.

Amo. Can you help my complexion, here?

Per. O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, sir; you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take them out and wash them, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's ambre in the umbre.[1]

Mer. Your price, sweet Fig?

Per. Give me what you will, sir; the signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, sir.

[9] *Come, sir, perfume my* devant;] Meaning, perhaps, his "predominant," his foretop: but I would not have the reader rely too securely on these and similar attempts at explanation, which, at best, are but lucky guesses.

[1] *There's* ambre *in the* umbre.] There's ambergris in the dye. The gloves, I suppose, were of a brown colour.

Mer. My love! with a pox to you, goodman Sassafras.

Per. I come, sir. There's an excellent diapasm in a chain too,[a] if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

Per. Nought but sublimate and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.[*]

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your chain of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

Per. We'll agree, monsieur; I'll assure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was ball'd.

Mer. Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold still, I pray you, sir.

Per. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

Mer. Death, dost thou burn me, harlot!

Bar. I beseech you, sir.

Mer. Beggar, varlet, poltroon. [*Beats him.*

Hed. Excellent, excellent!

Ana. Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

Aso. O that I had played at this weapon!

[*A charge.*

Pha. Peace, now they come on; the second part.

Amo. *Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone.*

[a] *There's an excellent* diapasm *in a chain.*] Diapasms are aromatic herbs dried, and reduced to powder; they were formerly made into little balls with sweet water, and strung together as here, or worn loose in the pocket. This is the "pomander chain," mentioned just below.

[*] *Searced,*] i. e. finely sifted.

Phi. *Better be alone, sir, than ill accompanied.*

Amo. *Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness.*

Mer. *Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively image of Venus throughout; all the graces smile in your cheeks; your beauty nourishes as well as delights; you have a tongue steep'd in honey, and a breath like a panther;*[3] *your breasts and forehead are whiter than goats milk, or May blossoms; a cloud is not so soft as your skin*———

Hed. Well strook, monsieur! He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.[4]

Mer. *Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar: he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing in you more than your innocence; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblamed a behaviour! Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure: you are the very spirit of a lady.*

Ana. Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry; give your competitor audience.

Amo. *Lady, how stirring soever the monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch.*

Ana. A good stroke; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. *You are fair, lady*——

Cri. You offer foul, signior, to close; keep your distance; for all your bravo rampant here.

[3] *A breath like a panther,*] i. e. sweet. See the *Fox.*

[4] *He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.*] This, as Whalley observes, is from Florus. "*Sicut primus impetus ejus major quam virorum est, ita sequens minor quam feminarum*" Lib. ii. c. v.

Amo. *I say you are fair, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair.*

Mer. *I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon them.*

Phi. You play too rough, gentlemen.

Amo. *Your frenchified fool is your only fool, lady: I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesy.* [A flourish.

Mer. Buz!

Ana. Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize: that mouth again was most courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I should pass upon him with the bitter bob.

Hed. O, but the reverse was singular.

Pha. It was most subtile, Amorphus.

Aso. If I had done't, it should have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, Crites!

Cri. You suffer them too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge instantly.

Ana. Name the prize, at the *Solemn Address.*

Phi. Two lips wagging.

Cri. And never a wise word, I take it.

Ana. Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges. Madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

Pha. Most covetingly ready, Amorphus.

[*She takes the state instead of Philautia.*

Hed. Your monsieur is crest-fallen.

Ana. So are most of them once a year.

Amo. You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now changed with alteration of the mistress. At your last weapon, sir. *The*

Perfect Close. Set forward. [*A charge.*] Intend your approach, monsieur.

Mer. 'Tis yours, signior.

Amo. With your example, sir.

Mer. Not I, sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no possible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am noble———

Amo. As I am virtuous———

Mer. Pardon me, sir.

Amo. I will die first.

Mer. You are a tyrant in courtesy.

Amo. He is removed.—[*Stays Mercury on his moving.*]—Judges, bear witness.

Mer. What of that, sir?

Amo. You are removed, sir.

Mer. Well.

Amo. I challenge you; you have received the Dor. Give me the prize.

Mer. Soft, sir. How, the Dor?

Amo. The common mistress, you see, is changed.

Mer. Right, sir.

Amo. And you have still in your hat the former colours.

Mer. You lie, sir, I have none: I have pull'd them out. I meant to play discolour'd. [*A flourish.*

Cri. The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the palpable Dor!

Ana. Heart of my blood, Amorphus, what have you done? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last weapon!

Aso. I could have done no more.

Hed. By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck! by that candle, it was mere rashness, and oversight; would any man have

ventured to play so open, and forsake his ward? D——n me, if he have not eternally undone himself in court, and discountenanced us that were his main countenance, by it.

Amo. Forgive it now: it was the solecism of my stars.

Cri. The Wring by the hand, and the Banquet, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year; you would think her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take them down, as deep as our hearts, wench, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior: good faith I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

Ana. Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize;

Cri. Why, his proper merit, sir; you see he has play'd down your grand garb-master, here.

Ana. That's not in your logic to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above them, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such fresh men as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I must declare myself to you no profest courtling; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtile weapons; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, sir Dagonet, here.

Ana. With me!

Cri. Yes, sir.

Ana. Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save myself in a fellow again, and your two

reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

Ana. Let me alone; I'll play other manner of play, than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't!

Mer. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you so confident! what's your weapon?

Cri. At any, I, sir.

Mer. The Perfect Close, that's now the best.

Ana. Content, I'll pay your scholarity. Who offers?

Cri. Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare! well, look to your liberal sconce.

Amo. Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

Ana. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

Aso. Sit by me, master.

Mer. Now, Crites, strike home. [*A charge.*

Cri. You shall see me undo the assured swaggerer with a trick, instantly: I will play all his own play before him; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me. [*Aside to Mercury.*

Mer. Excellent, Crites.

Ana. When begin you, sir? have you consulted?

Cri. To your cost, sir. Which is the piece stands forth to be courted? O, are you she? [*to Philautia.*] *Well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive? and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want, as they*

say, logic and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand and by that candle it is so; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetoric and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so; yet d——n me, but I know it is so, and am assured it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so——

Hed. 'Slight, Anaides, you are mock'd, and so we are all.

Mer. How now, signior! what, suffer yourself to be cozen'd of your courtship before your face?

Hed. This is plain confederacy to disgrace us: let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

Amo. *When men disgraces share,*
The lesser is the care.

Cri. Nay, stay, my dear Ambition, [*to Hedon.*] I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all composed of theft; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks; her white and red, lilies and roses stolen out of paradise; her eyes two stars, pluck'd from the sky; her nose the gnomon of Love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes: and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon them, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon.. [*A flourish.*

Aso. Sister, come away, I cannot endure them longer. [*Exeunt all but Mercury and Crites.*

Mer. Go, Dors, and you, my madam Courting-stocks,
Follow your scorned and derided mates;
Tell to your guilty breasts, what mere gilt blocks
You are, and how unworthy human states.

Cri. Now, sacred God of Wit, if you can make

Those, whom our sports tax in these apish graces,
Kiss, like the fighting snakes, your peaceful rod;
These times shall canonize you for a god.
Mer. Why, Crites, think you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incensed to see the enchanted veils
Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,
Wrapt in so many folds by time and custom,
Drawn from his wronged and bewitched eyes?
Who sees not now their shape and nakedness,
Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole;
Crown'd with no more humanity, nor soul.
Cri. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate,
Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame,
And turn shewn nakedness to impudence.
Humour is now the test we try things in:
All power is just: nought that delights is sin.
And yet the zeal of every knowing man
Opprest with hills of tyranny, cast on virtue
By the light fancies of fools, thus transported,
Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,
T'inflame best bosoms with much worthier love
Than of these outward and effeminate shades;
That these vain joys, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To raise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men:
And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, knowledge,
And spirit that may conform them actually
To God's high figures, which they have in power;

Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,
Is sacrilege of an unpardon'd greatness.
Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,
In thy exempt and only man-like course;
Like it the more, the less it is respected:
Though men fail, virtue is by gods protected.—
See, here comes Arete; I'll withdraw myself.
[*Exit.*

Enter ARETE.

Are. Crites, you must provide straight for a masque,
'Tis Cynthia's pleasure.
Cri. How, bright Arete!
Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules:
Better and sooner durst I undertake
To make the different seasons of the year,
The winds, or elements, to sympathize,
Than their unmeasurable vanity
Dance truly in a measure. They agree!
What though all concord 's born of contraries;
So many follies will confusion prove,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune; because, indeed, we see
There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,
As between things but merely opposite.
Are. There is your error: for as Hermes' wand
Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts;
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
When better light than Nature's did arrive:
So, what could never in itself agree,
Forgetteth the eccentric property,
And at her sight turns forthwith regular,
Whose sceptre guides the flowing ocean:

And though it did not, yet the most of them
Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude,
Respect of majesty, the place, and presence,
Will keep them within ring, especially
When they are not presented as themselves,
But masqued like others: for, in troth, not so
To incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Than like a state ungovern'd, without laws,
Or body made of nothing but diseases:
The one, through impotency, poor and wretched;
The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

Cri. But, lady, for the revellers themselves,
It would be better, in my poor conceit,
That others were employ'd; for such as are
Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem
No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

Are. That, Crites, is not purposed without
Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind;
Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace, she resolved
Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,
To have them muster in their pomp and fulness,
That so she might more strictly, and to root,
Effect the reformation she intends.

Cri. I now conceive her heavenly drift in all,
And will apply my spirits to serve her will.
O thou, the very power by which I am,
And but for which it were in vain to be,
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,
Admired Arete, of them admired
Whose souls are not enkindled by the sense,
Disdain not my chaste fire, but feed the flame
Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

Are. Leave to suspect us: Crites well shall find,
As we are now most dear, we'll prove most kind.
[*Within.*] Arete!
Are. Hark, I am call'd. [*Exit.*

Cri. I follow instantly.
Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate Pæans on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear;
And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,
If in the busy tumults of the mind
My path thou ever hast illumined,
For which thine altars I have oft perfumed,
And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd flowers:[5]
Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter HESPERUS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TIME, PHRONESIS, *and* THAUMA.

Music accompanied. HESPERUS *sings.*

Queen, and huntress,[6] chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

[5] *And deck'd thy statues with* discolour'd *flowers:*] i. e. with flowers of different colours. So in *David and Bethsebe*, 1595:

"May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight
"Be still enamell'd with *discolour'd* flowers."

And in *Britannia's Pastorals*,

"As are the dainty flowers which Flora spreads
"Unto the Spring in the *discolour'd* meads."

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Cyn. When hath Diana, like an envious wretch,
That glitters only to his soothed self,
Denying to the world the precious use
Of hoarded wealth, with-held her friendly aid?
Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burn and blaze, while nutriment doth last:
That once consumed, out of Jove's treasury
A new we take, and stick it in our sphere,
To give the mutinous kind of wanting men
Their look'd-for light. Yet what is their desert?
Bounty is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.
But if that deities withdrew their gifts
For human follies, what could men deserve

Just above Jonson uses discoloured for colourless, without colours. There is, as Whalley truly observes, a noble spirit of poetry in this invocation, not unworthy of a classic author. In the quarto this scene concludes the fourth act.

[6] *Queen, and huntress*, &c.] This little hymn is delicate, both in the sentiment and expression; the images are picturesque, and the verse easy and flowing. WHAL.

But death and darkness? It behoves the high,
For their own sakes, to do things worthily.
Are. Most true, most sacred goddess; for the heavens
Receive no good of all the good they do:
Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heavenly Powers,
Are fed with fumes which do from incense rise,
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore;
Yet, for the care which you of mortals have,
(Whose proper good it is that they be so,)
You well are pleased with odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.
Cyn. Else, noble Arete, they would not blame,
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud,
Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crown;
Such is our chastity, which safely scorns,
Not love, for who more fervently doth love
Immortal honour, and divine renown?
But giddy Cupid, Venus' frantic son.
Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light
We but discover'd (what we not discern)
Any the least of imputations stand
Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame
With note of lightness, from these revels near;
Not, for the empire of the universe,
Should night, or court, this whatsoever shine,
Or grace of ours, unhappily enjoy.
Place and occasion are two privy thieves,
And from poor innocent ladies often steal
The best of things, an honourable name;
To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
Infers a crime, although the party free.
Are. How Cynthianly, that is, how worthily
And like herself, the matchless Cynthia speaks!
Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,

Do watch about the true virginity:
But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,
But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
Thy presence broad-seals our delights for pure;
What's done in Cynthia's sight, is done secure.
Cyn. That then so answer'd, dearest Arete,
What th' argument, or of what sort our sports
Are like to be this night, I not demand.
Nothing which duty,[7] and desire to please,
Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.
But unto whose invention must we owe
The complement of this night's furniture?
Are. Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose worth,
Without hyperbole, I thus may praise;
One at least studious of deserving well,
And, to speak truth, indeed deserving well.
Potential merit stands for actual,
Where only opportunity doth want,
Not will, nor power; both which in him abound.
One whom the Muses and Minerva love;
For whom should they, than Crites, more esteem,
Whom Phœbus, though not Fortune, holdeth dear?
And, which convinceth excellence in him,
A principal admirer of yourself.
Even through the ungentle injuries of Fate,
And difficulties, which do virtue choke,
Thus much of him appears. What other things
Of farther note do lie unborn in him,
Them I do leave for cherishment to shew,
And for a goddess graciously to judge.

[7] *Nothing which duty*, &c.] This sentiment of humanity is from Shakspeare:

——— "never any thing can be amiss,
"When simpleness and duty tender it."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Cynthia and Theseus are exactly in the same situation, both preparing to see a dramatic exhibition. WHAL.

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Cyn. We have already judged him, Arete;
Nor are we ignorant how noble minds
Suffer too much through those indignities
Which times and vicious persons cast on them.
Ourself have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune, base;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
Nor farther notice, Arete, we crave
Than thine approval's sovereign warranty:
Let't be thy care to make us known to him;
Cynthia shall brighten what the world made dim.
[*Exit Arete.*

The First Masque.

Enter CUPID, *disguised as* Anteros, *followed by* Storgé, Aglaia, Euphantaste, *and* Apheleia.

Cup. *Clear pearl of heaven, and, not to be farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia! the fame of this illustrious night, among others, hath also drawn these four fair virgins from the palace of their queen Perfection, (a word which makes no sufficient difference betwixt her's and thine,) to visit thy imperial court: for she, their sovereign, not finding where to dwell among men, before her return to heaven, advised them wholly to consecrate themselves to thy celestial service, as in whose clear spirit (the proper element and sphere of virtue) they should behold not her alone, their ever-honoured mistress, but themselves (more truly themselves) to live enthronized. Herself would have commended them unto thy favour more particularly, but that she knows no commendation is more available with thee, than that of proper virtue. Nevertheless she willed them to present this crystal mound,*[8] *a note of*

[8] *This crystal* mound,] Mound is an orb or globe: and by

monarchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy more worthy deity; which, as here by me they most humbly do, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chief, to shew whatsoever the world hath excellent, howsoever remote and various. But your irradiate judgment will soon discover the secrets of this little crystal world. Themselves, to appear more plainly, because they know nothing more odious than false pretexts, have chosen to express their several qualities thus in several colours.

The first, in citron colour, is natural affection, which, given us to procure our good, is sometime called Storgé; and as every one is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of reason, allowable Self-love, as it is without harm, so are none without it: her place in the court of Perfection was to quicken minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or square; the word, se suo modulo; *alluding to that true measure of one's self, which, as every one ought to make, so is it most conspicuous in thy divine example.*

The second, in green, is Aglaia, delectable and pleasant conversation, whose property is to move a kindly delight, and sometime not without laughter: her office to entertain assemblies, and keep societies together with fair familiarity. Her device, within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine about it;[9] *the word,* curarum nubila pello: *an allegory of Cynthia's light, which no less clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.*

this name particularly the globe is called, which the king carries at his coronation. WHAL.

[9] *A heart with* shine *about it;*] *Shine* or *sheen* was anciently used for brightness, splendour, &c. Thus in the old translation of the Psalms; "His lightening gave *shine* unto the world." And in *Venus and Adonis;*

"Cynthia for shame obscures her silver *shine*."

It is pure Saxon.

The third, in the discoloured mantle spangled all over, is Euphantaste, a well-conceited Wittiness, and employed in honouring the court with the riches of her pure invention. Her device, upon a Petasus, or Mercurial hat, a crescent; the word,* sic laus ingenii; *inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.*

The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table, and is therefore called Simplicity; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit; and (to speak plainly) plainness itself. Her device is no device.[1] *The word under her silver shield,* omnis abest fucus; *alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.*

Myself, celestial goddess, more fit for the court of Cynthia than the arbours of Cytherea, am called Anteros, or Love's enemy; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this quaternion, who, as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversaries to Love, yet thee, perpetual virgin, they both love, and vow to love eternally.

Re-enter ARETE, *with* CRITES.

Cyn. Not without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes have view'd, in contemplation's depth,
This work of wit, divine and excellent:
What shape, what substance, or what unknown power,

[1] *Her device is no device,*] i. e. She bears a plain shield, without any emblem pourtrayed upon it. WHAL.

Thus, in the *Arcadia*, "Whose *device* was to come *without any device*, all in white, like a new knight." p. 180.

* *The third, in the* discoloured *mantle*] See p. 360. *Abrasa table*, which occurs just below, is a Latinism, and means, clear and smooth as virgin wax, or paper.

In virgin's habit, crown'd with laurel leaves,
And olive-branches woven in between,
On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines!
O front! O face! O all celestial, sure,
And more than mortal! Arete, behold
Another Cynthia, and another queen,
Whose glory, like a lasting plenilune,
Seems ignorant of what it is to wane.
Nor under heaven an object could be found
More fit to please. Let Crites make approach.
Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay,
Or to defer our favour, after view:
The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

Are. Lo, here the man, celestial Delia,
Who (like a circle bounded in itself)
Contains as much as man in fullness may.
Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth,
But of that nobler and more precious mould
Which Phœbus self doth temper, is composed;
And who, though all were wanting to reward,
Yet to himself he would not wanting be:
Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most,
And labour's best; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

Cyn. With no less pleasure than we have beheld
This precious crystal work of rarest wit,
Our eye doth read thee, now instiled, our Crites;
Whom learning, virtue, and our favour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
With common eye the Supreme should not see:
Henceforth be ours, the more thyself to be.

Cri. Heaven's purest light, whose orb may be eclipsed,
But not thy praise; divinest Cynthia!
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (save therein) the most unworthy Crites
Doth find himself! for ever shine thy fame;

Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.
In me they must, my dark world's chiefest lights,
By whose propitious beams my powers are raised
To hope some part of those most lofty points,
Which blessed Arete hath pleased to name,
As marks, to which my endeavour's steps should bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

The Second Masque.

Enter MERCURY *as a page, introducing* Eucosmos, Eupathes, Eutolmos, *and* Eucolos.

Mer. *Sister of Phœbus, to whose bright orb we owe, that we not complain of his absence: these four brethren (for they are brethren, and sons of Eutaxia, a lady known, and highly beloved of your resplendent deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a solemnity, officiously insinuate themselves into thy presence: for, as there are four cardinal virtues, upon which the whole frame of the court doth move, so are these the four cardinal properties, without which the body of compliment moveth not. With these four silver javelins (which they bear in their hands) they support in princes courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seem superfluous, yet, for honour's sake, they thus presume to visit thee, having also been employed in the palace of queen Perfection. And though to them that would make themselves gracious to a goddess, sacrifices were fitter than presents, or impresses, yet they both hope thy favour, and (in place of either) use several symbols, containing the titles of thy imperial dignity.*

First, the hithermost, in the changeable blue and

green robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos; whose courtly habit is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surveying eye: whom ladies understand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His symbol is, divæ virgini, *in which he would express thy deity's principal glory, which hath ever been virginity.*

The second, in the rich accoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is Eupathes; who entertains his mind with an harmless, but not incurious variety: all the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himself a gallant, that, without excess, can make use of superfluity, go richly in embroideries, jewels, and what not, without vanity, and fare delicately without gluttony; and therefore (not without cause) is universally thought to be of fine humour. His symbol is, divæ optimæ; *an attribute to express thy goodness, in which thou so resemblest Jove thy father.*

The third, in the blush-coloured suit, is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as never neglecting himself; commonly known by the title of good Audacity; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol is, divæ viragini; *to express thy hardy courage in chase of savage beasts, which harbour in woods und wildernesses.*

The fourth, in watchet tinsel, is the kind and truly benefique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who by the vulgar are said to be of good nature. His symbol is,* divæ maximæ; *an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell, is formidable.*

* *The fourth, in watchet tinsel,*] i. e. in light, sky-coloured blue. *Dict.*

Music. A Dance by the two Masques joined, during which CUPID *and* MERCURY *retire to the side of the stage.*

Cup. Is not that Amorphus, the traveller?

Mer. As though it were not! do you not see how his legs are in travail with a measure?

Cup. Hedon, thy master, is next.

Mer. What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them?

Cup. No, faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How to mismatch them were harder.

Cup. They are the nymphs must do it; I shall sport myself with their passions above measure.

Mer. Those nymphs would be tamed a little indeed, but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and butt-shafts.[2] But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

[2] *Here be of all sorts*, flights, rovers, *and* butt-shafts.] *Flights* were long and light-feathered arrows which went level to the mark; *rovers* were arrows shot compass-wise, or with a certain degree of elevation; these were the all-dreaded war weapons of the English: *butt-shafts*, as the name sufficiently intimates, were the strong unbarbed arrows used in the field exercises, and amusements of the day. If the reader wishes to peruse a couple of pages on the subject, which will leave him very nearly as wise as they found him, he may turn to the first scene of *Much ado about Nothing*.

Cup. It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string: therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon ——— it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorphus, at you. [*Waves his arrow at them.*

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike them into such a fever of affection?

Cup. As well as the wink of an eye: but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee! Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis[3] about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turn'd eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, an't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only.

[*The first dance ends.*

Amo. Cynthia, by my bright soul, is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorphus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries: but whether I have or not, what need we gaze on Cynthia, that have ourself to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head, (for attire can do much,) I say no more—

[3] *Casteth such an* antiperistasis] "The opposition of a contrary quality, by which the quality it opposes becomes heightened or intended." Cowley. *Dict.*

but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do myself right after all this ruffling.

[*Music: they begin the second dance.*

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion!

Mer. Not a word, my little ignis fatue, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue——

Mer. What! Cupid turn'd jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha!

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comedy, it shall be entitled Cupid's?

Cup. Do not scorn us, Hermes.

Mer. Choler and Cupid are two fiery things; I scorn them not. But I see that come to pass, which I presaged in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so resty.

Mer. *Ex ungue;* you know the old adage, as these, so are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try: this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion.

[*Waves his arrow again.*

Mer. Ay, but let me save you a labour, Cupid: there were certain bottles of water fetch'd, and drunk off since that time, by these gallants.

Cup. Jove strike me into earth! the Fountain of Self-love!

Mer. Nay, faint not, Cupid.

Cup. I remember'd it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word: you saw, I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows' properties (to keep decorum) Cupid, are suited, it should seem, to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be born!

Mer. Nay rather, an attempt to have been forborn. [*The second dance ends.*

Cup. How might I revenge myself on this insulting Mercury? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. [*waves his arrow at Crites.*] It shall be so. Is Crites turn'd dotard on himself too?

Mer. That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

Cup. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not; or, as if one effect might not arise of divers causes? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Timè, and others there?

Cup. They are divine.

Mer. And Crites aspires to be so.

[*Music: they begin the third dance.*

Cup. But that shall not serve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude.

Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof

against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honey-bee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

Cyn. Ladies and gallants of our court, to end,
And give a timely period to our sports,
Let us conclude them with declining night;
Our empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompense
For your fair pains, t' have earn'd Diana's thanks,
Diana grants them, and bestows their crown
To gratify your acceptable zeal.
For you are they, that not, as some have done,
Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as, more rightly, gracious to the good;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere:
For so Actæon, by presuming far,
Did, to our grief, incur a fatal doom;
And so, swoln Niobe, comparing more
Than he presumed, was trophæed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seems it no crime to enter sacred bowers,
And hallow'd places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Seems it no crime
To brave a deity? Let mortals learn
To make religion of offending heaven,[4]
And not at all to censure powers divine.
To men this argument should stand for firm,
A goddess did it, therefore it was good:
We are not cruel, nor delight in blood.—
But what have serious repetitions
To do with revels, and the sports of court?
We not intend to sour your late delights

[4] *To make* religion *of offending heaven,*] This Latinism is not unfrequent in Jonson; it means to make a tender and conscientious scruple, &c.

With harsh expostulation. Let it suffice
That we take notice, and can take revenge
Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.
For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same:
Though we have now put on no tire of shine,[5]
But mortal eyes undazzled may endure.
Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak
Things under heaven, not powers which govern heaven.
And though ourself be in ourself secure,
Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all:
Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth gall.
Once more, we cast the slumber of our thanks
On your ta'en toil, which here let take an end.
And that we not mistake your several worths,
Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove
What makes you not yourselves, those clouds of masque;
Particular pains particular thanks do ask.
[*The dancers unmask.*
How! let me view you. Ha! are we contemn'd?
Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (under trust of their disguise)
Should mix themselves with others of the court,
And, without forehead, boldly press so far,
As farther none? How apt is lenity
To be abused! severity to be loath'd!
And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
Of neighbour virtues, and their borrow'd names,
Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities!

[5] *No tire of shine,*] i. e. no attire of light. So Whalley explains it: but tire is usually spoken of a head dress, and here means the glory, or rays of light that usually circled the brows of Diana.

Who would have thought that Philautia durst
Or have usurped noble Storgé's name,
Or with that theft have ventured on our eyes?
Who would have thought, that all of them should hope
So much of our connivence, as to come
To grace themselves with titles not their own?
Instead of med'cines, have we maladies?
And such imposthumes as Phantaste is
Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,
Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farther fraud than this:
Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appear, beloved Arete——So,
Another face of things presents itself,
Than did of late. What! feather'd Cupid masqued,
And masqued like Anteros? And stay! more strange!
Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy!
Nor endeth our discovery as yet:
Gelaia, like a nymph, that, but erewhile,
In male attire, did serve Anaides?—
Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
Who heretofore hath been too conversant
Among our train, but never felt revenge;
And Mercury bare Cupid company.
Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth,
Proclaim'd by us, gave opportunity
To thy attempts, although no privilege:
Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
Thy presence longer; vanish hence, away!
[*Exit Cupid.*
You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,
And hear what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot we well perceive your hand.
But, (for we mean not a censorian task,
And yet to lance these ulcers grown so ripe,)

Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two
We give the charge; impose what pains you
please:
Th'incurable cut off, the rest reform,
Remembering ever what we first decreed,
Since revels were proclaim'd, let now none bleed.
Are. How well Diana can distinguish times,
And sort her censures, keeping to herself
The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us!
Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.
Cri. First, Philautia, for she was the first,
Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name,
Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next,
Main Follies all, and of the female crew:
Amorphus, or Eucosmos' counterfeit,
Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,
Brazen Anaides, and Asotus last,
With his two pages, Morus and Prosaites;
And thou, the traveller's evil, Cos, approach,
Impostors all, and male deformities——
Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,
And will that at thy mercy they do stand,
Whom they so oft, so plainly scorn'd before.
'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
Then, Crites, practise thy discretion.
Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seem fitter for this task,
Than Crites far, but that you judge not so:
For I (not to appear vindicative,
Or mindful of contempts, which I contemn'd,
As done of impotence) must be remiss;
Who, as I was the author, in some sort,
To work their knowledge into Cynthia's sight,
So should be much severer to revenge
The indignity hence issuing to her name:
But there's not one of these who are unpain'd,

Or by themselves unpunished; for vice
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,
And turns delight itself to punishment.
But we must forward, to define their doom.
You are offenders, that must be confess'd;
Do you confess it?

All. We do.

Cri. And that you merit sharp correction?

All. Yes.

Cri. Then we (reserving unto Delia's grace
Her farther pleasure, and to Arete
What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you:
That from this place (for penance known of all,
Since you have drunk so deeply of Self-love)
You, two and two, singing a Palinode,
March to your several homes by Niobe's stone,
And offer up two tears a-piece thereon,
That it may change the name, as you must change,
And of a stone be called Weeping-cross:
Because it standeth cross of Cynthia's way,
One of whose names is sacred Trivia.
And, after penance thus perform'd, you pass
In like set order, not as Midas did,
To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream;
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon;
Where, purged of your present maladies,
Which are not few, nor slender, you become
Such as you fain would seem, and then return,
Offering your service to great Cynthia.
This is your sentence, if the goddess please
To ratify it with her high consent;
The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent.

Cyn. We do approve thy censure, belov'd Crites;*

* *We do approve thy censure*, belov'd Crites.] The change of name has here spoiled a verse. The quarto reads,

"We do approve thy censure, *Criticus*."

Which Mercury, thy true propitious friend,
(A deity next Jove beloved of us,)
Will undertake to see exactly done.
And for this service of discovery,
Perform'd by thee, in honour of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace
As shall become our bounty, and thy place.
Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court[6] a world to virtue draws.

[*Exeunt Cynthia and her Nymphs, followed by Arete and Crites:—Amorphus, Phantaste, &c. go off the stage in pairs, singing the following*

PALINODE.

Amo. From Spanish shrugs, French faces, smirks, irpes,[7] and all affected humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

[6] *A virtuous court*, &c.] This and the preceding lines form an elegant amplification of the well-known saying,

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.

[7] —— *smirks*, irpes, *&c.*] This word occurred in a former part of this play, (p. 288,) and I recollect it no where else in our old poetry. Its meaning must be gathered from the context, and may probably be set down, without much deviation from the fact, as a fantastic grimace, or contortion of the body. Whether the word bear any allusion to that convulsive affection of the features caused by the *herpes*, (St. Antony's fire,) or, be derived from *weörfen*, *werfen* (Teut.) to *warp*, I cannot say: there is indeed a substantive in Dutch, of which Jonson unquestionably, understood something, which probably bids fairer than either to be the parent of this strange term. *Werp*, *wierp*, or *worp*, (the W in Dutch is pronounced as a V,) means a jerk-

Pha. From secret friends, sweet servants, loves, doves, and such fantastic humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From stabbing of arms, flap-dragons,[8] healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From waving fans, coy glances, glicks, cringes, and all such simpering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From making love by attorney, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From perfumed dogs, monkies, sparrows, dildoes, and paraquettoes,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From wearing bracelets of hair, shoe-ties, gloves, garters, and rings with poesies,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

ing, *starting*, or bowing. From *verp* to *irp* the transition is natural and easy; and the sense of both words appears to be very nearly the same. Let the reader judge.

[8] *From* stabbing of arms, flap-dragons, *&c.*] The first of these fashionable practices has been already noticed (p. 298); it occurs also in Decker's *Honest Whore:*

"How many gallants have drank healths to me
"Out of *their dagger'd* arms!"

Flap-dragons are plums, &c. placed in a shallow dish filled with some spirituous liquor, out of which, when set on fire, they are to be dextrously snatched with the mouth. This elegant amusement was once more common in England than it is at present, and has been, at all times, a favourite one in Holland. Thus in *Ram Alley:* "My brother swallows it with more ease than a Dutchman does *flap-dragons.*" And in *A Christian turn'd Turk:* "They will devoure one another as familiarly as pikes doe gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen doe flap-dragons." A. I. S. 4. *Glicks*, which occurs in the next line, means ogling or leering looks. *Pargetting* (see below) is contemptuously used for painting or rather daubing the face: literally, it signifies coating a wall with plaster. The other terms are either such as have already occurred, or as do not require an explanation.

Pha. From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivelled faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From 'squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such public places,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. From entertaining one gallant to gull another, and making fools of either,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. From belying ladies' favours, noblemen's countenance, coining counterfeit employments, vain-glorious taking to them other men's services, and all self-loving humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

MERCURY *and* CRITES *sing.*

Now each one dry his weeping eyes,
And to the Well of Knowledge haste;
Where, purged of your maladies,
You may of sweeter waters taste:
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of Cynthia, and her court.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

EPILOGUE.

Gentles, be't known to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rhymer, and do thus begin.
The author (jealous how your sense doth take
His travails) hath enjoined me to make
Some short and ceremonious epilogue;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue:
He ties me to such laws as quite distract
My thoughts, and would a year of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry,
Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory;
But betwixt these. Let's see; to lay the blame
Upon the children's action, that were lame.
To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The play, might tax the maker of Self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
"By ——'tis good, and if you like't, you may."[9]

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

[9] ——— *and if you like't, you may.*] "Short and ceremonious" with a witness! This is what the modest Massinger calls "strange self-love in a writer," and what might well have been dispensed with on the present occasion. This overweening confidence procured Jonson a host of enemies, and involved him in petty warfare, unworthy of his powers. The truth is, that he wrote above his audience, and adopted this rude and desperate mode of overawing their censure, when he suspected that he had failed to convince their judgment. Not that this way of bullying the hearer (for it is no better) was new to the stage, or

peculiar to Jonson. Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, not composed, like this piece, with all the austerity of the ancient drama, but thrown out, at random, when he was either drunk, or light-headed, or both, concludes somewhat in the same audacious manner:

"But for the love-scenes————
"He'll stand no shock of censure. The *play's good*,
"He says, *he knows it*, if well understood."

This is better, perhaps, than to have the Poet enter in a mourning suit, with an axe on his shoulders, and a piteous request to the audience that, "if they are determined not to like his play, they will be pleased to cut his head off." But, in fact, both practices are reprehensible in a high degree, and always defeat their own ends. Overstrained humiliation excites ridicule; arrogant assumption provokes indignation; and both are hostile alike to the poet's genuine object.

Little remains to be said of *Cynthia's Revels*. The characters are well drawn, and well supported; and the influence of the Fountain of Self-love upon their natural vanity is pleasantly described: but they have little bearing upon one another; while the plot of the drama is so finely spun that no eye perhaps but Jonson's has ever been able to trace it. The gradual decline of interest from *Every Man in his Humour* to the present play, is as striking as it is mortifying, especially as the author appears to have spared no pains, and even to have exhibited more neatness of style, and perhaps more force of expression. There is still a retrospect to the preceding comedies. Amorphus and Asotus are Bobadil and master Stephen; yet without their natural touches: the rest scarcely merit particular attention. Cupid and Mercury, who open the "Revels" with such pure and genuine humour, lose all their pleasantry after the first act. As deities they do well; as pages they have "no more wit than ordinary men," and are scarcely distinguishable from Cos and Prosaites. What amusement the spectators might find in the solemn buffoonery of the contending courtiers I know not; but the reader, to whom it appears unintelligible, for want of a few marginal notes, which the author would not, and the editor cannot supply, must find it intolerably tedious. The fulsome compliments paid to the "obdurate virgin" of threescore and ten, the hoary-headed Cynthia of Whitehall, must have appeared infinitely ridiculous, if the frequency of the practice had not utterly taken away the sense of derision. Yet Jonson must not be without his peculiar praise. The language of the time was grossly adulatory; and from Spenser to the meanest scribbler, our poet was almost the only one who interspersed salutary counsels among his flatteries.

THE POETASTER;

OR, HIS

ARRAIGNMENT.

THE POETASTER.] This "Comical Satire," as the folio terms it, was produced in 1601, and acted, like *Cynthia's Revels*, by the children of the queen's chapel. It was printed in quarto the following year, with this motto from Martial,

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

and again, in folio, in 1616. The *Poetaster* was frequently performed at the private theatre in Black Friars, where it seems to have been a favourite. The actors were the same that appeared in the preceding drama, with the exception of Wil. Ostler and Tho. Marton. Of the last I can give the reader no information; but Wil. Ostler, who probably played the part of Julia, rose to considerable eminence in his profession, and was subsequently addressed by Davies as "the Roscius of his times," in a prosing epigram which concludes in this singular manner:

"But if thou plaist thy dying part as well
"As thy stage part, thou hast no part in hell."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ... was buried in [illegible].

[illegible] ... you were once a mute and timely undertaker, &c.] It appears from the *Apologetical Dialogue* subjoined to this Drama, that Jonson was accused of having reflected in it, on the professions of law, and arms. By one of these he was probably threatened with a prosecution either in the Star-chamber, or the King's Bench, from which the friendly offices of Mr. Martin with the Lord Chief Justice seem to have delivered him. So, at least, I understand the passage. There was, indeed, another occasion on which the friendship of this generous man might have stood Jonson in

the delight of your goodness, which is to see that prosper you preserved, and posterity to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name, which so much ignorance and malice of the times then conspired to have supprest.

Your true Lover,

BEN. JONSON.[3]

great stead. I speak of his imprisonment, together with Chapman and Marston, for the satire against the Scots in *Eastward Hoe!* but as this was a most serious affair, and really implicated the poet's safety, he would, perhaps, have been more explicit had the allusion been to this circumstance.

[3] The quarto has no dedication, but merely the following address to the reader:

> " *Ludimus innocuis verbis, hoc juro potentis*
> " *Per Genium Famæ, Castalidumque gregem;*
> " *Perque tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,*
> " *Lector, inhumana liber ab invidia.*" Mart.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Augustus Cæsar.	Hermogenes Tigellius.
Mecænas.	Demetrius Fannius.
Marc. Ovid.	Albius.
Cor. Gallus.	Minos.
Sex. Propertius.	Histrio.
Fus. Aristius.	Æsop.
Pub. Ovid.	Pyrgi.
Virgil.	Lictors, Equites, &c.
Horace.	
Trebatius.	Julia.
Asinius Lupus.	Cytheris.
Pantilius Tucca.	Plautia.
Luscus.	Chloe.
Ruf. Lab. Crispinus.	Maids.

SCENE Rome.

THE POETASTER.

After the second Sounding.

ENVY *arises in the midst of the stage.*

Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendor pitchy darkness.
What's here? THE ARRAIGNMENT![1] *ay; this, this is it,*
That our sunk eyes have waked for all this while:
Here will be subject for my snakes and me.
Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving worms,[2]

[1] *What's here?* THE ARRAIGNMENT!] Envy says this upon discovering, as Whalley observes, the title of the play, which, as is already mentioned, was always written or painted in large letters, and fixed in some conspicuous part of the stage. To this practice there are innumerable allusions in our old dramatists.

[2] *Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving* worms,] *Worms*, the generic English word for snake, is very common in our ancient writers, though now confined to one or two of the species. Cowley seems to have had this description in view, in the first book of the Davideis. Envy rises from the infernal regions, attired as she is here, and thus addresses her ministers:

——"With that she takes
"One of her worst, her best *beloved snakes*,
"Softly, *dear worm*, soft and unseen, she said,
"Into his bosom steal," &c.

Cowley is so pleased with the management and address of

And cast you round in soft and amorous folds,
Till I do bid uncurl; then, break your knots,
Shoot out yourselves at length, as your forced stings
Would hide themselves within his maliced sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight;
I'll darken that first, and outface their grace.
Wonder not, if I stare: these fifteen weeks,
So long as since the plot was but an embrion,[3]
Have I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play,
To which at last I am arrived as Prologue.
Nor would I you should look for other looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me, than what
The infected bulk of Envy can afford:
For I am risse here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
And thousand such promoting sleights as these.
Mark how I will begin: The scene is, ha!
Rome? Rome?[4] *and Rome? Crack, eye-strings, and your balls*

Envy, that he very characteristically makes her "envy herself!"

[3] —— *these* fifteen weeks,
So long as since the plot was but an embrion.] There is no pleasing Decker; for he twits Jonson with this confession. "What, will he be *fifteen weeks* about this cockatrice's egg too? has he not cackled yet? has he not lay'd yet?" Surely our Untrusser must have possessed a very extraordinary facility in writing, if such a period as this appeared too long for the production of the *Poetaster*.

[4] —— *the scene is, ha!*
Rome? Rome? &c.] We have here a curious proof of the absolute poverty of the stage. As far as we have hitherto gone in Jonson, not the slightest notice has occurred of a moveable scene: a board, or a slip of paper, tells the audience that *Rome* is before them; and if there is any necessity for changing the

Drop into earth; let me be ever blind.
I am prevented; all my hopes are crost,
Check'd, and abated; fie, a freezing sweat
Flows forth at all my pores, my entrails burn:
What should I do? Rome! Rome! O, my vext soul,
How might I force this to the present state?
Are there no players here? no poet-apes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steep'd in venom, as their hearts in gall?
Either of these would help me; they could wrest,
Pervert, and poison all they hear, or see,
With senseless glosses, and allusions.
Now, if you be good devils, fly me not.
You know what dear and ample faculties
I have endow'd you with: I'll lend you more.
Here, take my snakes among you, come and eat,
And while the squeez'd juice flows in your black jaws,
Help me to damn the author. Spit it forth
Upon his lines, and shew your rusty teeth
At every word, or accent: or else choose
Out of my longest vipers, to stick down
In your deep throats; and let the heads come forth
At your rank mouths; that he may see you arm'd
With triple malice, to hiss, sting, and tear
His work and him; to forge, and then declaim,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, inform, suggest;
O, these are gifts wherein your souls are blest.
What! do you hide yourselves? will none appear?
None answer? what, doth this calm troop affright you?
Nay, then I do despair; down, sink again:
This travail is all lost with my dead hopes.

place of action, as in *Catiline*, another bit of deal is thrust in, to inform them that they now see Fesulæ. The rage of Envy is excited because the scene is not laid in London, and among the poet's contemporaries; a little patience, however, would have rendered her fury unnecessary.

If in such bosoms spite have left to dwell,
Envy is not on earth, nor scarce in hell!
[Descends slowly.

The third sounding.

As she disappears, enter PROLOGUE *hastily, in armour.*

Stay, monster, ere thou sink—thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth: so Spite should die,
Despised and scorn'd by noble Industry.
If any muse why I salute the stage,
An armed Prologue;[3] *know, 'tis a dangerous age:*
Wherein who writes, had need present his scenes
Forty-fold proof against the conjuring means
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.

[3] *An armed Prologue.*] The prologue is spoken by a person in armour, to defend the author against the attacks of his adversaries and detractors. This whimsical circumstance has been imitated in the prologue to *Langartha*, a tragi-comedy by Henry Burnell, which an Amazon delivers with a battle-axe in her hand. And the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* was so spoken:

"And hither am I come,
"A *prologue arm'd*—but not in confidence
"Of author's pen."

Not, as the commentators observe, in confidence of the author's abilities, but in a character suited to the subject. *Troilus and Cressida* is supposed to have been written in 1602. WHAL.

O bone, ποιον σε κακος φυγειν! But for this inadvertent introduction of the date of *Troilus and Cressida*, the passage in the text might have passed for a "wanton sneer" at Shakspeare; now, alas! the quotation can only be considered as a "just reflection" upon Jonson; which, as the commentators well know, is a very different thing.

'Gainst these, have we put on this forced defence:
Whereof the allegory and hid sense
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put case our author should, once more,
Swear that his play were good;[6] *he doth implore,*
You would not argue him of arrogance:
Howe'er that common spawn of ignorance,
Our fry of writers, may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such full-blown vanity he more doth loth,
Than base dejection: there's a mean 'twixt both.
Which with a constant firmness he pursues,
As one that knows the strength of his own Muse.
And this he hopes all free souls will allow:
Others that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pities than envies:
His mind it is above their injuries.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene draws, and discovers OVID *in his study.*

Ovid. *Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,*
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.
It shall go so.

[6] ——————*put case our author should, once more,*
Swear that his play were good;] This alludes to the last line of the epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*. It had justly scandalized the audience, and Jonson takes the first occasion to apologize for the language. His apology, however, is but awkward, and little more, at best, than an assumption of the very point in dispute. It is, indeed, true, that "there is a mean betwixt full-blown vanity and base dejection," but where is it to

Enter Luscus *with a gown and cap.*

Lusc. Young master, master Ovid, do you hear? Gods a' me! away with your songs and sonnets, and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poison on 'em! I cannot abide them, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of Helicon! Nay, look, what a rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear them now.

Ovid. Give me; how near is my father?

Lusc. Heart a' man: get a law book in your hand, I will not answer you else. [*Ovid puts on his cap and gown.*] Why so! now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Luscus, that thou swearest so tragically and high?

Lusc. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he call'd for them ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why, was he no readier?

Lusc. O no; and there was the mad skeldering captain,[7] with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries *Thou must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.*

be found in the lines before us, or in those already noticed? It is but fair to remark that Jonson hazarded nothing equally offensive in his subsequent addresses to the theatre.

[7] *The mad* skeldering *captain,*] This word, which is explained

Ovid. Who, Pantilius Tucca?

Lus. Ay, he; and I met little master Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an he be under their arrest, I may with safety enough read over my elegy before he come.

Lus. Gods a' me! what will you do? why, young master, you are not Castalian mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate, ha!

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lus. God be with you, sir; I'll leave you to your poetical fancies, and furies. I'll not be guilty, I. [*Exit.*

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance. I'm glad th'art gone;
For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

Envy, why twit'st thou me,[8] *my time's spent ill,*
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?

in p. 8, is adopted by our poet's antagonist, and applied to the same character; "Come—if *skeldering* fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish." *Satiromastix.* And by Marmion,

"Wandering abroad to *skelder* for a shilling,
"Amongst your bowling allies."

Fine Companion, A. III. S. 4.

[8] *Envy, why twit'st thou me, &c.*] Jonson's translations, as Whalley somewhere observes, "are not to be estimated by the smooth and flowing elegance of modern paraphrasts." Conciseness, and a close adherence to the text, were the points at which he aimed; and in these he rarely fails of his ends. The present version, which is that of El. 15, Amor. Lib. i. gives us line for line of the original, without the omission of a single idea; nor is it altogether devoid of ease and spirit.

This little poem does not now appear for the first time. In 1599 was published a translation of Ovid's *Elegies* by Christopher Marlow, and this among them: not, indeed, precisely as t stands here, but with such variations as may be supposed to exist in the rough sketch of a finished original. Marlow was now

Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or, to the sea, fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripen'd ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
While slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be whorish,
Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-rear'd strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told,
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth and seas in fire and flame shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Ænee shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head!
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken.

dead; but it seems strange that the editor of his poems, who might be Chapman, should print this under his name, especially as it is followed by that before us; which Jonson probably reclaimed when he wrote the *Poetaster*.

I give this poem to Jonson, because he is well known to be incapable of taking credit for the talents of another; and it certainly affords a curious instance of the laxity of literary morality in those days, when a scholar could assert his title to a poem of forty-two lines, of which thirty at least are literally borrowed, and the remainder only varied for the worse.

Our Gallus shall be known from east to west;
So shall Lycoris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering plough-share or the flint may wear;
But heavenly Poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full flowing from the Muses well.
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I be often read.
Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;
For after death all men receive their right.
Then, when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

Enter OVID *senior, followed by* LUSCUS, TUCCA, *and* LUPUS.

Ovid se. Your *name shall live,* indeed, sir! you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on; you never so much as dream of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expenses? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses! Poetry! Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker!

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, call'd Medea.[9] By my household gods, if I come

[9] *A tragedy of yours called* Medea.] Of this tragedy all but one line is lost. It is mentioned by Quintilian and the elder Seneca, as a work of considerable merit: indeed, Ovid himself

to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me, when I promise it. What! shall I have my son a stager now? an enghle for players?[1] a gull, a rook, a shot-clog, to make suppers, and be laugh'd at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lus. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears damm'd up to good counsel. I did augur all this to him beforehand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, goodman slave! what, rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship,[2] dost hear? are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? Are we parallels, rascal, are we parallels?

Ovid sc. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are in your element, go: here be the emperor's captains, you raggamuffin rascal, and not your comrades. [*Exit Luscus.*

speaks of it with some complacency, and asserts that he was not without talents for compositions of this nature:

> "*Sceptra tamen sumpsi; curaque tragœdia nostra*
> "*Crevit, et huic operi quamlibet aptus eram.*"
>
> Am. lib. 2. el. xviii.

[1] *An* enghle *for players.*] See p. 429.

[2] *Why, my* master *of worship, &c.*] The quarto reads my *knight*, &c. Ovid was of the equestrian order: there are several variations of a similar nature, in the appellations with which this whimsical character so frequently sports; but they are, in general, too unimportant for particular notice.

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it; I have not been a tribune thus long and observed nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Thou art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeed; the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for them; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling suit to make his punk a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are in the statute,[3] the rascals; they are blazoned there; there they are trick'd,[4] they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wiss.

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law!

[3] *They forget they are in the* statute, *&c.*] He alludes to the statute of the thirty-ninth of Elizabeth, by which common players, i. e. persons not authorised to act under the hand and seal of some nobleman, were deemed rogues and vagabonds.

[4] *They are blazoned there; there they are* trick'd,] To *blazon*, is to set forth a coat of arms in its proper colours; to *trick*, as has been before observed, is to draw it only with a pen.

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more,
That blow your ears with these untrue reports.
I am not known unto the open stage,
Nor do I traffic in their theatres:
Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request
Of some near friends,[5] and honourable Romans,
I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem! and where is it? That's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus! there's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast nothing but thy bare exhibition;[6] which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. Ay, your god of poets there, whom all of you admire and reverence so much, Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but with hallow'd lips and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor blind, rhyming rascal, that lived obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses,

[5] *Of some* near *friends,*] Whalley, who took for his text the paltry edition of the booksellers, gave *meer* friends; an expression not bad in itself, but without authority. This very corruption has been frequently produced by the commentators, as ascertaining the ancient sense of the word *mere.* It is seldom safe to trust a copy of a copy; they should have turned to the quarto and folio editions.

[6] *Thy bare* exhibition.] i.e. stipend, or annual allowance from his father. This word has been already noticed.

and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the whoreson hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well:—nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is it not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that now being dead his works have eternized him, and made him divine: but could this divinity feed him while he lived? could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue, could it?

Ovid se. Ay, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.[7]

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods:
I will be any thing, or study any thing;
I'll prove the unfashion'd body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains
Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry; he is bewitch'd with it.

Lup. Come, do not misprize him.

Ovid se. Misprize! ay, marry, I would have him use some such words now; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make

[7] *Thou speakest sentences, old* Bias.] Bias was one of the seven sages of Greece. Immortality was cheaply purchased in his days, for, to speak tenderly, there is "no great matter" in such of his "sentences" as have come down to us. What follows, as far as "Well, the day grows old," is not in the quarto.

himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law;[8] we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy,[9] without respecting any other merit; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble neophyte; my little grammaticaster, he does: it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better: besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril

[8] *He that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law, &c.*] These and what follow, are probably the passages which gave offence to the professors of the law. Jonson's old antagonist thus alludes to them, "Thou hast entered actions of assault and battery against a company of honourable and worshipful fathers of the law, thou wrangling rascal: law is one of the pillars of the land." *Satiromastix.*

[9] *Why, the law makes a man* happy, &c.] i. e. rich; a Latinism; there is something too pedantical in this;—it is, however, more excusable than the carelessness of our modern translators, who sometimes anglicise the word *(beatus)* literally, to the utter destruction of the sense. An instance just occurs to me. *Cat.* Car. x.

——"*Ego, ut puellæ*
"*Unum me facerem beatiorum,*" *&c.*

This is rendered,

"I answer'd, that the slut, I own,
"Might take me for a *lucky* one," &c.

It should be, for a *wealthy* one.

conscience;[1] to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. Ay, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle, fruitless studies, that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his backface again, and look only forward to the law: intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy society with the best; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ache for itself; and so farewell! What, are my horses come?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well.—Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there: I'll attend thee, I—

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms: I know his project. [*Aside.*

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, captain Tucca, what say you?

[1] *Thy* chevril *conscience;*] i. e. stretching: the allusion is to kid's leather, which is yielding and pliable: thus Shakspeare:

——————— "The capacity
"Of your soft *chevril* conscience would receive,
"If you might please to stretch it."

Henry VIII. A. II. S. 3. WHAL.

Tuc. Why, what should I say, or what can I say, my flower o' the order? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it, my noble Lucullus, thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump: honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat[2] at all times. Thou art the man of war's Mecænas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou be graced then by them, as well as he is by his poets?—

Enter Pyrgus *and whispers* Tucca.

How now, my carrier, what news?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out: what! it is no treason against the state I hope, is it?

Lus. Yes, against the state of my master's purse. [*Aside, and exit.*

Pyr. [*aloud,*] Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week; his mules are not yet come up.

Tuc. His mules! now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his mules! What, have they

[2] *Honour's a good* brooch *to wear in a man's hat*] The fashion of wearing some kind of ornament in the front of the hat is noticed by all our old poets. These *brooches* were sometimes of great value, and formed of jewels set in gold or silver, (see Massinger, Vol. IV. p. 213,) and sometimes of copper, lead, &c. nay, so universal was the mode, that to accommodate the poor, it was found necessary to form them, like the boss of the Romans, of yet ruder materials, pasteboard and leather. The last is mentioned by Decker, "Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a *leather brooch.*" *Satiromastix.*

the yellows, his mules, that they come no faster? or are they foundered, ha? his mules have the staggers belike, have they?

Pyr. O no, sir:—then your tongue might be suspected for one of his mules. [*Aside.*

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his mules, does he? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must have money, I: I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem me and my followers?[3] ask him an he will clem me; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler,[4] this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimeras, as well as other creatures; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you,[5] I warrant him. [*Aside.*

[3] *What, will he* clem *me and my followers?*] i. e. *starve.* It has occurred already, p. 108, "Hard is the choice, when the valiant must eat their arms or clem." See also Massinger, Vol. II. p. 362. There is some pleasantry in making Agrippa, the first man in the state, indebted to this beggarly captain.

[4] *Yet, stay, my little* tumbler,] Not one that shews postures, but a particular kind of dog, to which our ancestors gave the name of *tumbler*, from his manner of hunting. WHAL.

[5] *Better* cheap *than he shall see you,*] At a less price. *Cheap* is market, and the adjective *good*, with its comparatives, is often joined with it by our old writers; thus we have continually good cheap, *better cheap*, &c. for cheap, cheaper, and cheapest.

Tuc. Thou must let me have six—six drachms, I mean, old boy: thou shalt do it; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see?—Go, walk off: [*to the Boy*]—There, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus; thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy: thou must not be so; thou must leave them, young novice, thou must; they are a sort of poor starved rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor.—'Tis right, old boy, is't?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, captain.

Tuc. No; fare thou well, mine honest horseman; and thou, old beaver. [*to Lupus*]—Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not balk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning; go thy ways, if thou lack money I'll lend thee some: I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy. [*Exit, followed by Pyrgus.*

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow.—Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you——

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so: The gods of Rome bless thee! [*Exit with Lupus.*

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law:[6]

[6] *And give me stomach to digest this law:*
That should have follow'd, &c.] So Gloster, in the same strain of irony:

That should have follow'd sure, had I been he.
O, sacred Poesy, thou spirit of arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinities!
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee; or, from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adulterate brains:
When, would men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Born on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright hoofs;
They would not then, with such distorted faces,
And desperate censures, stab at Poesy.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects
As gold, or titles; they would dread far more
To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.
The time was once,[7] when wit drown'd wealth; but now,
Your only barbarism is t' have wit, and want.
No matter now in virtue who excels,
He that hath coin, hath all perfection else.

"Amen! and make me die a good old man!
"That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
"I marvel that her Grace did leave it out."
Rich. III. Act II. Sc. 2. WHAL.

[7] *The time was once*, &c.] This is from *Amor.* lib. iii. eleg. 8.

"*Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro;*
"*At nunc barbaries grandis, habere nihil.*"

Tib. [*within*] Ovid!
Ovid. Who's there? Come in.

Enter TIBULLUS.

Tib. Good morrow, lawyer.[8]
Ovid. Good morrow, dear Tibullus; welcome: sit down.
Tib. Not I. What, so hard at it? Let's see, what's here?
Numa in decimo nono! Nay, I will see it——
Ovid. Prithee away——
Tib. *If thrice in field a man vanquish his foe,*
'Tis after in his choice to serve or no.
How now, Ovid! Law cases in verse?
Ovid. In troth, I know not; they run from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse.[9] What's the news abroad?

[8] *Good morrow*, lawyer.] It should be observed, that Ovid is still in the cap and gown which he had assumed upon the entrance of his father.

[9] —— *they run from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse.*]

" *Sponte tamen numeros carmen veniebat ad aptos,*
" *Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.*"

The above, however, is but a poor specimen of it; though it serves well enough to shew that Lord Hardwicke was not the first who thought of putting the common law into verse. As Whalley brought back the date of this law from the 4to, it is here retained; though, with some little injustice, perhaps, to Jonson. He had discovered, I imagine, the impropriety of attributing regulations of a warlike nature to Numa, and therefore omitted the title upon a revision of the play.

We hear no more of Ovid's law; yet he was somewhat farther advanced in it than Jonson seems to admit: he was apparently a very respectable advocate. He tells Augustus that he had pleaded causes in his youth with success, as one of the Centumviri; and that, when he heard private disputes as a judge, the losing parties were satisfied with the equity of his decision:

" *Nec male commissa est nobis fortuna reorum,*
" *Lisque,*" &c.————Trist. lib. ii. v. 93.

Tib. Off with this gown; I come to have thee walk.

Ovid. No, good Tibullus, I'm not now in case. Pray let me alone.

Tib. How! not in case?
'Slight, thou'rt in too much case, by all this law.

Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dress the law
In sprightly Poesy's habiliments.

Tib. The hell thou wilt! What! turn law into verse?
Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, read that same;
There's subject for you; and, if I mistake not,
A *supersedeas* to your melancholy.

Ovid. How! subscribed *Julia!* O my life, my heaven!

Tib. Is the mood changed?

Ovid. Music of wit! note for th' harmonious spheres!
Celestial accents, how you ravish me!

Tib. What is it, Ovid?

Ovid. That I must meet my Julia, the princess Julia.

Tib. Where?

Ovid. Why, at ——
Heart, I've forgot; my passion so transports me.

Tib. I'll save your pains: it is at Albius' house,
The jeweller's, where the fair Lycoris lies.

Ovid. Who? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus' love?

Tib. Ay, he'll be there too, and my Plautia.

Ovid. And why not your Delia?

Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.

Ovid. True; but, my sweet Tibullus, keep that secret;
I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought
I veil bright Julia underneath that name:
Julia, the gem and jewel of my soul,

That takes her honours from the golden sky,
As beauty doth all lustre from her eye.
The air respires the pure Elysian sweets
In which she breathes, and from her looks descend
The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,
Praised in herself above all praise; and he
Which hears her speak, would swear the tuneful orbs
Turn'd in his zenith only.

Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thyself.

Ovid. O, in no labyrinth can I safelier err,
Than when I lose myself in praising her.
Hence, law, and welcome Muses! though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconciled,
And new made one. Henceforth, I promise faith,
And all my serious hours to spend with you;
With you, whose music striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steals forth my spirit,
In Julia's name; fair Julia: Julia's love
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll study,
The law and art of sacred Julia's love:
All other objects will but abjects prove.

Tib. Come, we shall have thee as passionate as Propertius, anon.

Ovid. O, how does my Sextus?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

Ovid. What, still?

Tib. Still, and still more, his griefs do grow upon him
As do his hours. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common work of Fate.

Ovid. O, my Tibullus,
Let us not blame him; for against such chances
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been struck

With the like planet, had our loves, like his,
Been ravish'd from us by injurious death,
And in the height and heat of our best days,
It would have crack'd our sinews, shrunk our veins,
And made our very heart-strings jar, like his.
Come, let's go take him forth, and prove if mirth
Or company will but abate his passion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the gods it may.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Albius's *House.*

Enter ALBIUS *and* CRISPINUS.

Alb. Master Crispinus, you are welcome: pray use a stool, sir. Your cousin Cytheris will come down presently. We are so busy for the receiving of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with myself, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir; pray you sit, sir.

Crisp. I am very well, sir. Never trust me, but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment! an excellent air, an excellent air!

Alb. Ay, sir, 'tis a pretty air. These courtiers run in my mind still; I must look out. For Jupiter's sake, sit, sir; or please you walk into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

Crisp. I am most strenuously well, I thank you, sir.

Alb. Much good do you, sir.

Enter CHLOE, *with two* Maids.

Chloe. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses and violets here: Fie! here be rooms savour the most pitifully rank that ever I felt. I cry the gods mercy, [*sees Albius*] my husband's in the wind of us!

Alb. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent! well said, my sweet Chloe; trim up your house most obsequiously.

Chloe. For Vulcan's sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth, you overcome our perfumes exceedingly; you are too predominant.

Alb. Hear but my opinion, sweet wife.

Chloe. A pin for your pinion! In sincerity, if you be thus fulsome to me in every thing, I'll be divorced. Gods my body! you know what you were before I married you; I was a gentlewoman born, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizen's wife, because I heard, indeed, they kept their wives as fine as ladies; and that we might rule our husbands like ladies, and do what we listed; do you think I would have married you, else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife:—she speaks the best of any woman in Italy, and moves as mightily; which makes me, I had rather she should make bumps on my head, as big as my two fingers, than I would offend her.—But, sweet wife——

Chloe. Yet again! Is it not grace enough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife; but you must still be poking me, against my will, to things?

Alb. But you know, wife, here are the greatest ladies, and galliantest gentlemen of Rome, to be

entertained in our house now; and I would fain advise thee to entertain them in the best sort, i'faith, wife.

Chloe. In sincerity, did you ever hear a man talk so idly? You would seem to be master! you would have your spoke in my cart! you would advise me to entertain ladies and gentlemen! Because you can marshal your pack-needles, horse-combs, hobby-horses, and wall-candlesticks in your warehouse better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain ladies and gentlefolks better than I!

Alb. O, my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that; gain savours sweetly from any thing;[1] he that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike, and admit no difference between oade and frankincense,[2] or the most precious balsamum and a tar-barrel.

Chloe. Marry, foh! you sell snuffers too,[3] if you be remember'd; but I pray you let me buy

[1] *Gain savours sweetly from any thing;*] When Jonson thus gave us the meaning of the Latin saying, *Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*, he forgot that the occasion from which it took its rise was much posterior to the age in which the persons of his drama lived. WHAL.

Whalley alludes to the well-known anecdote of Vespasian: the words of the text, however, are a proverbial sentence as old in the world as the love of gain. The merit of Vespasian's jest consists in the practical application of them.

[2] —— *admit no difference between* oade, *&c.*] i. e. "woad, a plant much cultivated in this country for the use of dyers:" *Dict.* The blue tinct with which the ancient Britons stained their bodies, is said to have been obtained from this vegetable.

[3] *Marry, foh! you sell* snuffers *too*, &c.] These, with the articles enumerated above, seem rather awkwardly placed in a jeweller's shop: but trades were fewer, and less accurately defined, in Jonson's days; hence these collections of heterogeneous wares were to be found in every street. Chloe is a confirmed punster.

them out of your hand; for, I tell you true, I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you, at these years, i'faith. Alas, man, there was not a gentleman came to your house in your t'other wife's time, I hope! nor a lady, nor music, nor masques! Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbased myself, from my hood and my farthingal, to these bum-rowls and your whalebone bodice.

Alb. Look here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my dear mummia, my balsamum, my spermaceti, and my very city of ——She has the most best, true, feminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her fair features.

Alb. Ah, peace; you shall hear more anon; be not seen yet, I pray you; not yet: observe. [*Exit.*

Chloe. 'Sbody! give husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but head shortly: What's he there?

1 *Maid.* I know not, forsooth.

2 *Maid.* Who would you speak with, sir?

Cris. I would speak with my cousin Cytheris.

2 *Maid.* He is one, forsooth, would speak with his cousin Cytheris.

Chloe. Is she your cousin, sir?

Cris. [*coming forward.*] Yes, in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chloe. She is a gentlewoman.

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chloe. Are you a gentleman born?

Cris. That I am, lady; you shall see mine arms, if it please you.

Chloe. No, your legs do sufficiently shew you are a gentleman born, sir; for a man borne upon little legs, is always a gentleman born.[4]

Cris. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my arms, mistress; for I bear them about me, to have them seen: My name is *Crispinus*, or *Crispinas* indeed; which is well expressed in my arms;[5] a face crying *in chief;* and beneath it a bloody toe, between three thorns *pungent.*

Chloe. Then you are welcome, sir: now you are a gentleman born, I can find in my heart to

[4] *A man borne upon little legs is always a gentleman born.*] To this fashionable characteristic of a fine gentleman, there are innumerable allusions in our old writers; thus Browne,

——— "If *small legs* wan
"Ever the title of a *gentleman*,
"His did acquire it."——*Brit. Past.* lib. 2.

And Beaumont and Fletcher,

"I'll never trust long chins and *little legs* again;
"But know them, sure, for *gentlemen* hereafter."

And see Massinger, Vol. IV. 278. Decker, in his *Gulls Hornbook*, evidently refers to this passage. "Now, sir, if the writer" (of the comedy) "be a fellow that hath had a flurt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather or your *red* beard, or your *little legs*, on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a taverne, if, in the middle of his play, you rise," &c. Here Decker retorts on Jonson; the *blanketting* alludes to the punishment inflicted on him in the *Satiromastix*, and the *bastinadoing* to a circumstance of which (whether true or not) several hints are to be found in the same play.

[5] *My name is Crispinus, or Cri-spinas indeed; which is well expressed in my arms*, &c.] There is probably some personal allusion here, which is now lost. Whatever it was, it seems to have distressed Decker, for he strives to parry the attack by introducing a miserable witticism of his own—"as for Crispinus, that Crispine-ass," &c. These barbarous attempts upon names, under the title of anagrams, were among the amusements of scholars in Jonson's time: he, however, seems to have had a fixed contempt for them.

welcome you; for I am a gentlewoman born too, and will bear my head high enough, though 'twere my fortune to marry a tradesman.[6]

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature; your carriage shews it in any man's eye, that is carried upon you with judgment.

Re-enter ALBIUS.

Alb. Dear wife, be not angry.

Chloe. Gods my passion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your maids set cushions in the parlour windows, nor in the dining-chamber windows; nor upon stools, in either of them, in any case; for 'tis tavern-like: but lay them one upon another, in some out-room or corner of the dining-chamber.

Chloe. Go, go; meddle with your bed-chamber only; or rather with your bed in your chamber only; or rather with your wife in your bed only; or on my faith I'll not be pleased with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear wife, entertain that gentleman kindly, I prithee——mum. [*Exit.*

Chloe. Go, I need your instructions indeed! anger me no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a![7] she's a wise gentlewoman, i'faith, will marry herself to the sin of the city.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] But this time, and no more, by heav'n, wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dining-chamber, in any case, but in

[6] —— *to marry a* tradesman.] The quarto reads—to marry a *flat-cap*, a term of contempt usually applied to a citizen. See Vol. I. p. 45.

[7] Citi-sin, *quoth'a!* &c.] This exquisite pun on citizen serves very well to keep Cri-spinas in countenance. A little false spelling, I presume, (for I am no great adept in these matters,) is allowable where the effect produced by it is so very striking.

the gallery only; for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

Chloe. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife—— [*Exit.*

Chloe. Do I not bear a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, lady, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] And then, for the great gilt andirons ——

Chloe. Again! Would the andirons were in your great guts for me!

Alb. I do vanish, wife. [*Exit.*

Chloe. How shall I do, master Crispinus? here will be all the bravest ladies in court presently to see your cousin Cytheris: O the gods! how might I behave myself now, as to entertain them most courtly?

Cris. Marry, lady, if you will entertain them most courtly, you must do thus: as soon as ever your maid or your man brings you word they are come, you must say, *A pox on 'em! what do they here?* And yet, when they come, speak them as fair, and give them the kindest welcome in words that can be.

Chloe. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus?

Cris. I assure you it is, lady; I have observed it.

Chloe. For your pox, sir, it is easily hit on; but it is not so easy to speak fair after, methinks.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] O, wife, the coaches are come, on my word; a number of coaches and courtiers.

Chloe. *A pox on them! what do they here?*[8]

[8] *A pox on them! what do they here?*] Chloe is an apt scholar:

Alb. How now, wife! would'st thou not have them come?

Chloe. Come! come, you are a fool, you.—He knows not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you: and, good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say; let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking, as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet lady; let me alone to observe till I turn myself to nothing but observation.—

Enter CYTHERIS.

Good morrow, cousin Cytheris.

Cyth. Welcome, kind cousin. What! are they come?

Alb. Ay, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia, the emperor's daughter, and the lady Plautia, are 'lighted at the door; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let us go meet them, Chloe.

Chloe. Observe, Crispinus.

Crisp. At a hair's breadth, lady, I warrant you.

As they are going out, enter CORNELIUS GALLUS, OVID, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, HERMOGENES, JULIA, *and* PLAUTIA.

Gal. Health to the lovely Chloe! you must pardon me, mistress, that I prefer this fair gentlewoman.

—but who would think the lesson of so old a date! It seems as if it were delivered but yesterday.

Cyth. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir; and I beseech your excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Jul. Cytheris, she hath favour and behaviour, that commands as much of me: and, sweet Chloe, know I do exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the emperor may shew you. Is this your husband?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it please your highness.

Chloe. Gods my life, how he shames me!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloe, they all think you politic, and witty; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth and sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answer you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you again presently. [*Exit.*

Plau. You have chosen you a most fair companion here, Cytheris, and a very fair house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends are very welcome, Plautia.

Chloe. With all my heart, I assure your ladyship.

Plau. Thanks, sweet mistress Chloe.

Jul. You must needs come to court, lady, i'faith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to us.

Ovid. She will deserve it, madam; I see, even in her looks, gentry, and general worthiness.

Tib. I have not seen a more certain character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. [*re-entering.*] Wife!

Chloe. O, they do so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chloe. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and be welcome, the princess says.

[*Exit with Albius.*

Gal. Ovid and Tibullus, you may be bold to welcome your mistress here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thank Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

Prop. In faith I am not, Publius; nor I cannot.
Sick minds are like sick men that burn with fevers,
Who when they drink, please but a present taste,
And after bear a more impatient fit.
Pray let me leave you; I offend you all,
And myself most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate,
Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us.

Prop. O peace, Tibullus; your philosophy
Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve:
The free and unconstrained spirit feels
No weight of my oppression. [*Exit.*

Ovid. Worthy Roman![9]
Methinks I taste his misery, and could
Sit down, and chide at his malignant stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves so truly.

Cyth. This is the perfect'st love, lives after death.

[9] *Worthy Roman, &c.*] Ovid and his friends seem to have taken Propertius at his word, and given him credit for more

Gal. Such is the constant ground of virtue still.
Plau. It puts on an inseparable face.

Re-enter CHLOE.

Chloe. Have you mark'd every thing, Crispinus?
Cris. Every thing, I warrant you.
Chloe. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?
Cris. Ay, they are poets, lady.
Chloe. Poets! they did not talk of me since I went, did they?
Cris. O yes, and extolled your perfections to the heavens.
Chloe. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew: Poets! Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?
Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.
Chloe. What! shall they? and such a one as these?
Cris. Ay, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

affliction than he really suffered. Cynthia's own opinion of the matter is not quite so favourable to the feelings of her quondam lover. Her "grimly ghost" comes, like Margaret's, to his bedside, and exhibits a fearful scroll of complaints against him:

> "*Denique quis nostro curvum te funere vidit,*
> "*Atram quis lachrymis incaluisse togam?*
> "*Si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illud,*
> "*Jussisses, lectum lentius ire meum!*
> "*Cur ventos non ipse rogis, ingrate, petisti?*
> "*Cur nardo flammæ non olucre meæ?*"—

But this is nothing to what follows. Briefly, if half of what she says be true, her ghost is fully justified in walking.

Chloe. And shall your looks change, and your hair change, and all, like these?[1]

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Chloe. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet, if you can change your hair, I pray do.

Re-enter ALBIUS.

Alb. Ladies, and lordlings, there's a slight banquet stays within for you; please you draw near, and accost it.

Jul. We thank you, good Albius: but when shall we see those excellent jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. *At your ladyship's service.*—I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'll frequent these plays more than I have done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers. [*Aside.*

Gal. Why, how now, Hermogenes? what ailest thou, trow?

Her. A little melancholy; let me alone, prithee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Her. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me!

Chloe. Is that hard-favour'd gentleman a poet too, Cytheris?

[1] *And shall your* hair change, *like these?*] This is personal. It appears that Rufus Laberius Crispinus had red hair, which was not to Chloe's taste: Decker adverts to the bringing of a *red* beard on the stage, in the *Guls Hornbook.* See p. 419. *Cunning*, which occurs in Chloe's next speech, means *skill* in poetry; in which sense, and in its kindred one, proficiency in music, it is often found in Jonson and his contemporaries.

Cyth. No, this is Hermogenes: as humourous as a poet, though: he is a musician.

Chloe. A musician! then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you never hear him?

Chloe. O no: will he be entreated, think you?

Cyth. I know not.—Friend, mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suitors to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Prithee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayest be ever welcome.

Chloe. That he shall, in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song! come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes!

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; ourself will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsafed.

Her. Thank you, madam; but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him, is to abstain from entreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chloe. O, passingly.

Cris. Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

Chloe. I beseech your grace, entreat this gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chloe. I think so, madam; for he entreated me to entreat you to entreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's entreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam, I cannot in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you, he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent! What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. *If I freely may discover*, sir; I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be entreated to sing the other.

CRISPINUS *sings.*

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humourous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barr'd.

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Her. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

HERMOGENES, *accompanied.*

She should be allow'd her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admired of us.

Her. You shall hear me sing another. Now will I begin.[2]

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why, 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay: strike, music.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease[3] of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles.

All. Thanks, good Albius.

[*Exeunt all but Albius.*

Alb. O, what a charm of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old house-keeper, *I had rather want meat, than want guests;* espe-

[2] *Nor will I begin.*] The character of Hermogenes is drawn with great pleasantry by Horace, and Jonson has embodied his description very successfully: his insolence, vanity, affectation, and capriciousness are distinctly placed before the reader. The outlines, and merely the outlines, of the elegant song in the text, Ben found in Martial, as Whalley observes; the filling up is his own.

" *Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puellam?*
" *Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis:*
" *Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque probamus,*
" *Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat.*"

L. 1. ep. 58.

[3] *'Tis the common disease,* &c.] With this observation Horace introduces his character of Hermogenes:

" *Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos*
" *Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare, rogati,*
" *Injussi, nunquam desistant.*" Lib. 1. Sat. iii.

'cially if they be courtly 'guests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Re-enter CRISPINUS.

Cris. By your kind leave, master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes, faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so, in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum. [*Exit.*

Cris. I'll presently go and enghle some broker for a poet's gown,[4] and bespeak a garland: and then, jeweller, look to your best jewel, i'faith. [*Exit.*

[4] *I'll presently go and* enghle *some broker for a poet's gown,*] This word, the modern *angle*, is used with some latitude by our old poets; in general, however, it means to cheat, to impose upon, to draw in, as here—the substantive is always taken in a bad sense, sometimes for a *bait thrown out*, and sometimes for a *person deceived by it*; simply, for a dupe, a gull, a master Stephen. Hanmer derives enghle from the Fr. *engluer*, and Steevens, from inveigle: both are mistaken, however: it comes from a Saxon, or, if the reader likes it better, an old English word, signifying to suspend or *hang*, which is but another mode of spelling it.

Now I am advanced thus far, I will just observe that the commentators have made strange work of a passage in Shakspeare, for want of understanding the import of this term:

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Via Sacra,[5] *(or Holy Street.)*

Enter HORACE, CRISPINUS *following.*

Hor. Umph! yes, I will begin an ode so; and it shall be to Mecænas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mecænas loves him. I'll fall

> "O, master, master, I have watch'd so long,
> "That I'm dog weary; but at last I spied
> "An ancient *angel* coming down the hill
> "Will serve our turn." *Taming the Shrew.*

Angel can have no sense here, for, if a *messenger* be meant by it, as the critics say, this ancient personage could never be mistaken for one, by any body. Theobald and Warburton read Engle, meaning, perhaps, a native of the north of Europe; Steevens writes about it, and about it, and says nothing; and Malone leaves the passage in obscurity. Hanmer however, reads *enghle*, and this, I have no doubt, was the very word which Shakspeare, amidst all the uncertainty of his orthography, meant to use. What Tranio wanted, was a simpleton, a man fit to be imposed upon by a feigned tale; and such a one, Biondello, after a tedious search, presumes that he has discovered. But why does he form this conclusion? This is not even guessed at by the critics. It is pretty clearly hinted at, however, in the old comedy of the *Supposes*, from which Shakspeare took this part of his plot. There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakspeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances*, that he has found him, and is not deceived: "At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and, as *methought, by his habits and his looks, he should be none of the wisest.*" Again, "this gentleman being, *as I guessed at the first*, a man of small sapientia." And Dulippo, (the Lucentio of Shakspeare,) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, "Is this he? go meet him: by my troth, *he looks like a good soul*, he that fisheth for him *might be sure to catch a codshead.*" A. II. S. 1.

into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes in the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. *Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,*[6]
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
Above the brim:
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure fill'd with flame and sprite.

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs! How farest thou, sweet man? frolic? rich? gallant? ha!

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well: I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. Troth, no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir! I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay, we are new turn'd poet too, which is more; and a satirist too, which is more than that: I write just

These are the passages which our great poet had in view; and these, I trust, are more than sufficient to explain why Biondello concludes at first sight, that this "ancient piece of formality" *will serve his turn.* From his being constantly termed a *pedant*, it is probable that he was dressed in a long stuff gown, which is the invariable *costume* of a schoolmaster; the object of incessant ridicule in the old Italian comedy, from whom we borrowed him. "I was often," says Montaigne, "when a boy, wonderfully concerned to see, in the Italian farce, a *pedant* always brought in as the *fool of the play.*" Vol. I. p. 190.

[5] *The Via Sacra*, &c.] This scene is little more than a translation of Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. ix. It is far from ill done; and yet, methinks, Jonson might have found a happier method of introducing himself.

[6] *Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,*] Decker attempts to ridicule this little ode, but without success: It is easy to parody any thing into nonsense; but to make the public believe that it comes from such men as Jonson, when it is done, exceeds the powers of a hundred Deckers. This is some consolation.

in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons,[7] or any thing indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoic too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, sir.

Cris. By Phœbus, here's a most neat, fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamoured of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite, and terse! there's the front of a building now! I study architecture too: if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless, this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps. [*Aside.*

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O, your city ladies, you shall have them sit in every shop like the Muses—offering you the Castalian dews, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have but the sweet grace and audacity to——sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir;—but I am in some fear I must now. [*Aside.*

Cris. I'll tell thee some, if I can but recover them, I composed even now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now;[8] what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

[7] *I am for your odes, or your* sermons,] This is a barbarous version of *sermones*, which, Horace modestly applies to his *Satires*, on account of the approaches which the diction of them makes to familiar discourse.

[8] *I prefer that kind of* tire *now;*] i. e. head-dress. Crispinus shews his taste here: the hair neatly twisted and confined at

Cris. I cannot tell;[9] but it stirs me more than all your court-curls, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine, sweet —— little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornatures!

Hor. Is it not possible to make an escape from him? [*Aside.*

Cris. I have remitted my verses all this while; I think I have forgot them.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else. [*Aside.*

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat them of my memory!

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble, sir.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not have thee think so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they are my ears
That must be tortured: well, you must have
patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your satin sleeve begins to fret[1]

the top by a pearl brooch, or a silver bodkin, is certainly a more becoming fashion than any of the fantastic modes, which he enumerates. The *jeweller's wife* is Chloe, who had expressed a desire to see Crispinus a poet, p. 424.

[9] *I* cannot tell,] I know not what to say of it. Another example of that mode of speech, which the commentators have so unaccountably overlooked. See Vol. I. p. 125.

[1] *Your* satin sleeve begins to fret, &c.] Decker appears to have been extremely mortified at these reflections on his own and his friend's dress, and adverts to them with great bitterness. *Tucca.* "Thou wrongest here a good honest rascal, Crispinus, and a poor varlet Demetrius, brethren in thine own trade of poetry: thou say'st Crispinus' *satin doublet is ravelled out here;* and that

at the rug that is underneath it, I do observe: and your ample velvet bases[2] are not without evident stains of a hot disposition naturally.

Cris. O——I'll dye them into another colour, at pleasure: How many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?

Hor. 'Heart! I have put him now in a fresh way
To vex me more:—faith, sir, your mercer's book
Will tell you with more patience than I can:——
For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.[3]

Cris. 'Slight, these verses have lost me again!
I shall not invite them to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir; rather defer it

this penurious sneaker is out at elbows." *Satiro.* And again; "They have sewed up that seam-rent lie of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbows, and Crispinus is *fallen out with satin* here." *Ib.* The audience before whom these illiberal scenes were played, must have had singular notions of delicacy, if they found pleasure in them. Decker, however, is far more gross and scurrilous than Jonson: this, indeed, does not justify our author; but it serves to shew that the people were not scandalized by such conduct; and consequently, that little or no restraint was laid on the coarsest expressions of vulgar feeling.

[2] *Your ample velvet* bases.] In the quarto it is velvet *hose*; from which it appears that Jonson, as was sometimes the case with the writers of his age, uses the word for breeches. Strictly speaking, however, *bases* were a kind of short petticoat, somewhat like the phillibegs of the Highlanders, and were probably suggested by the military dress of the Romans. Thus, in the *Picture:*

"You, minion,
"Had a hand in it too, as it appears;
"Your *petticoat* serves for *bases* to this warrior."

[3] *For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.*] A play on the word *cross.* Decker does not forget this sneer. "Thou art great in somebody's books for thy parchment suit, (the *perpetuana* which Jonson usually wore, p. 278,) thou knowest where: thou wouldst be *out at elbows*, and *out at heels* too, but thou layest about thee with *a bill* for this." *Satiromastix.*

To a new time; I'll meet you at your lodging,
Or where you please: 'till then, Jove keep you, sir!
Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have it now.
Hor. Yes, sir. Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter,
Look down upon me! [*Aside.*
Cris.
Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap,
There to be placed;
Where thy smooth black, sleek white may smack,
And both be graced.
White is there usurp'd for her brow; her forehead: and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?
Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.
Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? prithee, stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by Phœbus.
Hor. I shall not! what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!
Cris. And then——
Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.
Cris. Yes, do, good Horace.
Hor. Thank you, sir.
Death! I must crave his leave to p— anon;
Or that I may go hence with half my teeth:
I am in some such fear. This tyranny
Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,
(Whether I will or no,) and make them stalls
To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold Bolanus,[4] now I say;

[4] *Happy thou, bold Bolanus,* &c.] This is the sense usually given, I believe, to these words,

"*O te, Bolane, cerebri*
"*Felicem!*"

But no one could shew more fretfulness and impatience than

Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, have call'd him fool, and fool,
And rank and tedious fool! and have flung jests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty
Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass,
To bear his fopperies—— [*Aside.*

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—prithee let's prove to enjoy thee a while. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed, ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend! what is he; do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where is he lodged?

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't? I prithee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens.[5]

Cris. O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come go; why stand'st thou?

Horace himself does. Surely the *felicity* of Bolanus must have consisted in an impenetrable, rather than a ticklish and tender scull: a comfortable indifference to all attacks; a good humoured stupidity that dosed over all impertinence; this, indeed, was to be envied.

In this speech, Horace has taken a line, by anticipation, from Juvenal:

"*Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.*"

[5] *On the* far side *of all Tyber yonder, by* Cæsar's gardens.] Had Shakspeare forgotten this, when, in *Julius Cæsar*, he placed the gardens *on this side Tyber*? or did he prefer the authority of North, to that of his old acquaintance?

Hor. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Foh! it is no matter, I fear no pestilence; I have not offended Phœbus.[6]

Hor. I have, it seems, or else this heavy scourge Could ne'er have lighted on me.

Cris. Come along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs.

Cris. Why, it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle; I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now!—
Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.
There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those
That here on earth torment poor patient spirits.

Cris. He dwells at the Three Furies, by Janus's temple.

Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweetmeats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir, I but guess'd at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

[6] *I fear no* pestilence; *I have not offended Phœbus.*] Alluding to the *plague* sent by Apollo among the Grecians, on account of the insult offered to his priest.—Hom. Il. lib. i. WHAL.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace, (do but taste me once,) if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive: I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I; or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not in the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking,[7] in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then, for my singing, Hermogenes himself envies me, that is your only master of music you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au! convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir: Your father is dead?

Cris. Ay, I thank Jove, and my grandfather

[7] *My* long stocking.] In this age, the breeches, or, more properly, the drawers, with men of fashion, fell short of the knees, and the defect was supplied by *long stockings*, the tops of which were fastened under the drawers. This may be seen in most of the portraits of the times.

This is Whalley's note: he could scarcely be mistaken in what he represents as so common to be seen; and yet, before I read it, I always supposed the allusion to be to that kind of stocking which was drawn up very high, and then rolled back over the breeches, till it nea\ touched the knee.

too, and all my kinsfolks, and well composed in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness, that rest in peace,
Free from the abundant torture of thy tongue:
Would I were with them too!

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,[8]
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I being but a child.

Cris. What was it, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish
By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy,[9]
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time I should be once surprised
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, if I were wise, she warn'd me shun
All such long-winded monsters as my bane;
For if I could but 'scape that one discourser,
I might no doubt prove an old aged man.—
By your leave, sir. [*Going.*

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I think on't, I am to appear in court here, to answer to

[8] ——— *one Sabella, sung*, &c.] Jonson has followed Horace in his Epodes, and made a proper name of this adjective:

——— *instat miki fatum triste*, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna.

What follows is translated with considerable pleasantry and spirit.

[9] *The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisy.*] These were disorders most incident to the climate of Italy: the pleurisy, or *laterum dolor*, we meet with frequently in classic authors; and it is now the most reigning disorder, during the summer months. WHAL.

one that has me in suit: sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour; if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me. Thou art familiar with these things; prithee, if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now, let me die, sir, if I know your laws,
Or have the power to stand still half so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go,
And the necessity——

Cris. 'Tis true.

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will, upon this consideration, discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means; I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No, faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mecænas with thee? liberally, ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I protest, has used his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mecænas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I, in a small time, should

lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer; This brize has prick'd my patience.[1] Sir, your silkness
Clearly mistakes Mecænas and his house,
To think there breathes a spirit beneath his roof,
Subject unto those poor affections
Of undermining envy and detraction,
Moods only proper to base groveling minds.
That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm,
More pure or free from such low common evils.
There's no man griev'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit his reward of grace,
Which, with a mutual love, they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder: 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a more ardent desire to be his, than before; but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his familiarity somewhat more than difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done

[1] *This* brize *hath prick'd my patience.*] The brize is the gadfly, the constant persecutor of cattle in the summer. The use of this word is so common, that an example of it seems scarcely necessary; the following, however, from Dryden, is entirely to the purpose:

"This flying plague, to mark its quality,
"Oestros, the Grecians call; asylus we:
"A fierce, loud-buzzing *breeze*;—their stings draw blood,
"And drive the cattle madding through the wood."
Georg. iii.

me; there's no standing out against you, sir, I see that: either your importunity, or the intimation of your good parts, or ——

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the grooms of his chamber; make his doors open to me that way first, and then I'll observe my times. Say he should extrude me his house to-day, shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suit to-morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him, meet him in the street, the highways, run by his coach, never leave him. What! man hath nothing given him in this life without much labour—

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full-drawn shaft nail to the earth
This Python, that I may yet run hence and live:
Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And, tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour,
Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

Enter FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

Ari. Horace, well met,

Hor. O welcome, my reliever;

Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seized on here
By a land remora;[2] I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

[2] *By a land* remora;] *Remora* is the Latin name of a fish that adheres to the sides and keels of ships, and retards their way. Thus Mayne:

"No *remora* that stops your fleet,
"Like serjeants gallants in the street." *City Match.*

Figuratively it is taken for any impediment or obstacle whatever. WHAL.

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt,
Tearing my flesh and sinews: O, I've been vex'd
And tortured with him beyond forty fevers.
For Jove's sake, find some means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will;—but I'll go first and tell Mecænas. [*Aside.*

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Hor. Nay, Aristius!

Ari. Farewell, Horace. [*Going.*

Hor. 'Death! will he leave me? Fuscus Aristius! do you hear? Gods of Rome! You said you had somewhat to say to me in private.

Ari. Ay, but I see you are now employed with that gentleman; 'twere offence to trouble you; I'll take some fitter opportunity:[3] farewell. [*Exit.*

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul and heart,
How are you cramp'd with anguish! Death itself
Brings not the like convulsions. O, this day!
That ever I should view thy tedious face.——

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy, afflict me not.—
A friend, and mock me thus! Never was man
So left under the axe.——

Enter MINOS, *with two* Lictors.

How now?

Min. That's he in the embroidered hat there,

[3] *I'll take some fitter opportunity*, &c.] Aristius has not full justice done him. There is nothing in Horace more amusing than the manner in which this person, who must have been a very sprightly, humourous, and agreeable gentleman, plays on the visible impatience of his friend. Here, he takes his leave very tamely.

with the ash-colour'd feather:[4] his name is Laberius Crispinus.

Lict. Laberius Crispinus, I arrest you in the emperor's name.

Cris. Me, sir! do you arrest me?

Lict. Ay, sir, at the suit of master Minos the apothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes. [*Exit hastily.*

Cris. Master Minos! I know no master Minos. Where's Horace? Horace! Horace!

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Cris. O yes, I know you, master Minos; cry you mercy. But Horace? Gods me, is he gone?

Min. Ay, and so would you too, if you knew how.—Officer, look to him.

Cris. Do you hear, master Minos? pray let us be used like a man of our own fashion. By Janus and Jupiter, I meant to have paid you next week every drachm. Seek not to eclipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oaths cannot serve you; you know I have forborne you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not exhale me thus;[5] remember 'tis but for sweetmeats——

[4] *That's he with the* ash-coloured *feather* there,] Which Decker (or whoever is meant by Crispinus) probably wore:—at least he seems to resent the mention of it in his *Guls Hornbook:* "Now, sir, if the writer hath brought *your feather* on the stage," &c. See p. 25.

[5] *Do not* exhale *me thus;*] i. e. drag me out. This is the language of antient Pistol, and corroborates the conjecture of Malone on the meaning of the expression in *Henry V.* A. II. Sc. 1. It is strange that Steevens should reject this explanation; and it is still more strange that neither of these distinguished

Lict. Sweet meat must have sour sauce, sir. Come along.

Cris. Sweet master Minos, I am forfeited to eternal disgrace, if you do not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Enter TUCCA *and* Pyrgi.[6]

Tuc. Why, how now, my good brace of blood-hounds, whither do you drag the gentleman? You mungrels, you curs, you ban-dogs! we are captain Tucca that talk to you, you inhuman pilchers.[7]

commentators should be aware of the application of the word by Jonson.

[6] *Enter* Tucca *and* Pyrgi.] It appears that Tucca has now two boys in his train. It would be as well if Jonson had anglicised his dramatis personæ, here and elsewhere. I should give them the common appellations, if the frequent recurrence of their Latin names in the dialogue did not forbid it. The reader will therefore please to recollect that *Histrio* stands for player, and *Pyrgus* for page. I presume that the author gave this ironical appellation (*pyrgus* is a tower) to the latter, on account of their diminutive size.

[7] *You inhuman* pilchers.] So he calls the serjeants of the Counter, either from the glossy everlasting, or leather coats, which they usually wore. Pilches or pilchers are skins, (from *pellis*,) and, in a more general sense, coverings of fur, woollen, &c. Shakspeare uses the word for the sheath of a sword; and his contemporaries, for that "most sweet robe of durance, a *buff jerkin*." Nash speaks of a carman in a *leather pilche;* and Decker twits Jonson more than once with wearing it: "Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a *leather pilche* by a play-waggon, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part to get service amongst the mimicks." "Whence it appears," says Steevens, with unusual glee, "that Ben Jonson acted Hieronimo in the Spanish Tragedy; the speech being addressed to Horace, under which name *old* Ben is ridiculed." At the time alluded to, *old* Ben might probably be about twenty years of age: but Steevens is too ready to trust the calumnies of any of Jonson's enemies. There are reasons for thinking that Ben never played Hieronimo.

Min. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pestilence! What are you, sir?

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far distant from a fool, sir.

Min. A pothecary, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician: foh! out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium and the syringe; away, quack-salver!—Follower, my sword.

1 *Pyr.* Here, noble leader; you'll do no harm with it, I'll trust you. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Do you hear, you, goodman slave? Hook, ram, rogue, catchpole, loose the gentleman, or by my velvet arms——

Lict. What will you do, sir?

[*Strikes up his heels, and seizes his sword.*

Tuc. Kiss thy hand, my honourable active varlet, and embrace thee thus.

1 *Pyr.* O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lict. Nay, soft, sir; some wiser than some.

Tuc. What! and a wit too? By Pluto, thou must be cherish'd, slave; here's three drachms for thee; hold.

2 *Pyr.* There's half his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lict. No, sir, your first word shall stand; I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, rogue——

Lict. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you.

Tuc. I a rescue! Away, inhuman varlet. Come, come, I never relish above one jest at most; do not disgust me, sirrah; do not, rogue! I tell thee, rogue, do not.

Lict. How, sir! rogue?

Tuc. Ay; why, thou art not angry, rascal, art thou?

Lict. I cannot tell, sir; I am little better upon these terms.

Tuc. Ha, gods and fiends! why, dost hear, rogue, thou? give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand, rogue. What, dost not thou know me? not me, rogue? not captain Tucca, rogue?

Min. Come, pray surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos! Come hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seems; let me talk with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched as unfortunate I!

Tuc. Thou art one of the centumviri, old boy, art not?[8]

Min. No indeed, master captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt be then; I'll have thee one, Minos. Take my sword from these rascals, dost thou see! go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourscore sesterties, sir.[9]

Tuc. What, no more! Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'll be his bail, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and cashier these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

[8] *Thou art one of the* centumviri, *old boy, art not?*] The *centumviri* were a body of men, chosen three out of every tribe, for the judgment of such matters as the prætors committed to their decision. This office was one of the first steps to public preferment. WHAL.

[9] *Fourscore* sesterties, *sir.*] A sesterce was worth about two-pence of our money; so that the whole of Crispinus' debt did not much exceed twelve shillings

Cris. Yes; and as I am a gentleman and a reveller, I'll make a piece of poetry, and absolve all, within these five days.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learn how to use a gentleman of quality, I know.—My sword: If he pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt be my pothecary too. Hast good eringos, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Go to, then——Vermin, know the house.

1 *Pyr.* I warrant you, colonel.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos—

Min. I'll take your word, captain.

Tuc. Thou hast it. My sword.

Min. Yes, sir: But you must discharge the arrest, master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos! Look in the gentleman's face, and but read his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet captain, you do most infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot compliment, by Mars; but, Jupiter love me, as I love good words and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and hangers,[1] when thou hast worn them a little more.

[1] *Thou shalt give my boy that* girdle *and* hangers,] Previously to noticing the text, I wish to introduce a few words, which were inadvertently omitted in their proper place, respecting the dress of our ancestors. Over the shirt they wore a tight *vest*, or waistcoat, to the skirts of which were appended a number of tagged strings, or, as they were then called, *points*: these were designed to support the hose or large *slops*, also furnished with *points*, by which they were tied or *trussed* to the vest. This awkward mode of supplying the place of buttons, rendered assistance at all times desirable, and, in some cases, absolutely necessary. Every great man had a page, whose office it was to *truss his points*; in plain language, to tie up his breeches:

Cris. O Jupiter! captain, he shall have them now, presently:—Please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

1 *Pyr.* Yes, sir, fear not; I shall accept; I have a pretty foolish humour of taking, if you knew all. [*Aside.*

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth and earnest, but he shall, captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, an he swear by his truth and earnest take it, boy; do not make a gentleman forsworn.

Lict. Well, sir, there's your sword; but thank master Minos; you had not carried it as you do else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and—

Lict. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Pass on, my good scoundrel, pass on, I honour thee: [*Exeunt Lictors.*] But that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these,

master Stephen (Vol. I. p. 21) intreats Brainworm to "help to *truss* him a little:" and, indeed, it is scarcely possible to mention an old comedy, in which some allusion to this practice is not to be found. The vest was fastened by a *girdle*, furnished with a pair of loops, i. e. *hangers*, in which the dagger was constantly worn. This article of finery was adorned with fringes and tassels of needle work; and a lady would sometimes condescend to embroider a girdle and hangers, for a favourite lover, or a relation. Joice tells her brother that "since he came to the Inns o' Court, she had wrought him a *faire pair of hangers*." Green's *Tu Quoque*. They were often very costly. Thus, in that rare old song of *Jockie is grown a geatleman*;

"Thy *belt* that was made of a white leather thonge,
"Which thou and thy father wore so longe,
"Is turned to *hangers* of velvet stronge,
"With gold and pearle embroydered amonge."

If a hat and feather, a satin cloak, and a pair of boots were added to these, the *costume* was complete, and the gallant was equipped in the most fashionable mode during the early part of the seventeenth century.

you should have seen me unrip their noses now, and have sent them to the next barbers to stitching;[2] for, do you see——I am a man of humour, and I do love the varlets, the honest varlets, they have wit and valour, and are indeed good profitable, ————errant rogues,[3] as any live in an empire. Dost thou hear, poetaster? [*to Crispinus.*] second me. Stand up, Minos, close, gather, yet, so! Sir, (thou shalt have a quarter-share, be resolute) you shall, at my request, take Minos by the hand here, little Minos, I will have it so; all friends, and a health: be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do it, little Minos, thou shalt; make us pay it in our physic. What! we must live. and honour the Gods sometimes; now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus; every god a little. [*Histrio passes by.*] What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah; do, ferret, let him pass, do——

2 Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war?[4] ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here;—

[2] *And have sent them to the next barber's to stitching.*] The barbers in Jonson's days practised many inferior parts of surgery. WHAL.

[3] *And are indeed, good, profitable—errant rogues, &c.*] This is the σχημα παρ' ὑποψιαν, in which Jonson and his master, Aristophanes, so much delight:

Αλλ' ὃ σι κρυψω· των εμων γαρ οικειων
Πιστοτατον ἡγημαι σε, και—κλεπτιστατον. Plut. v. 26.

[4] *And not strike or* vail *to a* man of war?] i. e. to himself. The allusion is to merchant vessels *vailing*, or lowering their top-sails or their colours to a king's ship. To *vail*, as I have already observed, p. 186, occurs incessantly in our old dramatists, and always in the same sense, viz. as a mark of inferiority or submission.

Enter Histrio.

No respect to men of worship, you slave! what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth?[5] you have FORTUNE,[6] and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have!

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confined to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not! where was your sight, Œdipus? you walk with hare's eyes, do you? I'll have them glazed, rogue; an you say the word, they shall be glazed for you: come, we must have you turn fidler again, slave, get a base viol at your back, and march in a tawney coat, with one sleeve, to Goose-fair;[7] then you'll know us,

[5] *You two-penny tear-mouth?*] So he calls the players from the *two-penny* gallery in the theatres of that age. WHAL.

[6] *You have* FORTUNE, *&c.*] He alludes to the *Fortune* play-house, one of the earliest theatres in London, and situate somewhere about Whitecross-street.

[7] *March in a* tawney-*coat, with one sleeve, to* Goose-fair.] This is the colour still most affected by such as grind music at the vestibule of the palace of king Solomon, or the royal tiger from Bengal, at races and country fairs. "The widow, and two of her gallants, being *at the fair*, entered a tavern, where they had not sitten long, but in comes a noise (a company) of *musicians in tawney coats*, who, putting off their cappes, asked *if they would have any music.*" *Hist. of John Newchombe.* *Goose-fair*, or, as it is usually called, *Green-goose fair*, is mentioned by many of Jonson's contemporaries. Thus Glapthorne, in that excellent old comedy, *Wit in a Constable:*

"And you,
"That are the precious paragons of the city
"And scorn our country sports, can have your meetings
"At Islington and *Green-goose* fair, and sip
"A zealous glass of wine."

It is still held (as in the poet's days) on Whitsun-monday, at

you'll see us then, you will, gulch,[8] you will. Then, *Will't please your worship to have any music, captain?*

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, Howleglas![9] death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows; I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion. [*Aside.*

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

Tuc. Say'st thou so, honest vermin! Give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear! To-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gentlemen-like scoundrels, and suspected to have some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are compa-

Bow near Stratford in Essex; and takes its name from the young or *green geese* which form the principal part of the entertainment. In Jonson's time, probably, itinerant companies of players resorted there:—but all this seems very strange at Rome!

[8] *You will*, gulch.] Gulch is a stupid fat-headed fellow. The word occurs in the old comedy of *Lingua*. "You muddy *gulch*, dare you look me in the face?" See Old Plays. WHAL.

[9] *What do you laugh*, Howleglas!] There is an allusion to this person in the Latin poem called *Grobianus*,

"*Fecit idem quondam vir famigeratus ubique,*
"*Nomina cui speculo noctua juncta dedit.*"

On which the English translator has the following note! "Here "the author alludes to a book written in Dutch, intituled, *The* "*life of Uyle-spegel, or Owl-glass*, an hero of equal rank with "Tom Tram in English." WHAL. See the *Alchemist*.

nions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?[1]

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go; and be acquainted with him then; he is a gentleman, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhymers in the town again: he was born to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was, he will teach thee to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave![2] If

[1] *Dost thou know that* Pantalabus *there?*] In the quarto it is, that *Caprichio* there. Perhaps it should be Pantolabus, as in Horace, unless Jonson thought Pantalabus more agreable to etymology. The real appellation of this person was Mallius: his nick-name he acquired from borrowing money of every one he met. It does not appear in what Crispinus resembled Pantalabus; the "skeldering captain" himself, was much more like him.—But difficulties increase at every step; Langbaine, who probably spoke the language of his time, roundly asserts that Decker is lashed under the character of Crispinus; and his assertion has been repeated by every writer on the subject, without a single exception, to the present day. But is this the fact? Nothing of what follows can be applied to Decker; his father was not "a man of worship," nor did he "pen high, lofty, in a new stalking strain." Briefly, "I do now," like Stephano, "let loose my opinion," that the CRISPINUS of Jonson is MARSTON, to whom every word of this directly points. This will derange much confident criticism; but I shall be found eventually in the right. Decker I take to be the Demetrius of the present play. He is treated with far more contempt than Crispinus, who, on the other hand, is persecuted with more severity. I know not the origin of our poet's quarrel with either; but he denies, and I believe with truth, that he made the first attack.

[2] *Give him earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave!*] This was not an uncommon practice: and time and the diligence of Mr. Malone, have brought to light many memorandums of

he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old crack'd trum pet.

Hist. Troth, I think I have not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast, stiff-toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not: go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the statute repeal'd for thee.[3]—Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gentleman's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twenty into his hand, twenty sesterces I mean, and let no body see; go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos,[4] I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 *Pyr.* Do not we serve a notable shark?

[*Aside.*

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah, ha? I would fain come with my

Mr. Henslowe, the proprietor of several of our old theatres, which prove that Jonson himself was often obliged to have recourse to it. Had Ben forgotten this? or were his circumstances so much changed for the better in a few months, that he had no apprehensions of a similar necessity in future?

[3] *Go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll have the* statute *repealed for thee.*] Meaning that by which unauthorised players were declared rogues and vagabonds, see p. 401. In the quarto Tucca addresses himself to Minos, "Thou art an honest *twenty i' the hundred*, I'll have," &c. Here the allusion is to the statute of 13th Eliz. confirming that passed in 3d Henry V. which reduced all legal interest to *ten per cent.*

[4] *Be Minos.*] Be *just*, I suppose; but it is not easy to explain all the extravagances of this whimsical character.

cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you have nothing but HUMOURS, REVELS, and SATIRES,[5] that gird and f—t at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o'the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.[6]

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I will not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf.[7] Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point-trussers? you shall have them act among ye.—Sirrah, you, pronounce.—Thou shalt hear him speak in king Darius' doleful strain.

1 Pyr. *O doleful days!*[8] *O direful deadly dump! O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!*

[5] *You have nothing but* HUMOURS, REVELS, *and* SATIRES,] A compliment paid by the author to his own plays. WHAL.

[6] *Your* Globes, *and your* Triumphs.] Alluding to play-houses of those names. By those on the other side of Tyber, mentioned in the preceding speech, are meant the Globe, the Swan, and the Hope, play-houses which were situated on the Bankside in Southwark. Of the Triumph, there is no mention in the list of play-houses which subsisted about this time. WHAL.

[7] *Reach me thy* neuf.] *Neuf*, or *nief*, is a north-country word for hand or fist. It frequently occurs in Shakspeare. WHAL.

[8] *O doleful days*, &c.] I suspect that Shakspeare (First Part of *Henry IV.*) confounded *king Cambyses*, with this king

How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascal wretchedness!

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace!

1 Pyr. *O, she is wilder,*[9] *and more hard, withall,*
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
Yet might she love me, to uprear her state!
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me, to content her fire:
Ay, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Tuc. Now, the horrible, fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

2 Pyr. *What! will I brave thee? ay, and beard thee too;*
A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain
So full of base pusillanimity.

Hist. Excellent!

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon; prick up thine ears, stinkard.—The ghost, boys!

1 Pyr. *Vindicta!*[1]
2 Pyr. *Timoria!*
1 Pyr. *Vindicta!*
2 Pyr. *Timoria!*
1 Pyr. *Veni!*
2 Pyr. *Veni!*

Darius. Falstaff's solemn fustian bears not the slightest resemblance, either in metre, or in matter, to the *vein of king Cambyses. Kyng Daryus*, whose "doleful strain" is here burlesqued, was a *pithie and pleasaunt Enterlude*, printed about the middle of the sixteenth century.

[9] *O she is wilder*, &c.] This is from the poor persecuted play of old *Jeronimo:* certainly it must have been much in vogue, to make these eternal allusions to it so popular.

[1] *The* ghost, *boys.*

1 Pyr. *Vindicta!*] Here, again, Jonson is accused of sneering at Shakspeare! Nay, so determined are the commentators

Tuc. Now thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling player.

2 *Pyr.* Ay, but somebody must cry, *Murder!* then, in a small voice.[a]

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't: Cry, sirrah, cry.

1 Pyr. *Murder, murder!*

2 Pyr. *Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?*

Hist. O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do the t'other fellow there, he in the——what sha' call him——and yet stay too.

2 Pyr. *Nay, an thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,*
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals.
Villain! thou diest for more respecting her——

to find enemies to this great poet, (who probably had none,) that they even charge the anonymous author of *A Warning for fair Women* with a hostile attack upon him, in the following lines:

——————"A filthie whining ghost,
"Lapt in some foule sheet, or a leather pilch,
"Comes screaming like a pigge half stickt,
"And cries, *Vindicta, revenge, revenge!*"

Though the words are not in *Hamlet*, but, like Jonson's, literally taken from the ghost of Albanactus, in the old tragedy of *Locrine*.

This absurd piece of fustian seems to have shared with *Jeronimo* (to which it is infinitely inferior) the ridicule of the wits of James's days: allusions to it frequently occur, and particularly to the "whining of this filthie ghost." Thus Fletcher: "In despite of thee, my master, and thy master, the grand devil himself, *Vindicta! vindicta!*" *Fair Maid of the Inn.* And Crispinus himself,

"*Ant.* Vindicta!
"*Alb.* Mellida!
"*Ant*, Vindicta!
"*Alb.* Antonio!" *Antonio's Revenge.*

[a] *In a* small *voice,*] i. e. a feminine voice, like that of Mrs. Anne Page. The allusion again is to *Jeronimo*, where Belimperia exclaims, on the seizure of Horatio,

"*Murder! murder!* help, Hieronimo"——

1 Pyr. *O stay, my lord.*
2 Pyr. *Than me:*
Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;
But if thou dally once again, thou diest.
Tuc. Enough of this, boy.
2 Pyr. *Why, then lament therefore: d—n'd be thy guts*
Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;[3]
For sparrows must have food——
Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a lady.
Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: do, sirrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.
1 Pyr. *Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest me,*
Pray Jove some lady may return on thee.
2 *Pyr.* Now you shall see me do the Moor:[4] master, lend me your scarf a little.
Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.
2 *Pyr.* You, master Minos, hark hither a little.
[*Exit with Minos, to make himself ready.*
Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt, art not tickled now? dost not applaud, rascal? dost not applaud?

[3] ——"*d—n'd be thy guts,*" &c.] This absurd rant, which is ridiculed by so many of our old dramatists, is parodied from *The Battle of Alcazar.* In *Eastward Hoe!* written by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, in conjunction, Quicksilver, a profligate apprentice, whose language, like Pistol's, is made up of burlesque scraps from old plays, introduces two or three words of this parody; upon which Mr. Steevens observes: "This is a fragment from *Pistol!* I should not hesitate to pronounce such parts of this play as are written in ridicule of Shakspeare, to be Jonson's." It requires no common assurance in the authors of such wanton and outrageous calumny, to talk of the malignity of Jonson. It was surely the prototype of Steevens who sat for Macilente.

[4] *Now you shall see me do the* Moor:] Not Othello, as it luckily falls out, but Muley, a character in the old play mentioned in the preceding note.

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for them a week, captain?

Tuc. No, you mangonizing slave,[5] I will not part from them; you'll sell them for enghles, you: let's have good chear to-morrow night at supper, stalker, and then we'll talk; good capon and plover, do you hear, sirrah? and do not bring your eating player with you there; I cannot away with him: he will eat a leg of mutton while I am in my porridge, the lean Poluphagus, his belly is like Barathrum; he looks like a midwife in man's apparel, the slave: nor the villainous out-of-tune fidler, Ænobarbus, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty, ha?

Hist. No, here's all I have, captain, some five and twenty: pray, sir, will you present and accommodate it unto the gentleman? for mine own part, I am a mere stranger to his humour; be-

[5] *No, you* mangonizing *slave,*] From *mango*, Lat. a slave-merchant. WHAL.

It is impossible to say who is meant by Histrio; but it may be conjectured, from this reproachful term, that he had been accessary in seducing some of the "children of the revels" to join the company at his own theatre. The remainder of this act is merely personal; indeed the author makes no scruple of avowing it:

"Now, for the *players*, it is true, I tax'd them,
"And yet but some," &c.

It is to no purpose that he endeavours to save himself by saying that he "used no names;" for Poluphagus, Ænobarbus, Frisker, and *father* Æsop, the *politician*, as the 4to calls him, are so characteristically described as to make the discovery of their real names a task of no great difficulty to their contemporaries. When a staunch hound opens, it is curious to note, with what eagerness the yelping curs, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," rush headlong in, and swell the cry. Messrs. Steevens and Malone content their spleen, in general, with harping on the "malignity of Jonson to *Shakspeare*:" their zany, Mr. Thomas Davies, takes up the idle calumny, and embellishes it with ingenious additions of his own. Jonson, it seems, not only abused and insulted Shakspeare, but all the actors of his theatre. The "lean Poluphagus" is Burbage: this is clear; for Tucca says,

sides, I have some business invites me hence, with master Asinius Lupus, the tribune.

Tuc. Well, go thy ways, pursue thy projects, let me alone with this design; my Poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts in it. But stay, let me see; do not bring your Æsop, your politician,[6] unless you can ram up his mouth with cloves; the slave smells ranker than some sixteen dunghills, and is seventeen times more rotten. Marry, you may bring Frisker, my zany; he's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat fool there, my mango, bring him too; but let him not beg rapiers nor scarfs, in his over-familiar playing face, nor roar out his barren bold jests with a tormenting laughter, between drunk and dry. Do you hear, stiff-toe? give him warning, admonition, to forsake his saucy glavering grace, and his goggle eye; it does not become him, sirrah; tell him so. I have stood up and defended you, I, to gentlemen, when you have been said to prey upon puisnes, and honest citizens, for socks or buskins; or when they have call'd you usurers or brokers, or said you were able to help to a piece of flesh

[6] "he will eat a leg of mutton while he is in his porridge!" Whether Burbage could do this, Davies never thought of inquiring: but thus, the first point is made out. "Frisker" is Kempe, who, continues our egregious critic, was celebrated for his ready wit and facetiousness. This also is clear. The "fat fool, who begged rapiers and scarfs," is Lowin, the original Falstaff, who played all parts of humour and pleasantry.—Mr. Davies now grows generous, and forbears to affirm that the "rotten Æsop" is Shakspeare; though it is quite as demonstrable as any of his other conjectures. However, as he triumphantly adds, "we have leave to guess any body, since he spares no body." *Dram. Misc.* vol. ii. p. 82.—But enough of such deplorable folly: all the players here satirized are expressly said to belong to the Fortune company, with which none of our great poet's "fellows" had the slightest concern.

——I have sworn, I did not think so, nor that you were the common retreats for punks decay'd in their practice; I cannot believe it of you.

Hist. Thank you, captain. Jupiter and the rest of the gods confine your modern delights without disgust!

Tuc. Stay, thou shalt see the Moor ere thou goest.——

Enter DEMETRIUS *at a distance.*

What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion, ha?

Hist. O, sir, his doublet's a little decay'd; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town[6]

[6] *One* Demetrius, *a dresser of plays about the town*, &c.] Here the allusion is too plain to be mistaken, except by those who can see nothing with their own eyes. *Demetrius* is unquestionably *Decker;* who seems to have derived no small part of his sustenance from *altering* and *amending* the old dramas then on the stage. No one occurs half so frequently in Mr. Henslowe's books as a "dresser of plays;" Decker must therefore be content, however reluctantly, to resign all claim to the title of Crispinus, and descend from the "bad eminence" which he has so long usurped, as the *Poetaster* of Jonson.

It seems, from what follows, that our poet's enemies made no secret of their determination to *untruss* him; he appears here well informed of their design, and of the names of the chief agents who had already volunteered their services against him. It is certain, therefore, that the quarrel between him and Decker did not break out for the first time in the *Poetaster*, as is generally asserted: and it is no less clear that Jonson gives his opponents credit for more good sense than they actually possessed; since, instead of bringing him in with Mecænas, Tibullus, &c. they introduced him with Wat. Terill, Sir Adam Prickshaft, and Sir Rice ap Vaughan, a sputtering Welsh knight, of the meanest order. These, with William Rufus, Asinius Bubo, Demetrius, and Crispinus, form a plot that can scarcely be equalled in absurdity by the worst of the plays which Decker was ever employed to "dress."

here; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants, as Tibullus, Mecænas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on't; for this winter has made us all poorer than so many starved snakes: nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. O, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too; he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome; he will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor, egregious, nitty rascal; an he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him—stay, here comes the Tartar—I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to comfort him.—

[*Demetrius comes forward.*

Re-enter MINOS, *with* 2. PYRGUS *on his shoulders, and stalks backward and forward, as the boy acts.*

Well said, boy.

2 Pyr. *Where art thou, boy?*[7] *where is Calipolis? Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,*

[7] *Where art thou, boy?* &c.] These lines are taken from the part of the Moor, in the old play of *the Battle of Alcazar*, already

And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades;
Some foul contagion of the infected heavens
Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops
The dismal night-raven and tragic owl
Breed and become forerunners of my fall!

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to seven shares and a half, and remember to-morrow—If you lack a service, you shall play in my name, rascals; but you shall

mentioned. This second introduction of the Moor offended Decker, who seems to advert to it with some ill humour, but in a way which I do not clearly understand. "As for Crispinus, and Demetrius his *play-dresser*, who, to make the Muses believe that there was a dearth of poesy, *cut an innocent Moor in the middle, to serve him in twice;* and when he had done, made *Paul's work* of it:" (Here Decker retorts on Jonson's actors:) "as for these twins,

"These *poet-apes*, their mimic tricks shall serve
"With mirth to feast our Muse, while their own starve."

If Mr. Chalmers, who stoutly maintains that Shakspeare is the *poet-ape* of our author, should ever condescend to open this volume, he will learn, from Decker's own confession, that Crispinus and Demetrius were the *poet-apes* of Jonson; and that our great poet was never yet supposed to be characterized under either of these names. The blundering alacrity with which Jonson's supposed hostility to Shakspeare is pointed out is at once mortifying and amusing. "In his *Poetaster*," says Oldys, (MS. notes to Langbaine,) "some play is touched that has a Moor in it, perhaps Titus Andronicus; I should hope that he did not *dare to mean* Othello." Oldys had pored for half a century over our old plays, and was generally reputed an accurate man; yet with the fatality of those who, in our days, find a malicious gratification in injuring Jonson, he has selected, as the objects of his ridicule, two dramas, the one not written by Shakspeare at all, the other produced many years after the present piece, and neither of them containing a syllable to which it bears the slightest reference: while the passage to which he alludes must have stared him in the face as a transcript, verbatim and literatim, from the speech of the Moorish prince in *the Battle of Alcazar:* "Fie on't, oh fie!"

buy your own cloth, and I'll have two shares for my countenance.[8] Let thy author stay with me. [*Exit Histrio.*

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little Minos, thou didst stalk well: forgive me that I said thou stunk'st, Minos; 'twas the savour of a poet I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrils.

Cris. Who, Horace?

Tuc. Ay, he; dost thou know him?

Cris. O, he forsook me most barbarously, I protest.

Tuc. Hang him, fusty satyr, he smells all goat; he carries a ram under his arm-holes,[9] the slave: I am the worse when I see him.—Did not Minos impart? [*Aside to Crispinus.*

Cris. Yes, here are twenty drachms he did convey.

Tuc. Well said, keep them, we'll share anon; come, little Minos.

Cris. Faith, captain, I'll be bold to shew you a mistress of mine, a jeweller's wife, a gallant, as we go along.

Tuc. There spoke my genius. Minos, some of thy eringos, little Minos; send. Come hither, Parnassus, I must have thee familiar with my little locust here; 'tis a good vermin, they say.[1] —[*Horace and Trebatius pass over the stage.*]— See, here's Horace, and old Trebatius, the great lawyer, in his company; let's avoid him now, he is too well seconded. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *I'll have two shares for my* countenance.] See p. 111.

[9] *He carries a ram under his arm-holes.*] The poet is truly classical here:

——————— "*Fertur*

"*Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.*"—WHAL.

And truly coarse and disgusting.

[1] *'Tis a good vermin, they say.*] Here the third act ends in the 4to. In the folio, Jonson, as if this play had not a sufficient

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Albius's *House.*

Enter CHLOE, CYTHERIS, *and Attendants.*

Chloe. But, sweet lady, say; am I well enough attired for the court, in sadness?[a]

Cyth. Well enough! excellent well, sweet mistress Chloe; this strait-bodied city attire, I can tell you, will stir a courtier's blood, more than the finest loose sacks the ladies use to be put in; and then you are as well jewell'd as any of them, your ruff and linen about you is much more pure than theirs; and for your beauty, I can tell you, there's many of them would defy the painter, if they could change with you. Marry, the worst

number of translations in it, had added a literal version of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 1.; which, as the reader knows, is an exculpatory dialogue between the poet and Trebatius. As it is awkwardly introduced, tends to no particular object, interrupts the progress of the story, and spins out an act already too long, I have ventured to avail myself of the authority of the 4to. so far, as to remove it to the end of the piece. The reader will not regret the short delay in arriving at it, for it has no very prominent excellencies; being, like most of Jonson's longer translations, merely vigorous and faithful, without pretending to any of the higher graces of poetry.

[a] ——— *in* sadness,] i. e. in *seriousness* or *earnest*. Sad is used by all our old writers for grave, sober, staid, also for dark-coloured, &c. Thus Stowe says of Fitz-William, the Recorder, "He was a *sad* man and an honest," p. 817. And Walton of the great and good Bishop Sanderson, "About the time of printing the excellent preface to his Sermons, (in Cromwell's usurpation,) I met him accidentally in London, in *sad*-coloured cloathes, and, God knows, far from being costly." *Walton's Lives.*

is, you must look to be envied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chloe. O Jove, madam, I shall buy them too cheap!—Give me my muff, and my dog there.—And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, think you?

Cyth. O Juno! why you shall see them flock about you with their puff-wings,[3] and ask you where you bought your lawn, and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to help 'em to some pure laundresses[4] out of the city.

Chloe. O Cupid!—Give me my fan, and my mask too.—And will the lords, and the poets there, use one well too, lady?

Cyth. Doubt not of that; you shall have kisses from them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your

[3] —— *with their puff*-wings,] That part of their dress which sprung from the shoulders, and had the appearance of a wing, inflated or blown up. See p. 103.

[4] ——— *and help 'em to some* pure laundresses, *&c.*] This is a hit at the Puritans, many of whom followed the business of tire-women, clear-starchers, feather-makers, &c. It is not a little singular that while they declaimed most vehemently against the idol, Fashion, they should be among the most zealous in ministering to its caprice. Jonson notices this with good effect in his *Bartholomew Fair;* and Randolph ridicules it no less successfully in the commencement of his *Muses' Looking-Glass:* "Enter Bird and Mrs. Flowerdale, two of the *sanctified fraternity*, the one having brought *feathers* to *the play-house* to sell, the other pins and looking-glasses." The opening of the dialogue is excellent. Fraud and hypocrisy have seldom been more humorously exposed.

"*Mrs. Flowerdale.* See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
"To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner,
"In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
"This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuffed,
"Stuffed, and stuffed full, as is a cushion,
"With the lewd reprobate!"

lips, as thick as stones out of slings at the assault of a city. And then your ears will be so furr'd with the breath of their compliments, that you cannot catch cold of your head, if you would, in three winters after.

Chloe. Thank you, sweet lady. O heaven! and how must one behave herself amongst 'em? You know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently enough, mistress Chloe, and well enough. Carry not too much under thought betwixt yourself and them; nor your city-mannerly word, *forsooth*,[5] use it not too often in any case; but plain, *Ay, madam*, and *no, madam:* nor never say, *your lordship*, nor *your honour;* but, *you*, and *you, my lord*, and *my lady:* the other they count too simple and minsitive. And though they desire to kiss heaven with their titles, yet they will count them fools that give them too humbly.

Chloe. O intolerable, Jupiter! by my troth, lady, I would not for a world but you had lain in my house; and, i' faith, you shall not pay a farthing for your board, nor your chambers.

Cyth. O, sweet mistress Chloe!

Chloe. I'faith you shall not, lady; nay, good lady, do not offer it.

Enter GALLUS *and* TIBULLUS.

Gal. Come, where be these ladies? By your leave, bright stars, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court; where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly banquet.

[5] ——— *your city-mannerly-word*, forsooth,] See the *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe.*

Cyth. A heavenly banquet, Gallus!

Gal. No less, my dear Cytheris.

Tib. That were not strange, lady, if the epithet were only given for the company invited thither; your self, and this fair gentlewoman.

Chloe. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, lady, by the great princess Julia; who longs to greet you with any favours that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chloe. In sincerity, I thank her, sir. You have a coach, have you not?

Tib. The princess hath sent her own, lady.

Chloe. O Venus! that's well: I do long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you resolve me why you give that heavenly praise to this earthly banquet?

Gal. Because, Cytheris, it must be celebrated by the heavenly powers: all the gods and goddesses will be there; to two of which you two must be exalted.

Chloe. A pretty fiction, in truth.

Cyth. A fiction indeed, Chloe, and fit for the fit of a poet.

Gal. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits all the honours of the gods have been deduced) entreat so much honour of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poetical banquet?

Cyth. Suppose that no fiction; yet, where are your habilities to make us two goddesses at your feast?

Gal. Who knows not, Cytheris, that the sacred breath of a true poet can blow any virtuous humanity up to deity?

Tib. To tell you the female truth, which is the simple truth, ladies; and to shew that poets,

in spite of the world, are able to deify themselves; at this banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the gods; and to give our several loves the forms of goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the princess Julia, Juno; Gallus here, Apollo; you, Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my love Plautia, Ceres: and to install you and your husband, fair Chloe, in honours equal with ours, you shall be a goddess, and your husband a god.

Chloe. A god!—O my gods!

Tib. A god, but a lame god, lady; for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus: and this will make our banquet no less than heavenly.

Chloe. In sincerity, it will be sugared. Good Jove, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet! but, hark you, sweet Cytheris, could they not possibly leave out my husband? methinks a body's husband does not so well at court; a body's friend, or so—but, husband! 'tis like your clog to your marmoset, for all the world, and the heavens.

Cyth. Tut, never fear, Chloe; your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I am certified; he shall go.

Enter HORACE.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius,
Hath closed himself up in his Cynthia's tomb;
And will by no entreaties be drawn thence.

Enter ALBIUS, *introducing* CRISPINUS *and* DEMETRIUS, *followed by* TUCCA.

Alb. Nay, good master Crispinus, pray you bring near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus! Hide me, good Gallus; Tibullus, shelter me. [*Going.*

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surprised again; farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tired on by yond' vulture![6] No:
Phœbus defend me! [*Exit hastily.*

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life
This same is he met him in Holy-street.

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough.— This act of Propertius relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel: what, is this the mad boy you talk'd on?

Cris. Ay, this is master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citizens: What sayest thou? are we welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods in the Capitol ———

[6] *What, and be* tired *on by yond' vulture!*] Horace alludes to the story of Prometheus, or rather, perhaps, of Tityus,

" *Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur*
" *Relinquit ales.*"—

To *tire* is to peck eagerly, to feed on, as a hawk does on the quarry, or game, which is thrown to her. "Look, my masters, what a bone Sir Richard Bulkeley hath cast into the court for you to *tire* upon." Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, Vol. II. p. 467. The word occurs perpetually in this sense, in all our old writers, who draw most of their allusions from the amusements of hawking and hunting.

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy wedlock,[7] Menelaus? thy Helen, thy Lucrece? that we may do her honour, mad boy.

Cris. She in the little fine dressing, sir,[8] is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better! profane rascal: I cry thee mercy, my good scroyle, was't thou?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: come hither Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress, Chloe, for an eye and a lip; thou hast an emperor's nose: kiss me again; 'tis a virtuous punk; so! Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the Fates were infatuate, they were, punk, they were.

Chloe. That's sure, sir: let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

[7] *Which of these is thy* wedlock?] i. e. thy wife. So Beaumont and Fletcher use it,

"'Tis sacrilege to violate a *wedlock*,
"You rob two temples." *Rule a Wife and have a Wife.*

And, *matrimony*, in the same sense,

"Restore my matrimony undefiled."
Little French Lawyer.

So *matrimonium* is used for *uxor* more than once by Justin: "*Ut severius viri matrimonia sua coercerent.* Lib. 3. c. iv. WHAL.

[8] *She in the little* fine dressing, *sir.*] In the quarto it is, "In the *velvet cap.*" This is judiciously altered, for the velvet cap was the ensign of a citizens's wife, which Chloe, by the advice of her hopeful tutor, Cytheris, had now laid aside.

[9] Scroyle.] For this contemptuous term, see Vol. I. p. 10.

Tuc. I am known by the name of captain Tucca, punk; the noble Roman, punk: a gentleman, and a commander, punk.

Chloe. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander! that's as good as a poet, methinks.

[*Walks aside.*

Cris. A pretty instrument![1] It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is it not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it, as yours is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspired.

Cyth. Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtile wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, 'pray you call mistress Chloe; she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her.—Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet punk, set thee up.

Chloe. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

CRISPINUS *plays and sings.*

Love is blind, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is scant one
—Such another:
No, not his mother.
He hath pluck'd her doves and sparrows,
To feather his sharp arrows,

[1] *A pretty* instrument, *&c.*] I have already observed p. 125, that every fashionable house in Jonson's time was furnished with a viol de gambo: whether it stood in the Via Sacra, or the Strand, made little difference to our old poets.

And alone prevaileth,
While sick Venus waileth.
But if Cypris once recover
The wag; it shall behove her
To look better to him:
Or she will undo him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous music!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. Ay, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I must not shew them.

Tuc. Shew them, bankrupt, shew them; they have salt in them, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! *To his bright mistress Canidia!*

Cris. Ay, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiary!

Tuc. How! he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship ——He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Mecænas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phæton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury,

he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-tooth'd satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn:[2] he will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper, against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard-bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog, and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough! body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his Satires and his Humours, by one cashier'd clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. Ay, and tickle him i'faith, for his arrogancy and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating,[3] I can trace

[2] *He carries* hay in his horn, *&c.*] As a mark of a petulant or dangerous person: this is well explained by the old scholiast: *Romæ, videmus hodieque fœnum velut ansulam factum, in cornulo bovis, quo signum datur transeuntibus, ut eum vitent.* The whole of what follows, is from Horace:

" *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge! dummodo risum*
" *Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico:*
" *Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes*
" *Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire lacuque,*
" *Et pueros et anus.*" Lib. 1. Sat. iv.

[3] *For his impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating,*] These were the objections commonly urged against Jonson: and to these he replies in several places, particularly in the last scene of the present play: how satisfactorily, must be left to the reader's judgment. He seems to justify his boldness of self-commendation, by an appeal to his talents, which he well knew to appreciate; and to the practice of his beloved ancients, in whom he never saw any thing absurd or indelicate. As for his translations——he was perfectly incorrigible there; for he maintained to the last, that they were the best parts of his works: in which heresy he was countenanced not only by many of his friends, but also of his enemies! The conclusion of this speech is a sneer at the ignorance and vanity of Decker; it is full of bitterness.

him, i'faith. O, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neufts; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer; we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together, soon; and then we'll conspire, i'faith.

Gal. O that Horace had stayed still here!

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turn'd Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. Ay, as fishes, i'faith: come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, captain Tucca?

Cyth. Ay, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chloe. Has Mars any thing to do with Venus?

Tib. O, most of all, lady.

Chloe. Nay, then I pray let him be invited: And what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, mistress Chloe.

Chloe. Mercury! that's a poet, is it?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way; he is a herald at arms.

Chloe. A herald at arms! good; and Mercury! pretty: he has to do with Venus too?

Tib. A little with her face,* lady; or so.

Chloe. 'Tis very well; pray let us go, I long to be at it.

* *A little with her face,*] Alluding, I believe, to the deleterious washes then in use.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady.—Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.[4]

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do: stay, there's a drachm to purchase ginger-bread for thy muse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lupus's *House.*

Enter Lupus, Histrio, *and* Lictors.

Lup. Come, let us talk here; here we may be private; shut the door, lictor. You are a player, you say.

Hist. Ay, an't please your worship.

Lup. Good; and how are you able to give this intelligence?

Hist. Marry, sir, they directed a letter to me and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now in your theatre, stager:—my sword, knave. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

Hist. Yes, sir, to hire some of our properties; as a sceptre and crown for Jove; and a caduceus for Mercury; and a petasus———

Lup. Caduceus and petasus! let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this.

[4] *Captain, look here, mum.*] While he speaks this, he must be supposed to lay his finger on his lip, as a sign of secrecy.

Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragedy, i'faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to profane? dispatch! Player, I thank thee. The emperor shall take knowledge of thy good service. [*A knocking within.*] Who's there now? Look, knave. [*Exit Lictor.*] *A crown and a sceptre!* this is good rebellion, now.

Re-enter Lictor.

Lic. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knave! Tell him, I have affairs of state in hand; I can talk to no pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there. [*Walks in a musing posture.*] You shall see, I have fish'd out a cunning piece of plot now: they have had some intelligence, that their project is discover'd, and now have they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing that I meant to take physic to-day: as sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thank thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician.

Enter Minos.

You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more than you wot off, sir; throw it on the ground there: so! Now fetch in the dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try experiments now: arrest him; you shall go with me, sir; I'll tickle you, pothecary; I'll give you a glister, i'faith. Have I the letter? ay, 'tis here.—Come, your fasces, lictors: the half pikes and the halberds, take them down from the Lares there.[5] Player, assist me.

[5] *Take them down from the* Lares *there.*] The Lares were the

As they are going out, enter MECÆNAS *and* HORACE.

Mec. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you assist me: treason! treason!

Hor. How! treason?

Lup. Ay: if you love the emperor, and the state, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OVID, JULIA, GALLUS, CYTHERIS, TIBULLUS, PLAUTIA, ALBIUS, CHLOE, TUCCA, CRISPINUS, HERMOGENES, Pyrgus, *characteristically habited, as gods and goddesses.*

Ovid. Gods and goddesses, take your several seats. Now, Mercury, move your caduceus, and, in Jupiter's name, command silence.

Cris. In the name of Jupiter, silence!

Her. The crier of the court hath too clarified a voice.

Gal. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the god of reprehension; let him alone: 'tis his office. Mercury, go forward, and proclaim, after Phœbus, our high pleasure,

domestic tutelary deities of the Romans: their images seem to have been placed near the hearth of the grand entrance room, or hall, where a fire was constantly kept up by the *servus atriensis*, or janitor. This room was adorned with the statues of the possessor's ancestors; and here too, either for ornament or preservation, were suspended, along the sides of the wall, the bucklers, swords, and javelins of the family.

to all the deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Gal. *The great god, Jupiter,*——[Here, and at every break in the line, Crispinus repeats aloud the words of Gallus.]——*Of his licentious goodness,* ——*Willing to make this feast no fast*——*From any manner of pleasure;*——*Nor to bind any god or goddess*——*To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names:*——*He gives them all free license*——*To speak no wiser than persons of baser titles;*——*And to be nothing better, than common men, or women.*——*And therefore no god* ——*Shall need to keep himself more strictly to his goddess*——*Than any man does to his wife:*——*Nor any goddess*——*Shall need to keep herself more strictly to her god*——*Than any woman does to her husband.*——*But, since it is no part of wisdom,* ——*In these days, to come into bonds;*——*It shall be lawful for every lover*——*To break loving oaths,* ——*To change their lovers, and make love to others,* ——*As the heat of every one's blood,*——*And the spirit of our nectar, shall inspire.*——*And Jupiter save Jupiter!*

Tib. So: now we may play the fools by authority.

Her. To play the fool by authority is wisdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery sentences, Momus; they are too grave and wise for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stool, let him sit by; and reach him one of our cates.

Tuc. Dost hear, mad Jupiter? we'll have it enacted, he that speaks the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What say'st thou? Is it not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Alb. I have read in a book, that to play the fool wisely, is high wisdom.

Gal. How now, Vulcan! will you be the first wizard?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Chloe. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter: I'll make you take heed, sir, while you live again; if there be twelve in a company, that you be not the wisest of 'em.

Alb. No more; I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowl of nectar, Ganymede: we will drink to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Look to your wife, Vulcan: Jupiter begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let Mars look to it: Vulcan must do as Venus does, bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy; catamite: Look you play Ganymede well now, you slave. Do not spill your nectar; carry your cup even: so! You should have rubb'd your face with whites of eggs, you rascal; till your brows had shone like our sooty brother's here, as sleek as a horn-book: or have steept your lips in wine, till you made them so plump, that Juno might have been jealous of them. Punk, kiss me, punk.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drink to thee.

Chloe. Thank you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enraged, he looks big, and begins to stut* for anger.

* *To* stut] i. e. to stutter: the word is used by Marston:

"He hath Albano's imperfection too,
"And *stuts* when he is vehemently moved."

What you will.

Her. Well played, captain Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrel Momus: I must put you in, must I? when will you be in good fooling of yourself, fidler, never?

Her. O, 'tis our fashion to be silent, when there is a better fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, rascal.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Ganymede, who fills her father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wife's face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wife's face? will she paint it so horribly? we are a king, cotquean; and we will reign in our pleasures; and we will cudgel thee to death, if thou find fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, king cuckold-maker: What, shall the king of gods turn the king of good-fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets, that know our profaneness, live as profane as we: By my godhead, Jupiter, I will join with all the other gods here, bind thee hand and foot, throw thee down into the earth, and make a poor poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongued goddess, a right Juno!

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgel thee, Juno; we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us for Thetis.

Pyr. Nay, to-day she had me in inquisition too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian fry; inform, inform. Give me some wine, king of heralds, I may drink to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede; we will cudgel thee, Juno; by Styx, we will.

Jul. Ay, 'tis well; gods may grow impudent in iniquity, and they must not be told of it——

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our chin against our breast, and shake thee out of Olympus into an oyster-boat, for thy scolding.

Jul. Your nose is not long enough to do it, Jupiter, if all thy strumpets thou hast among the stars took thy part. And there is never a star in thy forehead but shall be a horn, if thou persist to abuse me.

Cris. A good jest, i'faith.

Ovid. We tell thee, thou angerest us, cotquean;[6] and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy cotqueanity.

Cris. Another good jest.

Alb. O, my hammers and my Cyclops! This boy fills not wine enough to make us kind enough to one another.

Tuc. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make them friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker, then.

Alb. Wine and good livers make true lovers: I'll sentence them together. Here, father, here,

[6] —— *thou angerest us*, cotquean;] This word is strangely explained in Johnson's *Dictionary*. *Cotquean*, a corruption of cuckquean, is a woman whose husband is unfaithful to her bed, which Juno's manifestly was. The word is used by Warner, and applied as here:

"Queene Juno, not a little wroth, against her husband's crime,
"By whom she was a *cuckqueane* made," &c. *Albion's Eng.* c. iv.

This speech is lengthened in the quarto with some strange unintelligible stuff: the author did well to throw it out. *Collied*, which occurs just below, means blackened, begrimed with soot, &c.

mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk,[7] and forget this dissension; you two should cling together before our faces, and give us example of unity.

Gal. O, excellently spoken, Vulcan, on the sudden!

Tib. Jupiter may do well to prefer his tongue to some office for his eloquence.

Tuc. His tongue shall be gentleman-usher to his wit, and still go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit office!

Cris. Ay, and an excellent good jest besides.

Her. What, have you hired Mercury to cry your jests you make?

Ovid. Momus, you are envious.

Tuc. Why, ay, you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion now-a-days, to applaud other folks jests.

Her. True; with those that are not artificers themselves. Vulcan, you nod, and the mirth of the jest droops.

Pyr. He has fill'd nectar so long, till his brain swims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, fellow-gods! Sound music, and let us startle our spirits with a song.

[7] *Here, father, here, mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk,* &c.] Albius, who represents Vulcan, does not act out of character: the poet had Homer in his eye, who reconciles the quarrelsome deities by the buffoonery and archness of Vulcan, who takes on himself the office of skinker to the celestial assembly. WHAL.

That Vulcan "does not act out of character" may be granted. After all, the poet acquits himself but poorly. When the brightest wits of the court of Augustus took on themselves the characters of deities, we may be pretty confident that it was not to doze and get drunk, nor to bandy round vulgar ribaldry, and such miserable abortions of wit, as would scarcely do honour to the "Vapourers" of *Bartholomew Fair*. It is indeed very possible that Jonson might mean to ridicule the gods; even in that case, he has only disgraced the men.

Tuc. Do, Apollo, thou art a good musician.
Gal. What says Jupiter?
Ovid. Ha! ha!
Gal. A song.
Ovid. Why, do, do, sing.
Pla. Bacchus, what say you?
Tib. Ceres?
Pla. But, to this song?
Tib. Sing, for my part.
Jul. Your belly weighs down your head, Bacchus; here's a song toward.
Tib. Begin, Vulcan.
Alb. What else, what else?
Tuc. Say, Jupiter——
Ovid. Mercury——
Cris. Ay, say, say. [*Music.*

Alb. *Wake! our mirth begins to die;*
Quicken it with tunes and wine.
Raise your notes; you're out: fie, fie!
This drowsiness is an ill sign.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one, but nods.

Ovid. I like not this sudden and general heaviness amongst our godheads; 'tis somewhat ominous. Apollo, command us louder music, and let Mercury and Momus contend to please and revive our senses. [*Music.*

Herm. *Then, in a free and lofty strain.*
Our broken tunes we thus repair;
Cris. *And we answer them again,*
Running division on the panting air;
Ambo. *To celebrate this feast of sense,*
As free from scandal as offence.

Herm. *Here is beauty for the eye;*
Cris. *For the ear sweet melody;*
Herm. *Ambrosiac odours, for the smell;*
Cris. *Delicious nectar for the taste;*
Ambo. *For the touch, a lady's waist;*
Which doth all the rest excel.

Ovid. Ay, this has waked us. Mercury, our herald; go from ourself, the great god Jupiter, to the great emperor Augustus Cæsar, and command him, from us, of whose bounty he hath received the sirname of Augustus, that, for a thank-offering to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice, as a dish to this banquet, his beautiful and wanton daughter Julia: she's a curst quean, tell him, and plays the scold behind his back; therefore let her be sacrificed. Command him this, Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us, the great Juno Saturnia; if he think it hard to do as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that he had better do so ten times, than suffer her to love the well-nosed poet, Ovid; whom he shall do well to whip, or cause to be whipped, about the capitol, for soothing her in her follies.

Enter Augustus Cæsar, Mecænas, Horace, Lupus, Histrio, Minos, *and* Lictors.

Cæs. What sight is this? Mecænas! Horace! say?
Have we our senses? do we hear and see?[8]

[8] *What sight is this?* &c.] The friends of Ovid may have much to object to the justice of Jonson, in his design of the preceding scene. Ovid had faults enough to answer for, with-

Or are these but imaginary objects
Drawn by our fantasy! Why speak you not?
Let us do sacrifice. Are they the gods?
[*Ovid and the rest kneel.*

out being charged with others of mere invention. It is generally supposed, that he was banished by Augustus, for an amour with his daughter Julia: and this circumstance our poet mentions with propriety: and he fancied, I presume, that an entertainment of the kind represented, was not inconsistent with the luxuriance of Ovid's imagination. But the truth is, that Jonson is partial; and Ovid does not appear to have had any share in the contrivance. Let us transfer, then, the infamy of this feast to its real author, who is no other than the emperor himself. The account is preserved in Suetonius, who tells us, that on this occasion, Augustus assumed the dress and character of Apollo: *Cœna quoque ejus secretior in fabulis fuit, quæ vulgo Δωδεκαθεος vocabatur: in quâ deorum dearumque habitu discubuisse convivas, et ipsum pro Apolline ornatum, non Antonii modo epistolæ singulorum nomina amarissime enumerantis exprobrant, sed et sine auctore notissimi versus:*

Cum primum istorum condaxit mensa Choragum,
Sexque deos vidit Mallia, sexque deas:
Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,
Dum nova divorum cœnat adulteria;
Omnia se à terris tunc numina declinârunt,
Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.

Auxit cœnæ rumorem summa tunc in civitate penuria ac fames: acclamatumque est postridie, frumentum omne deos comedisse, et Cæsarem plane esse Apollinem, sed tortorem: quo cognomine is deus quadam in parte urbis colebatur. Seuton. *August.* c. lxx. WHAL.

Whalley is perfectly right in transferring the odium of this feast to the emperor: but he mistakes Jonson, and confounds events very distant in time. Our author was too well acquainted with the history of Ovid not to know that his amour with Corinna (whoever she was) took place in his youth:

Carmina cum primum populo juvenilia legi,
Barba resectâ mihi bisve semelve fuit:
Moverat ingenium, totam cantata per urbem
Nomine non vero dicta Corinna mihi. Trist. l. 4. El. x.

whereas, he was not banished till he was upwards of fifty. Jonson, however, speaks not of his banishment, but simply of his exile from court, as Whalley might have seen in the next page. The

Reverence, amaze, and fury fight in me.
What, do they kneel! Nay, then I see tis 'true
I thought impossible: O, impious sight!
Let me divert mine eyes; the very thought
Everts my soul with passion: Look not, man,
There is a panther, whose unnatural eyes
Will strike thee dead: turn, then, and die on her
With her own death. [*Offers to kill his daughter.*

Mec. Hor. What means imperial Cæsar?

Cæs. What! would you have me let the strumpet live,
That, for this pageant, earns so many deaths?

Tuc. Boy, slink, boy.

Pyr. Pray Jupiter we be not followed by the scent, master. [*Exeunt Tucca and Pyrgus.*

Cæs. Say, sir, what are you?

Alb. I play Vulcan, sir.

Cæs. But what are you, sir?

Alb. Your citizen and jeweller, sir.

Cæs. And what are you, dame?

Julia here mentioned (the daughter of Augustus) was banished for her licentiousness thirteen years before this event took place. There is indeed another Julia, cousin to the former, (Augustus's niece) who was banished at the same time with Ovid; but Augustus was, at that period, somewhat too old for love, being turned of seventy. Besides, if Ovid had debauched the emperor's daughter, he would scarcely have recurred to the subject so frequently. He was evidently conscious of some impurities in the imperial family. He pretends, indeed, that what he saw was not meant to be seen by him; but as he was not over nice in his morality, he might have furthered the niece's amours, and been more officious than he is willing to allow. After all, he attributes his banishment, in a great degree, to his indecent verses; and perhaps justly. He seems to think this hard upon him. Other poets, it is true, had written grosser lines with impunity; but the express purpose of Ovid, whether avowed or not, was to reduce licentiousness to an art, and facilitate the corruption of innocence: he was, therefore, infinitely more dangerous than the coarse and disgusting writers who preceded him.

Chloe. I play Venus, forsooth.
Cæs. I ask not what you play, but what you are.
Chloe. Your citizen and jeweller's wife, sir.
Cæs. And you, good sir?
Cris. Your gentleman parcel-poet, sir. [*Exit.*
Cæs. O, that profaned name!—
And are these seemly company for thee, [*To Julia.*
Degenerate monster? All the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge for their hateful sakes.
Are you, that first the deities inspired
With skill of their high natures and their powers,
The first abusers of their useful light;
Profaning thus their dignities in their forms,
And making them, like you, but counterfeits?
O, who shall follow Virtue and embrace her,
When her false bosom is found nought but air?
And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,*
That war with human peace, and poison men.—
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
Her unseen being and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
Live as she were no law unto your lives,
Nor lived herself, but with your idle breaths?
If you think gods but feign'd, and virtue painted,
Know we sustain an actual residence,
And with the title of an emperor,
Retain his spirit and imperial power;
By which, in imposition too remiss,
Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declined affections
Of our base daughter, we exile thy feet
From all approach to our imperial court,

And yet of these embraces centaurs spring,] Alluding to the fable of Ixion's embracing Juno in the shape of a cloud; from which conjunction arose the centaurs. WHAL.

On pain of death; and thy misgotten love
Commit to patronage of iron doors;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot contain her.
Mec. O, good my lord, forgive! be like the gods.
Hor. Let royal bounty, Cæsar, mediate.
Cæs. There is no bounty to be shew'd to such
As have no real goodness: bounty is
A spice of virtue; and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idol, vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforced?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,
Their far-fetch'd dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory: hence, away with them!
I will prefer for knowledge, none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of Humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows; others nothing know.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter TUCCA, CRISPINUS, *and* PYRGUS.

Tuc. What's become of my little punk, Venus, and the poult-foot stinkard,[1] her husband, ha?

[1] *The* poult-foot *stinkard,*] i. e. lame, or *club*-foot. See *Mercury vindicated from the Alchemists.*

Cris. O, they are rid home in the coach, as fast as the wheels can run.

Tuc. God Jupiter is banished, I hear, and his cockatrice Juno lock'd up. 'Heart, an all the poetry in Parnassus get me to be a player again, I'll sell 'em my share for a sesterce. But this is Humours, Horace, that goat-footed envious slave; he's turn'd faun now;* an informer, the rogue! 'tis he has betray'd us all. Did you not see him with the emperor crouching?

Cris. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libel, and I'll cudgel the rascal. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall gratulate him, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

Pyr. Ay, but, master, take heed how you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword.

Cris. 'Tis true, in troth; they say he's valiant.[2]

Tuc. Valiant? so is mine a—. Gods and fiends!

* *He's turn'd* faun *now;*] The writers of Jonson's days seem to have connected, I know not why, the idea of a spy, or splenetic observer, with that of a *faun.* Marston calls one of his plays *the Fawne*, in allusion to a character in disguise, who watches and exposes all the persons of the drama in succession.

[2] *In troth, they say he's* valiant.] It would seem from this as if Jonson did not join in the general outcry against the *cowardice* of Horace. I confess myself to be of his opinion. If Horace fled at the battle of Philippi, it was not till courage was become unavailable, and the best and bravest troops of the army had fallen on the spot. How beautifully does he paint all this!

" *Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam*
" *Sensi, relicta non bene parmula;*
" *Cum fracta virtus, et minaces,*
" *Turpe! solum tetigere mento.*"

Was Pompeius Varus a coward? yet he too fled. Surely the *non bene*, the *fracta virtus*, and the *turpe*, all bear the same meaning, and allude to the decisive defeat, not to the ill conduct of the patriotic army. It argues as little good sense as liberality, to take advantage of a poetical expression, and, without

I'll blow him into air when I meet him next: he dares not fight with a puck-fist.

[*Horace passes over the stage.*

Pyr. Master, he comes!

Tuc. Where? Jupiter save thee, my good poet, my noble prophet, my little fat Horace.—I scorn to beat the rogue in the court; and I saluted him thus fair, because he should suspect nothing, the rascal. Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.[3]

Cris. Do you hear, captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence, because I may swear I am innocent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter HORACE MECÆNAS, LUPUS, Histrio, *and* Lictors.

Hor. Nay, why pursue you not the emperor
For your reward now, Lupus?

Mec. Stay, Asinius;
You and your stager, and your band of lictors:
I hope your service merits more respect,
Than thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence.

His. Well, well, jest on, jest on.

considering the circumstances under which it was used, to stigmatize the writer to all ages.

As for Ben, the Horace of the *Poetaster*, he was undoubtedly *valiant*. He had given fatal proofs of courage in a duel, in which he killed his antagonist; and he had acquitted himself with honour in his Flemish campaigns.

[3] *Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the* untrussing *of him.*] More proof that Demetrius is Decker; for Crispinus is now on the stage!—A man "with the spleen of a wren," might be gratified at seeing how the critics, like Ding-dong's sheep, blindly leap after one another.

Hor. Thou base, unworthy groom!
Lup. Ay, ay, 'tis good.
Hor. Was this the treason, this the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellow'd through the court?
Hadst thou no other project to encrease
Thy grace with Cæsar, but this wolfish train,
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth
And harmless pleasures, bred of noble wit?
Away! I loath thy presence; such as thou,
They are the moths and scarabs of a state,[4]
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts;
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they endanger;
And, under a disguised and cobweb mask
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing-cries.[5]
Lup. Good! Cæsar shall know of this, believe it.
Mec. Cæsar doth know it, wolf, and to his knowledge,
He will, I hope, reward your base endeavours.
Princes that will but hear, or give access
To such officious spies, can ne'er be safe:
They take in poison with an open ear,
And, free from danger, become slaves to fear.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *They are the* moths *and* scarabs *of a state.*] "*Moths*, are small winged insects that eat clothes." *Scarabs*, are beetles. I mention this because I am told that the information may be useful to some readers.

[5] ——— *with their false*, lapwing *cries.*] See *Sejanus.*

SCENE VII.

An open Space before the Palace.

Enter OVID.

Banish'd the court! Let me be banish'd life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded:[6]
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then
Is safe against the spirit he excites;
But, out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art:
So I, exiled the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I 'joy'd.
No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia the abstract of the court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire
Some air of that late comfort I received;
And while the evening, with her modest veil,
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walk and attend her: for I know

[6] *Is there* concluded.] i. e. included or confined: there is a terrible number of Latinisms in this play.

Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speak to me,
And chear my fainting spirits with her breath.
Julia. [*appears above, at her chamber window.*]
Ovid? my love?
Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.
Jul. Here! and not here! O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,
Both one; and yet divided, as opposed!
I high, thou low: O, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
Local and ceremonial height, and lowness:
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our minds are even yet; O, why should our bodies,
That are their slaves, be so without their rule?
I'll cast myself down to thee; if I die,
I'll ever live with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
Shall keep me from thee; should my father lock
This body up within a tomb of brass,
Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms I hold
Now in my soul, be made one substance with it;
That soul immortal, and the same 'tis now;
Death cannot raze the affects she now retaineth:
And then, may she be any where she will.
The souls of parents rule not children's souls,
When death sets both in their dissolv'd estates;
Then is no child nor father; then eternity
Frees all from any temporal respect.
I come, my Ovid, take me in thine arms,
And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.
Ovid. O stay, my love; the hopes thou dost conceive
Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,
Are not authentical. Thou choosest death,

So thou might'st 'joy thy love in the other life:
But know, my princely love, when thou art dead,
Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
And in the soul are no affections.
We pour out our affections with our blood,
And, with our blood's affections, fade our loves.
No life hath love in such sweet state as this;
No essence is so dear to moody sense
As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is sense.
Beauty, composed of blood and flesh, moves more,
And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension as we have in dreams,
When, sleep, the bond of senses, locks them up,
Such shall we have, when death destroys them quite.
If love be then thy object, change not life;
Live high and happy still: I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall joy.
Jul. Ay me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings
With every stroke blow stars in burning heaven,
Should, like a swallow, preying towards storms,
Fly close to earth, and with an eager plume,
Pursue those objects which none else can see,
But seem to all the world the empty air!
Thus thou, poor Ovid, and all virtuous men,
Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food,
Pursuing flies, or nothing: and thus love,
And every worldly fancy, is transposed
By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.
O father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
Strive not to rule it; take but what thou gav'st
To thy disposure: thy affections
Rule not in me; I must bear all my griefs,
Let me use all my pleasures; virtuous love
Was never scandal to a goddess' state.—

But he's inflexible! and, my dear love,
Thy life may chance be shorten'd by the length
Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life; though thou be yet exiled
The officious court, enjoy me amply still:
My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears,
And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,
Till we may meet again: In this proud height,
I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.
Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell,
And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.
Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I could,
All light with thee! hell's shade should hide my brows,
Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my vows.
[*Going.*
Jul. Ovid, my love; alas! may we not stay
A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd?
Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess, do not stay.
Who would engage a firmament of fires
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star?
Be gone, sweet life-blood; if I should discern
Thyself but touch'd for my sake, I should die.
Jul. I will be gone, then; and not heaven itself
Shall draw me back. [*Going.*
Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
A little longer stay.
Jul. I am content.
Ovid. O, mighty Ovid! what the sway of heaven
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.
Jul. Who shall go first, my love? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turn from me.
Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.
Jul. Then we must stay.

Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures; if both stay, both die.
I hear thy father; hence, my deity.
[*Julia retires from the window.*
Fear forgeth sounds in my deluded ears;
I did not hear him: I am mad with love.
There is no spirit under heaven, that works
With such illusion; yet such witchcraft kill me,
Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life!
Here, on my knees, I worship the best place
That held my goddess; and the loving air,
That closed her body in his silken arms.
Vain Ovid! kneel not to the place, nor air;
She's in thy heart; rise then, and worship there.
The truest wisdom silly men can have,
Is dotage on the follies of their flesh.[1] [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, TIBULLUS, HORACE, *and* Equites Romani.

Cæs. We, that have conquer'd still, to save the conquer'd,
And loved to make inflictions fear'd, not felt;
Grieved to reprove, and joyful to reward;
More proud of reconcilement than revenge;

[1] I am afraid that this ridiculous love scene will not strike the reader as much in the manner of Ovid: there is neither pathos, nor passion, nor interest in it, but a kind of metaphysical hurly-burly, of which it is not easy to discover the purport or end.

Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus:
You both are gentlemen: and, you, Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman eagles fly
On swarthy Ægypt, quarried with her spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,[8]
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through your shapes;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from heaven!
Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect; if she be
True-born, and nurs'd with all the sciences.
She can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust;
In her sweet streams shall our brave Roman spirits
Chase, and swim after death, with their choice deeds
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein
Shall Tyber, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that the ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrink,
To hear their music: and, for these high parts,
Cæsar shall reverence the Pierian arts,

[8] *Yet not to bear cold forms, nor men's* out-terms.] Merely the figures, and out-lines of men. A metaphor from painting.
WHAL.

Is it not rather from sculpture? Jonson has adhered closely to history in the character which he gives of these eminent writers.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesy,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls; who, for the vain assumings
Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths,
Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.
Gal. Happy is Rome of all earth's other states,
To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre; in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.
Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsar's shrine,
And deck it with bay garlands dew'd with wine,
To quit the worship Cæsar does to him:
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones
By Fortune's passionate and disorder'd power,
Sit in their height, like clouds before the sun,
Hindering his comforts; and, by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice,
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,[9]
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.
Tib. All human business fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blind hand,

[9] *Thunder and* tempest *on those learned heads,*] This expression is adopted by Milton,

——— "part, huge of bulk,
"Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
"*Tempests* the ocean."

and one of his commentators compliments him on the service rendered to the English language by the introduction of such a verb from the Italian. With submission to so much erudition, the word was introduced into our language long before Milton was born: though Jonson, to whom none of the critics refer, was the first, I believe, who used it in poetry:—and, now I am on the subject, I will just hint to those who may undertake hereafter the unprofitable drudgery of tracing out the property of every word and phrase and idea in Milton, that, next to the translators of the *Bible*, Jonson will be found more to their purpose than all the writers of the age put together.

She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst,
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.
Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuff
As Fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it,
As if his hand had eyes and soul in it,
With worth and judgment. Hands, that part with gifts,
Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery numb'd to virtue's right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her; severing their estates
From human order. Whosoever can,
And will not cherish virtue, is no man.

Enter some of the Equestrian order.

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.
Cæs. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,
And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Æneids,
Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
That are of his profession, though rank'd higher;
Or, Horace, what say'st thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to envy, or to detract?
Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men in this,
To make a difference of me for my poorness;
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.
No, Cæsar, they be pathless, moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, ever after sink

Beneath the steps of any villainy.
But knowledge is the nectar that keeps sweet
A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin;
And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar's,
For what I know is due I'll give to all.
He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,
Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.

Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and wholesome sharpness,
Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile fawns.
A flatter'd prince soon turns the prince of fools.
And for thy sake, we'll put no difference more
Between the great and good, for being poor.
Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence,) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examined self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,[1]

[1] *But to approve his works of sovereign worth*, &c.] The great and glorious character of Virgil, given in the two preceding speeches, is at once discriminative and just. What follows, however, is of a different description, and can by no means be applied to him. It is evident that, throughout the whole of

This observation, methinks, more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.
Cæs. You mean, he might repeat part of his works,
As fit for any conference he can use?
Tib. True, royal Cæsar.
Cæs. Worthily observ'd;
And a most worthy virtue in his works.
What thinks material Horace of his learning?[2]
Hor. His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;

this drama, Jonson maintains a constant allusion to himself and his contemporaries: and were it not, that it is fully settled by the critics, from Theobald to Chalmers, that the whole purport of his writings was to "malign" Shakspeare, I should incline to believe that this speech, and that of Horace, which immediately follows, were both intended for him. Jonson could not think that Virgil was the poet of common life, as Tibullus affirms; or, as Horace, that he was unostentatious of literature, and averse from *echoing* the terms of others: whereas all this is as undoubtedly true of Shakspeare, as if it were pointedly written to describe him. Indeed, the speech of Tibullus is so characteristic of our great poet, that I am persuaded nothing but the ignorance of his numerous editors of the existence of such a passage, has prevented its being taken for the motto to his works.

[2] *What thinks* material *Horace of his learning?*] *Material*, i. e. full of solid sense, and observation. "I love," says the Duke, speaking of Jaques,

"I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
"For then he's full of *matter*."

And Jaques himself calls Touchstone "a *material* fool;" i. e. as Johnson explains it, a fool stocked with notions.

Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrap'd in the curious generalties of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.
Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.—

Enter VIRGIL.

See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him.
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil! Cæsar and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil,
Of his expressed greatness, shall be made
A second sirname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.
Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
Which are yet more than my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.
Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more:
Shew them, sweet Virgil.
Virg. Then, in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.
Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper
Than in the sensual complement of kings.

Read, read thyself, dear Virgil; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue:
Best matter, badly shown, shews worse than bad.
See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in; refuse it not.
Virtue, without presumption, place may take
Above best kings, whom only she should make.
Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet, void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity,
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,
Crosseth heaven's courses, and makes worldlings wonder.
Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this,
Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly custom.
Hor. Custom, in course of honour, ever errs;
And they are best whom fortune least prefers.
Cæs. Horace hath but more strictly spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The special rector of all harmony)
Shall shew we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom custom rapteth in her press.
Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by chance
We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first read.
Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will ascend.
'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.[3]

[3] This is expressed with great beauty and propriety, and shews Virgil to be a man of perfect good breeding.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter; [*Exeunt Equites.*] peace.
Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. *Meanwhile the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail*
Of that, fell pouring storms of sleet and hail:
The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each where
With Venus' Dardane nephew, now, in fear,
Seek out for several shelter[4] *through the plain,*
Whilst floods come rolling from the hills amain.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
As guilty of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
Here first began their bane; this day was ground
Of all their ills; for now, nor rumour's sound,
Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
Her love no longer now by stealth is sought,
She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian towns is gone;
Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,
That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearful; but at length

[4] *Seek out for* several *shelter*, &c.] i. e. for *separate* places of shelter. I have little to observe on this version: it probably cost Jonson some trouble; and, according to the ancient notion of what translation should be, must be allowed some merit. It was not a general view of an author's sense, which contented the writers of those times: they aspired to give his precise words, without addition, or diminution; and unfortunately attempted to do it within the compass of the original. It is to Jonson's praise, perhaps, that he moves in his awkward trammels with more facility than his rivals; still, however, there is little grace in his steps, and he more frequently excites wonder than communicates pleasure. The text is from the *Æneid*, Lib. iv.

She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race,
That thought to scale Jove's court; right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed,
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath; and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she bears,
As many mouths, as many listening ears.
Nightly in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;
Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;
By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities and towns of most conspicuous site:
As covetous she is of tales and lies,
As prodigal of truth: this monster——

Lup. [*within.*] Come, follow me, assist me, second me! Where's the emperor?

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Sir, you must pardon us.

2 *Eques.* [*within.*]. Cæsar is private now; you may not enter.

Tuc. [*within.*] Not enter! Charge them upon their allegiance, cropshin.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. [*within.*] I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors: What! do you know my affairs? I have matter of danger and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there? who's that names Cæsar?

Lup. [*within.*] A friend to Cæsar.
One that, for Cæsar's good, would speak with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is it? look, Cornelius.

1 *Eques.* [*within.*] Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We have no vacant ear now, to receive
The unseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. [*within.*] I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respectest thine own safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me, speak with me, Cæsar; 'tis no common business I come about, but such, as being neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar! Let him enter. Virgil, keep thy seat.

Equites. [*within.*] Bear back, there: whither will you? keep back!

Enter LUPUS, TUCCA, *and* Lictors.

Tuc. By thy leave, goodman usher: mend thy peruke; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on Mecænas, lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegiance: read, royal Cæsar. [*Gives a paper.*] I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Tuc. He will, Humours, he will; he will squeeze you, poet puck-fist.[5]

Lup. I'll lop you off for an unprofitable branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. Ay, and Epaminondas your patron here, with his flagon chain; come, resign: [*takes off Mecænas' chain.*] though 'twere your great grandfather's, the law has made it mine now, sir.

[5] *He will squeeze you, poet* puck-fist.] See p. 37.

Look to him, my party-colour'd rascals; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it! A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous, seditious libel; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel!

Lup. Ay; I found it in this Horace his study, in Mecænas his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against them.

Tuc. Ay, and remember to beg their land betimes;[6] before some of these hungry court-hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace: ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it! his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mecænas.

Lup. An emblem! right: that's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,[7]
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,

[6] *Remember to beg their land betimes*, &c.] It was the practice of the greedy courtiers at the Reformation, to scent out such lands as became forfeited to the crown, and beg the grant of of them. Thus, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, "I have followed ordinaries this twelvemonth, onely to find a foole that had landes, or a fellow that woulde *talke treason*, that I might *beg him*." Some remarkable instances are mentioned in history. This practice was not worn out in Elizabeth's days, particularly with respect to what were called *concealed lands*. See Vol. I. p. 107.

[7] *The open vastness of a tyrant's ear.*] I know not where Jonson got this idea; perhaps he has some allusion to the auriform cavity of the Syracusian dungeon: the expression, however, is very noble.

Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! O impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle! and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar, ha?[8] Does not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turn'd dumb. I'll tickle you, Satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha!

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans,
Observe but this ridiculous commenter;
The soul to my device was in this distich:

Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude.

Which in this body I have figured here,
A vulture——

Lup. A vulture! Ay, now, 'tis a vulture. O abominable! monstrous! monstrous! Has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

[8] *And is not that eagle meant* by *Cæsar?*] i. e. *of* Cæsar. See Vol. I. p. 139.

"Stewart tharwith all bolnyt in to baill,
"Wallace, he sed, *be* the I tell a taill;
"Say furth, quoth he, &c.———
"That taill ful meit thou has tald *be* thi sell."
Wallace, lib. x. 130, 149.

The excellent compiler of the Scottish Dict. says that *be* (by) is used here rather in an uncommon sense. It is used simply for *of*; a sense perfectly familiar to the old writers of both countries. *Give*, is a term in heraldry; in common language it means, to take or assume, as a particular *bearing*, in the escutcheon.

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace: say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf! good: that's I; I am the wolf: my name's Lupus; I am meant by the wolf. On, on; a vulture and a wolf——

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass——

Lup. An ass! good still: that's I too; I am the ass.[9] You mean me by the ass.

Mec. Prithee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians
Were wont to figure, in their hieroglyphics,
Patience, frugality, and fortitude;
For none of which we can suspect you, tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that inform'd you first,
This should be meant by us? Or was't your comment?

Lup. No, Cæsar; a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.[1]

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without here.

[9] *I am the* ass, *&c.*] Here and above the honest tribune alludes to his name, Asinius Lupus.

[1] *Ay, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a* politician *besides.*] This is, beyond question, an allusion to a piece of private history. Perhaps Æsop, the politician here meant, and who is charged with the discovery of this notable piece of treason, had actually framed some plot, or laid some information against Jonson. He was an actor at the Fortune play-house, which is all that I can say of him. Our author treats him with marked dislike: he merely allows him to make his appearance, and then hurries him off the stage, to undergo a servile punishment.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there: master Æsop, call him.

Equites. [*within.*] Player! where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Enter Æsop, *followed by* Crispinus *and* Demetrius.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. Pray you, master usher:—we'll stand close, here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this;[2] though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye.—Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf in thy mouth?[3] Well said;

[2] *'Tis a* gentleman of quality, *this;*] This is Marston, (Crispinus,) who was born and educated a gentleman. Jonson carefully distinguishes him from Decker (Demetrius) throughout the whole of this drama.

[3] *Come, Æsop, hast a* bay-leaf *in thy mouth?*] The bay was sacred to Apollo; hence, perhaps, the notion of the ancients, that a bay-leaf placed under the tongue was conducive to eloquence. But, indeed, the *bay-leaf* in all ages has been subservient to a number of petty superstitions. Absolon, in the *Milleres Tale*, among other amatory artifices to captivate the affection of the carpenter's wife,

"Under his tonge a *trewe love* be e,
"For therby wend he to ben gracious."

Of this passage Tyrwhitt says that he can make nothing. I have little doubt but that it was a *bay leaf* which Absolon *bere* in his mouth, of which the imaginary virtue was to render his language at once bold and persuasive. Cartwright, a close follower of Jonson, alludes to this circumstance in his *Lady-Errant*, where Philænis describes the mode in which she proposes to humanize the pigmies;

"Teach them good language by cleft sticks and *bay-leaves*,
"And civilize them finally by puppet-plays."

I do not suppose that Voltaire ever looked into Cartwright: but this is nearly the way in which he recommended us to treat the revolted Caraibs. "There is nothing new under the sun."

be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy covey,[4] under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. Ay, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipped. Lictors, go take him hence.

And, Lupus, for your fierce credulity,[5]
One fit him with a pair of larger ears:
'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revoked.
We hate to have our court and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæsar!

[*Exe. some of the Lictors, with Lupus and Æsop.*

Cæs. Gag him, [that] we may have his silence.

Virg. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just
Is his award, against these brainless creatures.
'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of the state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it
A most dishonest practice in that man,
Will seem too witty in another's work.
What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*They whisper Cæsar.*

[4] *Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy* covey,] Here is a slight gird at the practice of *monopolies*, now growing into fashion. WHAL.

Growing! It had attained a pretty considerable bulk long before this was written.

[5] *And, Lupus, for your* fierce *credulity*,] Fierce is rash, inconsiderate, and violent: the word occurs again in *Sejanus*. WHAL.

Tuc. [*to Mecœnas.*] Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad Mecœnas. What! dost thou think I meant to have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.[6] Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphic. Give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all, against thee, ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it, Romans.
Virgil shall be your prætor; and ourself
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;
And think it no impeach of royalty.
Our ear is now too much profaned, grave Maro,
With these distates, to take thy sacred lines:
Put up thy book, till both the time and we
Be fitted with more hallow'd circumstance
For the receiving so divine a work.
Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of Calumny. Mecœnas and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do it; 'twill be noble mirth.

[6] *Will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my* three souls.] The Peripatetic philosophy gave every man three souls; a plastic, an animal, and a rational soul. WHAL.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. Ay, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish a fool should hate me!

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! will they arraign my brisk Poetaster and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again! I do feel myself turn stinkard already: but I must set the best face I have upon't now. [*Aside.*]—Well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whoreson detracting slaves to the bar, do; make them hold up their spread golls:[7] I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would thy man had a clean band!

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of service and action: my name is Pantilius Tucca; I have served in thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering, or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lict. In the name of Cæsar, silence!

[7] *Make them hold up their spread* golls:] Their hands. Thus Decker: "Hold up thy *hands:* I have seen the time thou didst not scorn to hold up thy *golls.*" *Satirom.* *Deft*, which occurs just before, is adroit, clever, handy.

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser and the accused, present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Virg. Read the indictment.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statue of calumny, or* Lex Remmia,[8] *the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Cri-spinas, poetaster and plagiary; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiary. That you (not having the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided, have most ignorantly, foolishly, and, more like your selves, maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspired and plotted, at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him falsely, of self-love, arrogancy, impudence, railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?*

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

[8] *On the statute of calumny, or* Lex Remmia.] By this *Law* persons convicted of calumny were to be branded on the forehead with the letter C. WHAL.

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans. [*Aside to Cris.*

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Virg. Here sits Mecænas, and Cornelius Gallus, Are you contented to be tried by these?

Tuc. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say. [*Aside.*

Cris. Dem. Ay, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Virg. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleased the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act!

Virg. Stay, turn, and take an oath first. *You shall swear,*

By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods,
And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;
By your own white and uncorrupted souls,
And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;
To judge this case, with truth and equity:
As bound, by your religion, and your laws.
Now read the evidence: but first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.
[*Gives him two papers.*

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say, ay: [*Aside.*]—What! dost thou stand upon it, pimp? Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Read them aloud.[9]

[9] *Read them aloud, &c.*] I have already observed, in opposition to the whole string of commentators, that Crispinus is Marston: if any doubts of it should remain after what has been advanced, the lines which follow will be more than sufficient to remove them. In these, Jonson has accumulated many of the uncouth and barbarous terms which characterize Marston's poetry. Such of them as I could readily call to mind, are here thrown together: an attentive perusal of his works might probably furnish others; but the labour would be neither pleasant nor profitable. As Holofernes justly observes, *satis quod sufficit.*

The works which our author had chiefly in view, were the *Scourge of Villainie*, and the two parts of *Antonio and Mellida.* In the former of these, Jonson is ridiculed under the name of Torquatus, for his affected use of "new-minted words, such as *real, intrinsicate,* and *delphicke,*" which are all found in his earliest comedies; so that we have here, in fact, little more than "the retort courteous."

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

But, indeed, Marston deserved some reprehension. He boasts, and his boasts have been repeated by the commentators who generally take all upon trust, that he is "free from licentiousness of language." The fact is not so; he is extremely gross, and impure. This is what Jonson means, when he makes him "boldly nominate a spade a spade;" and this too is the just object of the attack upon him, in the old play of the *Return from Parnassus;*

"Tut! what cares he for modest, close-couch'd terms,
"Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?
"Give him plain naked words, stripped of their shirts,
"That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine."

I will not affirm that Marston's manner is very correctly imitated in this collection of his words and phrases; yet those who read his *Satires* cannot fail to be struck with the arrogance, pedantry, and harshness (qualities here attempted to be caricatured) which pervade every part of them: while his dramatic works, more particularly those noticed by Jonson, are distinguished by nothing so much as a perpetual bluster, an overstrained reaching after sublimity of expression, which ends in

Tib. *Ramp up my genius,*[1] *be not retrograde;*
But boldly nominate a spade a spade.
What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse[2]
Live, as she were defunct, like punk in stews!
Tuc. Excellent!
Alas! that were no modern consequence,
To have cothurnal buskins[3] *frighted hence.*
No, teach thy Incubus to poetize;[4]
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,[5]

abrupt and unintelligible starts, and bombast anomalies of language. It is but fair to add, that, whatever Marston might think of the present castigation, he had the good sense to profit by it, since his latter works exhibit but few of the terms here ridiculed.

[1] Ramp *up my genius, &c.*]

"The rawish danke of clumzie winter *rampes*
"The fluent summers vein," &c.

This is taken from the Prologue to the Second Part of *Antonio*, which is very much in the style of this burlesque.

[2] *What, shall thy lubrical and* glibbery *muse*] There is no word of which Marston seems more fond than of this; he introduces it on all occasions:

"His love is *glibbery*, there's no hold on't, wench."
Antonio and Mellida.

Again,

———"Milke, milke, you *glibbery* urchin,
"Is food for infants." *Id.*

[3] *Alas! that were no* modern *consequence,*
To have cothurnal buskins, *&c.*] *Modern* is slight, trivial: this word, though much affected by Marston, is not peculiar to him: *Cothurnal buskins* is parodied from an absurd expression in *Antonio and Mellida*, Part 2, A. II. S. 5.

"O now *tragedia cothurnata* mounts!"

[4] *No, teach thy* incubus *to poetize.*]

"I would have told you of the *incubus*
"That rides your bosom." *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part.
"Then, death, like to a stifling *incubus*,
"Lie on my bosom." *Id.*

[5] *And throw abroad thy spurious* snotteries,]

"To purge the *snotterie* of our slimie time." *Scourge of Villanie.*

Upon that puft-up lump of balmy froth,
Tuc. Ah ha!
Or clumsy chilblain'd judgment;[6] *that with oath*
Magnificates his merit;[7] *and bespawls*
The conscious time, with humourous foam and brawls,
As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinews of my patience. Break his back,
O poets all and some! for now we list
Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist.[8]

CRISPINUS.

Tuc. Ay, marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry, now.

[6] *Upon that puft-up lump of* barmy froth,
Or clumzie *chilblained judgment.*]

"Shall each odde puisne of the Lawyers Inne
"Each *barmy froth*, that last day did beginne
"To read his *nere a whit*," &c. *Scourge of Villainie.*

Again,——"that, like some rotten stick in troubled water, hath gott a great deal of *barmie froth* to stick to his sides." *Preface to Satires.*

The rawish danke of *clumzie* winter, &c. This absurd fustian has been already quoted: from the forced application of this epithet, well might Jonson observe (as he does below) "that *clumzie* stuck terribly."

[7] Magnificates *his merit.*] This, like *barmie froth*, is a favourite expression with Marston.

"I cannot with swoln lines *magnificate*
"Mine owne poor worth." *Sat.*

Again,

——"shall a trencher slave extenuate
"Some Lucrece rape, and straight *magnificate*
"Lewd Jovian lust, &c." *Id.*

[8] ——— *for now we* list
Of strenuous vengeance *to* clutch *the* fist.] Steevens, with his customary disregard of truth in every thing which relates to our author, declares, in his final remarks on *Hamlet*, that Jonson has more than once in the *Poetaster* pointed his ridicule at some of Shakspeare's descriptions and characters, and frequently sneered at his choice of words, of which he instances *clutch*. I

Cæs. Excellently well threaten'd!
Virg. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.
Cæs. We observe it.
Virg. The other, now.[9]
Tuc. This is a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too; this will do well.
Tib. *Our Muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet;*
I slip by his name, for most men do know it:
A critic, that all the world bescumbers[1]
With satirical humours and lyrical numbers:

will take upon me to affirm that the play does not contain a single allusion to any character that Shakspeare ever drew, nor an expression that can, by any ingenuity, however malicious, be tortured into a sneer at his language. *Clutch*, indeed, is used by him, (as well as others,) and with strict propriety; which can scarcely be said of it, as employed by Marston: let the reader judge.

"Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is *clutch'd*
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe."
Antonio's Revenge, A. I. S. 1.

"Seize on revenge, graspe the sterne-bended front
"Of frowning *vengeance* with unpaized *clutch*."
Id. A. III. S. 1.

Is it yet clear? To come to the point, however, at once, —not only this word, but the whole line is taken literatim from a bombastic speech, in *Antonio's Revenge*, A. V. S. 1.

"*The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht.*"

9. *The other now.*] The lines which follow, and which are signed Demetrius, are most assuredly meant to ridicule the loose and desultory style of Decker; though here too something of Marston is suffered to appear. Indeed it is more than probable that other poets besides "Crispinus and his Achates," are included in the ARRAIGNMENT.

1 *A critic that all the world* bescumbers.] This word is also in Marston's *Satires*, and is deservedly stigmatized. Yet I should not have noticed it but for the opportunity which it gives me of setting right the learned and ingenious author of

Tuc. Art thou there, boy?
And for the most part, himself doth advance
With much self-love, and more arrogance.
Tuc. Good again!
And, but that I would not be thought a prater,
I could tell you he were a translator.
I know the authors from whence he has stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand them
not full and whole.[2]
Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows: chain him up shorter, do.
The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keeps gallants company;

that stupendous monument of successful industry, the *Etymological Dictionary* of the Scottish Language:

"Better thou gains to leid a dog *to skomer*
"Pynd pyck-purse pelour, than wi' thy master pingle."

This seems to mean "to cater for thee," or to "smell where there is provision." Voce *Scomer*. Very different is the sense:—but a passage from Massinger will explain it sufficiently.

Hil. How do you like
Your airing? Is it not a favour?
Ric. Yes;
Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-hounds,
When they are led out of their kennels to *scumber*,
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing
In our bellies to be vented. *The Picture*, A. V. S. I.

If Dr. Jamieson will turn to his witty countryman's translation of Rabelais, he will find more than one instance of the use of this word in its proper sense. *To leid a dog to skomer*, implies, to submit to the lowest and most degrading offices.

[2] *But that I understand them not full and whole.*] This could in no sense be said of Marston who had received an University education, and was, indeed, a very considerable scholar; but was probably true of Decker, who seems to have no great stock of literature, and whose history, as far at least as it is known, is little more than a hopeless struggle with poverty. Much of his life was spent in confinement for debt, though he had talents sufficient, in ordinary times, to have secured not only freedom, but independence.

Whom I could wish, in time should him fear,
Lest after they buy repentance too dear.

DEMÉ. FANNIUS.

Tuc. Well said! This carries palm with it.[3]
Hor. And why, thou motley gull, why should they fear?
When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend?
I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.
Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,
And shrink'st thy poisonous head into thy bosom:
Out, viper! thou that eat'st thy parents, hence!
Rather, such speckled creatures, as thyself,
Should be eschew'd,[4] and shunn'd: such as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame;
Catch at the loosest laughters, and affect
To be thought jesters; such as can devise
Things never seen, or heard, t'impair men's names,
And gratify their credulous adversaries;

[3] *This carries palm with it.*] A Latin form of speaking, equivalent to our English phrase, "This bears the bell."

WHAL.

It is so, though the one expression be as mean as the other is elegant and noble; both, however, mean *victory*. The word is used with great beauty in *Julius Cæsar:*

"In the most high and *palmy* state of Rome."

And again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"No; this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
"Must not so stale his *palm*, nobly acquired."

[4] *Rather such speckled creatures as thyself*
Should be eschewed, &c.

———"*Absentem qui rodit amicum,*
"*Qui non defendit, alio culpante, solutos*
"*Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,*
"*Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere*
"*Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*"

Lib. 1. Sat. iv.

Will carry tales, do basest offices,
Cherish divided fires, and still encrease
New flames, out of old embers; will reveal
Each secret that's committed to their trust:
These be black slaves; Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace: they be indeed a couple of chap-fall'n curs. Come, we of the bench,[5] let's rise to the urn, and condemn them quickly.

Virg. Before you go together, worthy Romans,
We are to tender our opinion;
And give you those instructions, that may add
Unto your even judgment in the cause:
Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can be no dejection; and the scorn
Of humble baseness, oftentimes so works
In a high soul, upon the grosser spirit,
That to his bleared and offended sense,
There seems a hideous fault blazed in the object;
When only the disease is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands tax'd
Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,
By those who share no merit in themselves;
And therefore think his portion is as small.
For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls,
If they should confidently praise their works,
In them it would appear inflation:
Which, in a full and well digested man,
Cannot receive that foul abusive name,
But the fair title of erection.
And, for his true use of translating men,

[5] *Come, we of the bench, let's rise to the urn, &c.*] See my translation of Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 6.

It still hath been a work of as much palm,
In clearest judgments, as to invent or make.
His sharpness,—that is most excusable;
As being forced out of a suffering virtue,
Oppressed with the license of the time:
And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,
Players, or such like buffoon barking wits,[6]
May with their beggarly and barren trash,
Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite;
This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride control,
"The honest satire hath the happiest soul."
Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; withdraw when you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha? Fear nothing, I'll quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided;[7] we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. Ay.

Please it, great Cæsar, I have pills about me,
Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore,

[6] *Players, or such like* buffoon, barking wits,] This is from the folio, the quarto reads, *buffoonary* wits, which is just as good.

[7] *Let there be a* case *of vizards privately provided;*] A *case* is a pair: so in *Ram Alley*,

——"What, my *case* of justices!
"What, are you eaves-dropping?" WHAL.

Would give him a light vomit,[8] that should purge
His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats:
Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. O, be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace!
You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.
Virgil,
Use your authority, command him forth.

Virg. Cæsar is careful of your health, Crispinus;
And hath himself chose a physician
To minister unto you: take his pills.

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholesome.
Take yet another; so: stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you whoreson egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now, than a beggar upon pattens; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom, put yourselves upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof you have, before this time, been indicted, and are now presently arraigned: prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of your tryers. Caius Cilnius*

[8] Hor. *Please it great Cæsar, I have pills about me*
Would give him a light vomit, &c.] What follows, is an imitation of the *Lexiphanes* of Lucian, as Whalley has observed. It might have been omitted without much injury to the plot, as most of the words about to be noticed have already been stigmatized; and the poetasters tried and condemned on a separate indictment. The management of the patient, however, is ingenious; and certainly well calculated to provoke mirth among a people not over-delicate in their notions of humour.

Mecœnas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tucca—

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.[9]

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed Suborn'd us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you whoreson cantharides! was it I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. O, the captain, the captain———

Hor. My physic begins to work with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor: I appeal from thee to Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir.—Lictors, gag him; do.

And put a case of vizards o'er his head,
That he may look bifronted, as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar, wilt thou? Away, you whoreson vultures; away. You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar is disposed to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your hook'd talons out of my flesh, you inhuman harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast away a gentleman of worship, a captain and a commander, for a couple of condemn'd caitiff calumnious cargos?[1]

Cæs. Dispatch, lictors.

[9] Parcel-*guilty, I.*] i. e. *partly* guilty: *non liquet.*

[1] *A couple of calumnious cargos.*] i. e. bullies, bravoes, or whatever the reader pleases, of a kindred import. It is useless to attempt to assign a precise meaning to such cant vulgarisms. *Cargo* is used by our old poets as an interjection. Reed pronounces it to be a corruption of *coragio.* His word will not go far in Italian; but it may be as he says. What is more certain is, that it was a military term, and signified *charge!*

Tuc. Cæsar! [*The vizards are put upon him.*

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced: nothing else.

Virg. Thus envious souls repine at others good.

Hor. If this be all,[a] faith, I forgive thee freely.
Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me,
Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,
My dear Mecænas; while these, with many more,
Whose names I wisely slip, shall think me worthy
Their honour'd and adored society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;
I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O————!

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I am sick———!

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physic works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O—*retrograde*——*reciprocal*——*incubus.*

Cæs. What's that, Horace?

Hor. *Retrograde, reciprocal,* and *incubus,* are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter!

[a] *If this be all, &c.*] Immediately from Horace:
" *Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?*
" *Plotius et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque*
" *Valgius, et probet hæc Octavius optimus—*
" *Complères alios, doctos ego quos et amicos*
" *Prudens prætereo,*" &c. Lib. 1. Sat. x.

Cris. O——*glibbery—lubrical—defunct*—O—!
Hor. Well said; here's some store.
Virg. What are they?
Hor. *Glibbery, lubrical,* and *defunct.*
Gal. O, they came up easy.
Cris. O——O——!
Tib. What's that?
Hor. Nothing yet.
Cris. *Magnificate*——
Mec. *Magnificate!* That came up somewhat hard.
Hor. Ay. What chear, Crispinus?
Cris. O! I shall cast up my—*spurious—snotteries—*
Hor. Good. Again.
Cris. *Chilblain'd*——O——O——*clumsie*——
Hor. That *clumsie* stuck terribly.
Mec. What's all that, Horace?
Hor. *Spurious, snotteries, chilblain'd, clumsie.*
Tib. O Jupiter!
Gal. Who would have thought there should have been such a deal of filth in a poet?
Cris. O——*barmy froth*——
Cæs. What's that?
Cris —*Puffie—inflate—turgidous—ventosity.*
Hor. *Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous,* and *ventosity* are come up.
Tib. O terrible windy words.
Gal. A sign of a windy brain.
Cris. O——*oblatrant*——*furibund*——*fatuate*——*strenuous*——
Hor. Here's a deal; *oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.*
Cæs. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly?[3]

[3] *What a tumult he had in his belly.*] Φεν, τι τετο; πολυς Βορβορυγμος. *Lex.*

Hor. No, there's the often *conscious damp* behind still.

Cris. O——*conscious*——*damp.*

Hor. It is come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius: yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. O, no; O——O——O——O——O!

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.[4]

Cris. O——O——*prorumped.*

Tib. Prorumped! What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumpt with it.[5]

Cris. O——O——O!

Virg. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O——*clutcht.*

Hor. Now it is come; *clutcht.*

Cæs. Clutcht! it is well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O——!

Virg. Again! hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. *Snarling gusts*——*quaking custard.*[6]

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O——*obstupefact.*

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Virg. These pills[7] can but restore him for a time,

[4] *Force yourself a little with your finger.*] βιασαι δ'ομως, και καθις εις την φαρυγγα τες δακτυλες. *Lex.*

[5] Prorumped! *What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumpt with it.*] Η γαρ σιληποροδια, μεγαν τον φοφον εργασεται συνεκπεσουσα μετα τε πνευματος. *Lex.*

[6] Cris. —————— *quaking custard.*] A ridicule of this line, in Marston:

"Let *custards quake*, my rage must freely runne."
Lib. i. Sat. 2.

[7] Virg. *These pills*, &c.] The whole of this speech, *mutatis mutandis*, is taken from the very excellent advice which Lycinus

Not cure him quite of such a malady,
Caught by so many surfeits, which have fill'd
His blood and brain thus full of crudities:
'Tis necessary therefore he observe
A strict and wholesome diet. Look you take
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart; that walk upon,
Till it be well digested: then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase
Instead of liquorice; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus and old Ennius; they are meats
Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read
(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,
To stuff out a peculiar dialect;
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgic phrase,[8] you shall not straight
Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,
But let it pass; and do not think yourself

gives to Lexiphanes. It will not be an unprofitable amusement to the learned reader to follow our author through this part of Lucian, and observe with what happy dexterity he has contrived to avail himself of his sentiments, and exemplify his precepts.

[8] *Some* Gallo-Belgic *phrase.*] This alludes to the Latinity of this celebrated political 'Register,' as Mr. Chalmers aptly terms it, which was now much read. Mention of it is made by almost all the writers of Jonson's age. As it treated of contemporary events, treaties, sieges, &c. in a dead language, it was necessarily driven to the use of awkward and unwarranted terms, which Crispinus is here judiciously advised to "let pass." This is all levelled at Marston, who has too many of these *Gallo-Belgic phrases* in his Plays and Satires. Affectation of wild outlandish terms cannot be charged on Decker, whose crying sins are roughness and vulgarity.

Much damnified, if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding, nor the sense
Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and clear:
And this have I prescribed to you, in place
Of a strict sentence; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn
To bear yourself more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar!

Virg. And for a week or two see him lock'd up
In some dark place, removed from company;
He will talk idly else after his physic.
Now to you, sir. [*to Demetrius.*] The extremity of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your calumny: but since it pleaseth
Horace, the party wrong'd, t' intreat of Cæsar
A mitigation of that juster doom,
With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think thyself
No other than they make thee; vow to wear them
In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only, grave prætor, here, in open court,
I crave the oath for good behaviour
May be administer'd unto them both.

Virg. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. *Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnly attest and swear, that never, after this instant, either at booksellers stalls, in taverns,*

two-penny rooms,[9] *tyring-houses, noblemen's butteries, puisnés chambers, (the best and farthest places where you are admitted to come,) you shall once offer or dare (thereby to endear yourself the more to any player, enghle, or guilty gull in your company) to malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to work upon, either for that,*

[9] —— two-penny *rooms, tyring-houses,* noblemen's butteries, *puisnés chambers, the* best and farthest places where you are admitted to come.] Mr. Malone thinks the observation of Pope, namely, that "players, in Shakspeare's time, were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table," originated from an expression in the *Taming of the Shrew:*

"Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery," &c.

But there can, I think, be little doubt that Pope had this very passage of Jonson, which has so strangely escaped the commentators, in his thoughts; at any rate, it is fully sufficient to justify the assertion. With great deference to Mr. Malone, I conceive, that even the respectable names which he mentions, Heminge, Burbage, and Lowin were seldom to be found at "my lord's table, or my ladie's toilette." Shakspeare and, above all, Jonson, were, it is to be presumed, free of both; not, however, as players, but as distinguished writers: indeed Jonson's familiar friends are well known to have been among the first for rank and talents in the state. This is overlooked or forgotten by the calumniators of the present day, who enjoy a malignant pleasure in talking of this great poet, as if, like master Stephen, he had "kept company with none but the archers of Finsbury." His contemporaries, however, were well acquainted with the fact; to which they have many envious allusions. It is for this reason that Crispinus is made to say, (p. 440,) "Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends, they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of Romans;" and that he and Demetrius are, in the "oath" below, compelled to abjure "maligning him for keeping better acquaintance than themselves." Decker, however, often returned to the charge, in the *Satiromastix;* which, as Jonson had anticipated it in the present piece, argues no great felicity of invention.

or for keeping himself in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends; or if, transported by any sudden and desperate resolution, you do, that then you shall not under the batoon, or in the next presence, being an honourable assembly of his favourers, be brought as voluntary gentlemen to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall you, at any time, ambitiously affecting the title of the Untrussers or Whippers of the age, suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers in wit, and, losing both your time and your papers, be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So help you our Roman gods, and the Genius of great Cæsar!

Virg. So! now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. And thanks to Cæsar,
That thus hath exercised his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.
It is the bane and torment of our ears,
To hear the discords of those jangling rhymers,
That with their bad and scandalous practices
Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low
As these despised objects; let them fall.
With their flat groveling souls: be you yourselves;
And as with our best favours you stand crown'd,
So let your mutual loves be still renown'd.
Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should crack his spirit.

Blush, folly, blush: here's none that fears
The wagging of an ass's ears,
Although a wolfish case he wears.
Detraction is but baseness', varlet;
And apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet.

[*Exeunt.*

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

" Here, reader, in place of the epilogue, was meant to thee " an apology from the author, with his reasons for the publishing " of this book: but, since he is no less restrained, than thou " deprived of it by authority, he prays thee to think charitably " of what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what " he hath written."*

HORACE *and* TREBATIUS.

A Dialogue.[1]

Sat. I. Lib. 2.

Hor. There are to whom I seem excessive sour,
And past a satire's law t' extend my power:
Others, that think whatever I have writ
Wants pith and matter to eternize it;
And that they could, in one day's light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I do, Trebatius? say.
Treb Surcease.

* This was subjoined to the first edition of the Poetaster. It does not appear why the restraint of which Jonson complains was imposed; but such was then the servile and dependent state of the stage, that the actors were at the mercy of any man of fashion who thought it worth his while to complain of them.

[1] This Dialogue, which is not in the quarto, (see p. 464,) bears no appearance of having been spoken on the stage; though it stands in the folio as the concluding scene of the third act. I have nothing to add on its merits; nor does it seem to call for any particular notice.

Hor. And shall my muse admit no more increase?
Treb. So I advise.
Hor. An ill death let me die,
If 'twere not best; but sleep avoids mine eye,
And I use these, lest nights should tedious seem.
Treb. Rather, contend to sleep, and live like them,
That, holding golden sleep in special price,
Rubb'd with sweet oils, swim silver Tyber thrice,
And every even with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquer'd Cæsar's deeds;
Who cheers such actions with abundant meeds.
Hor. That, father, I desire; but, when I try,
I feel defects in every faculty:
Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,
To paint the horrid troops of armed men,
The lances burst, in Gallia's slaughter'd forces;
Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their horses:
Great Cæsar's wars cannot be fought with words.
Treb. Yet, what his virtue in his peace affords,
His fortitude and justice thou canst show
As wise Lucilius honour'd Scipio.
Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such slight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble words of Flaccus cannot climb
Th' attentive ear of Cæsar; nor must I
With less observance shun gross flattery:
For he, reposed safe in his own merit,
Spurns back the gloses of a fawning spirit.
Treb. But how much better would such accents sound
Than with a sad and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his saucy jests,
Or Nomentanus spent in riotous feasts?

In satires, each man, though untouch'd, complains
As he were hurt; and hates such biting strains.
Hor. What shall I do? Milonius shakes his heels
In ceaseless dances, when his brain once feels
The stirring fervour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false numbers apprehend.
Castor his horse, Pollux loves handy-fights:
A thousand heads, a thousand choice delights.
My pleasure is in feet my words to close,
As, both our better, old Lucilius does:
He, as his trusty friends, his books did trust
With all his secrets; nor, in things unjust,
Or actions lawful, ran to other men:
So that the old man's life described, was seen
As in a votive table in his lines:
And to his steps my genius inclines;
Lucanian, or Apulian, I know not whether,
For the Venusian colony ploughs either;
Sent thither, when the Sabines were forced thence,
As old Fame sings, to give the place defence
'Gainst such as, seeing it empty, might make road
Upon the empire; or there fix abode:
Whether the Apulian borderer it were,
Or the Lucanian violence they fear.—
But this my style no living man shall touch,
If first I be not forced by base reproach;
But like a sheathed sword it shall defend
My innocent life; for why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thief
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life?
O Jupiter, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch, or insolently threaten
The life of any with the least disease;
So much I love, and woo a general peace.
But, he that wrongs me, better, I proclaim,
He never had assay'd to touch my fame.

For he shall weep, and walk with every tongue
Throughout the city, infamously sung.
Servius the prætor threats the laws, and urn,
If any at his deeds repine or spurn;
The witch Canidia, that Albutius got,
Denounceth witchcraft, where she loveth not:
Thurius, the judge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such as strive with his judicial will.
All men affright their foes in what they may,
Nature commands it, and men must obey.
Observe with me: The wolf his tooth doth use,
The bull his horn; and who doth this infuse,
But nature? There's luxurious Scæva; trust
His long-lived mother with him; his so just
And scrupulous right-hand no mischief will;
No more than with his heel a wolf will kill,
Or ox with jaw: marry, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remove the croan..
But briefly, if to age I destined be,
Or that quick death's black wings environ me;
If rich, or poor; at Rome; or fate command
I shall be banish'd to some other land;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satires still, in spite of fear.
Treb. Horace, I fear thou draw'st no lasting breath;
And that some great man's friend will be thy death.
Hor. What! when the man that first did satirize
Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice,
And make, who stood in outward fashion clear,
Give place, as foul within; shall I forbear?
Did Lælius, or the man so great with fame,
That from sack'd Carthage fetch'd his worthy name,
Storm that Lucilius did Metellus pierce,
Or bury Lupus quick in famous verse?

Rulers, and subjects, by whole tribes he checkt,
But virtue and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgment-seat,
The virtuous Scipio and wise Lælius met,
Unbraced, with him in all light sports they shared,
Till their most frugal suppers were prepared.
Whate'er I am, though both for wealth and wit
Beneath Lucilius I am pleased to sit;
Yet Envy, spite of her empoison'd breast,
Shall say, I lived in grace here with the best;
And seeking in weak trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound:
'Less learn'd Trebatius' censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yield to thee;
Only take heed, as being advised by me,
Lest thou incur some danger: better pause,
Than rue thy ignorance of the sacred laws;
There's justice, and great action may be sued
'Gainst such as wrong men's fames with verses lewd.

Hor. Ay, with lewd verses, such as libels be,
And aim'd at persons of good quality:
I reverence and adore that just decree.
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rhimes,
That spare men's persons, and but tax their crimes,
Such shall in open court find current pass,
Were Cæsar judge, and with the maker's grace.

Treb. Nay, I'll add more; if thou thyself, being clear,
Shall tax in person a man fit to bear
Shame and reproach, his suit shall quickly be
Dissolved in laughter, and thou thence set free.

TO THE

READER.

IF, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserved that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which follows, an APOLOGETICAL DIALOGUE; which was only once spoken upon the stage,[1] and all the answer I ever gave to sundry impotent libels then cast out (and some yet remaining) against me, and this play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times; but that posterity may make a difference between their manners that provoked me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them. *Non annorum canities est laudanda, sed morum.*

SCENE, *The* Author's *Lodgings.*

Enter NASUTUS *and* POLYPOSUS.

Nas. *I pray you, let's go see him, how he looks After these libels.*

Pol. *O vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.*

[1] ——— *only once spoken upon the stage.*] This Apology was first printed in 1616; so that we have no means of ascertaining how long the injunction, mentioned above, continued in force; it could not, however, be many weeks. It appears that Jonson himself took the part of "the Author;" and no one could do it more justice, for he was a most excellent declaimer. But how little did he know of himself! He talks of *neglecting* his enemies, at the very moment that he is pouring out his utmost indignation upon them. There is, however, much merit in this little piece.

Nas. *Do you think so? I should be sorry for him,*
If I found that.
Pol. *O, they are such bitter things,*
He cannot choose.
Nas. *But, is he guilty of them?*
Pol. *Fuh! that's no matter.*
Nas. *No!*
Pol. *No. Here's his lodging.*
We'll steal upon him: or, let's listen; stay.
He has a humour oft to talk t' himself.
Nas. *They are your manners lead me, not mine own.*

[They come forward: the scene opens, and discovers the Author in his study.

Aut. *The fates have not spun him the coarsest thread,*
That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet so live, although but to himself,
As he can safely scorn the tongues of slaves,
And neglect fortune, more than she can him.
It is the happiest thing this, not to be
Within the reach of malice; it provides
A man so well, to laugh off injuries;
And never sends him farther for his vengeance,
Than the vex'd bosom of his enemy.
I, now, but think how poor their spite sets off,
Who, after all their waste of sulphurous terms,
And burst-out thunder of their charged mouths,
Have nothing left but the unsavoury smoke
Of their black vomit, to upbraid themselves:
Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,
And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.

[Pol. and Nas. discover themselves.

Pol. *Ay, but the multitude they think not so, sir;*

What credit was given to the author's declarations, I know not; but if he expected to silence his detractors by them, he was evidently disappointed.

They think you hit, and hurt: and dare give out,
Your silence argues it, in not rejoining
To this or that late libel.
Aut. *'Las, good rout!*
I can afford them leave to err so still;
And, like the barking students of Bears-college,[1]
To swallow up the garbage of the time
With greedy gullets, whilst myself sit by,
Pleased, and yet tortured, with their beastly feeding.
'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them,
To think, all that are aim'd at still are struck;
Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the mark:
And so, each fear or fever-shaken fool
May challenge Teucer's hand in archery.
Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
To act the crimes these Whippers reprehend,
Or what their servile apes gesticulate,
I should not then much muse their shreds were liked,
Since ill men have a lust t' hear others sins,
And good men have a zeal to hear sin shamed.
But when it is all excrement they vent,
Base filth and offal; or thefts, notable
As ocean-piracies, or highway-stands;
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their own,
Or what their own foul thoughts suggested to them;
And that, in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them but lives himself, if known,
Improbior satiram scribente cinædo,[3]
What should I say more, than turn stone with wonder!
Nas. *I never saw this play bred all this tumult:*
What was there in it could so deeply offend,
And stir so many hornets?

[1] *Students of Bears-college.*] The dogs at the bear-garden. WHAL.

[3] This is from Juvenal, as are several other passages in this bitter satire, which need not be pointed out: the names of the speakers have a reference to a line in Martial. A more contemptuous one than Polyposus he could not easily have found.

Aut. *Shall I tell you?*
Nas. *Yes, and ingenuously.*
Aut. *Then, by the hope*
Which I prefer unto all other objects,
I can profess, I never writ that piece
More innocent or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance
Which, in the setting down, I could suspect
Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue;
Only it had the fault to be call'd mine;
That was the crime.
Pol. *No! why, they say you tax'd*
The law and lawyers, captains and the players,
By their particular names.
Aut. *It is not so.*
I used no name. My books have still been taught
To spare the persons, and to speak the vices.[4]
These are mere slanders, and enforced by such
As have no safer ways to men's disgraces,
But their own lies and loss of honesty:
Fellows of practised and most laxative tongues,
Whose empty and eager bellies, in the year,
Compel their brains to many desperate shifts,
(I spare to name them, for their wretchedness
Fury itself would pardon.) These, or such,
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch t'have me their adversary, I know not,
Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage: and I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em;
And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,

[4] *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.* Mart. WHAL.

To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practicers against them:
And by this line, although no parallel,
I hoped at last they would sit down and blush;
But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrils,
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers[5]
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd.
First, of the law: indeed I brought in Ovid
Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry:
And I am warranted by his own words:

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.[6]

And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as these:

Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.[7]

But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand!
Then, for the captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made: it is

[5] *And like so many screaming grasshoppers, &c.*] See the *Fox.*

[6] Renounce this thriftless trade, my father cried:
Mæonides himself—a beggar died. *Trist.* Lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

[7] To learn the wrangling law was ne'er my choice,
Nor, at the hateful bar, to sell my voice.
Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. xv.

UNTO TRUE SOLDIERS. *That's the lemma:*[8] *mark it.*
Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
Such as are mis-call'd captains, and wrong you,
And your high names; I do desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take, offence:
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession which I once did prove;[9]
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captain, still: is such.[1]
Now for the players, it is true, I tax'd them,
And yet but some; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might have sat still unquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit or conscience
To think well of themselves. But, impotent, they
Thought each man's vice belong'd to their whole tribe;[2]
And much good do't them! What they have done 'gainst me,
I am not moved with: if it gave them meat,
Or got them clothes, 'tis well; that was their end.
Only amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,

[8] *That's the* lemma.] The subject proposed, or title of the epigram. WHAL.

[9] ——— *I love*
Your great profession; which I once did prove;] Jonson bore arms in Flanders, where he acquitted himself with reputation. WHAL.

[1] *Is such.*] i. e. such as are miscalled captains WHAL.
This little piece Jonson afterwards reprinted among his Epigrams.

[2] ——*But impotent they, &c.*] One might almost suspect that Gay had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the *Beggar's Opera:*

"If you mention gift or bribe,
"'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
"Each cries—*that* was levelled at me!"

To run in that vile line.[3]
Pol. *And is this all!*
Will you not answer then the libels?
Aut. *No.*
Pol. *Nor the Untrussers?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Pol. *Y'are undone then.*
Aut. *With whom?*
Pol. *The world.*
Aut. *The bawd!*
Pol. *It will be taken*
To be stupidity or tameness in you.

[3] ——————————*I am sorry for*
Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,
To run in that vile line.] It has been *thought* that Shakspeare was here alluded to, under the expression of *better natures*. But I see no reason to confine the phrase to so particular a restriction. It makes good sense to take it in the most obvious meaning: nor does it appear there was any difference now subsisting between Shakspeare and our author. WHAL.

Thus far Whalley is right. He might have added, to the confusion of the *thinkers*, that if their ingenious supposition were true, it would go near to prove—not that Jonson was hostile to Shakspeare, but that Shakspeare was captiously disinclined to Jonson. But, in fact, there is no allusion whatever to Shakspeare, or to the company with which he was connected. The commentators are absolutely mad: they will allow Jonson neither to compliment, nor criticise any one but our great poet; and this merely for the pleasure of taxing him with hypocrisy in the one case, and envy in the other. I have already observed that the actors ridiculed belonged to the Fortune play-house; and the critics must have discovered, if their judgment had been half as active as their enmity, a very frequent recurrence throughout the *Poetaster*, and the Apology, to the poverty and low estimation of this unfortunate company.

——————"if it gave them *meat*,
"Or got them *clothes*, 'tis well; that was their end."

Could this be said of Allen and Shakspeare, of Burbage, Lowin, and Taylor? Without question, the Fortune possessed more actors than the "lean Poluphagus" and the "politic Æsop," and to some of those the poet might allude: "the better na-

Aut. *But they that have incensed me, can in soul*
Acquit me of that guilt. They know I dare
To spurn or baffle them, or squirt their eyes
With ink or urine; or I could do worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus' fury, write Iambics,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselves;
Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats[4]
In drumming tunes. Or, living, I could stamp
Their foreheads with those deep and public brands,
That the whole company of barber-surgeons
Should not take off,[5] *with all their art and plasters.*
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts; when, what they write 'gainst me
Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
And the poor wretched papers be employ'd

tures" were not confined, I trust, in Jonson's days, any more than in our own, to a single person, or even a single theatre.

[4] *Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats, &c.*] The fatal effects of poetry on these Opici, these Hibernian vermin, are noticed by many of our old dramatists. Thus Shakspeare, "I was never so *be-rhimed* since Pythagoras' time, that I was an *Irish rat.*" *As you like it.* And Randolph:

——" my poets
" Shall with a satire, steep'd in vinegar,
" *Rhime* them to death, as they do *rats in Ireland.*"

[5] *That the whole company of barber-surgeons*
Should not take off, &c.] This sentiment, which Jonson repeats in his dedication of the *Fox*, is from Martial:

" *At si quid nostræ tibi bilis inusserit ardor,*
" *Vivet, et hærebit, totoque legetur in urbe;*
" *Stigmata nec vafra delebit Cinnamus arte.*" Lib. vi. 6.

What follows is from Juvenal:

——" *diri conscia facti*
" *Mens habet attonitos, et surdo verbere cædit,*
" *Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.*" Sat. 14.

Again,

——" *continuò sic collige, quod vindicta*
" *Nemo magis gaudet quam fœmina.*" Ibid.

To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug:
This I could do, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their own deeds have mark'd 'em;
And that I know, within his guilty breast
Each slanderer bears a whip that shall torment him
Worse than a million of these temporal plagues:
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And far beneath the dignity of man.

Nas. *'Tis true; for to revenge their injuries,*
Were to confess you felt them. Let them go,
And use the treasure of the fool, their tongues,
Who makes his gain, by speaking worst of best.

Pol. *O, but they lay particular imputations——*

Aut. *As what?*

Pol. *That all your writing is mere railing.*

Aut. *Ha?*
If all the salt in the old comedy
Should be so censured, or the sharper wit
Of the bold satire termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those for buffoons?
What should be said of Aristophanes,
Persius, or Juvenal, whose names we now
So glorify in schools, at least pretend it?—
Have they no other?

Pol. *Yes; they say you are slow,*
And scarce bring forth a play a year.

Aut. *'Tis true.*
I would they could not say that I did that!
There's all the joy that I take in their trade,
Unless such scribes as these might be proscribed
Th' abused theatres. They would think it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foot for one day,
And, between whiles, spit out a better poem
Than e'er the master of art,[6] or giver of wit,

[6] *Than e'er the master of art, &c.*] Our industrious bee is ever

Their belly, made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free mind had but the patience,
To think so much together, and so vile.
But that these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, opposed
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes;
Were not his own free merit a more crown
Unto his travails than their reeling claps.
This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes
With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails. But I leave the monsters
To their own fate. And, since the Comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If TRAGEDY *have a more kind aspect;*
Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me;[7] *Once I'll say*[8]

on the search after stores: Just above he alighted on Horace; here he visits Persius,

> "*Magister artis, ingenique largitor*
> "*Venter.*" Prol. v. 10.

and finally he settles on Juvenal. See his seventh *Satire*.

[7] *Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,*
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me;] This passage, says Mr. Malone, Jonson imitated from Shakspeare,—the censure of "which one (judicious) must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of

To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
And more despair, to imitate their sound.
I, that spend[1] *half my nights, and all my days,*
Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
And in this age can hope no other grace—
Leave me! There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

others." *Hamlet.* The thought is not so deep but that it might have occurred to less inventive faculties than either of those great poets possessed. If, however, one of them must borrow from the other, I should incline to set down Shakspeare as the obliged person; for though we do not know the exact date of the Apologetical Dialogue, yet we are sure that it cannot be later than 1602, since it alludes to the design of composing a tragedy on the fall of *Sejanus*, which was effected in that year, or in the beginning of the next. After all, Jonson's words are little more than a translation from Cicero, to whom he was much more likely to be indebted than to any contemporary writer whatever: "*Hæc ego non multis, sed tibi satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.*" Cicero himself alludes to a story told of Plato.

[1] *Once I'll* say.] i. e. try. *Once* is used here in a sense in which it frequently occurs with our old writers——that is, emphatically, *Once for all.*

I, that spend, &c.] These are truly noble lines, and cannot be read without exciting feelings of respect and tenderness for the author. Let it never be forgotten that in every condition of life, in poverty and neglect, in competence and ease, in sickness and in sorrow, in youth and in age, Jonson steadily maintained the high character of the poet. If he failed to exemplify it in himself, it must be attributed to natural deficiencies; for he was fully sensible of what was required, and declined no toil which promised to facilitate its attainment. There is a lofty moral tone which constantly accompanies all his definitions and descriptions of true poetry, and which may be sought in vain in any other writer in the English language, except, perhaps, Milton, who sanctified what he borrowed from Jonson, by inspiration from a source not to be named here without irreverence.

Nas. *I reverence these raptures, and obey them.*
[The scene closes.[1]

[1] Nothing can so strikingly manifest the vast superiority of Jonson, as a comparison of this lively and interesting comedy with that of Decker, which was meant to rival and eclipse it. The plot is well arranged, and the *dramatis personæ* admirably supported. Augustus and the eminent men of his court maintain, on all serious occasions, a dignity of thought and expression highly decorous, and in strict consonance with their established characters. Amidst all the encomiums bestowed on the poets, his friends, a perceptible advantage is adroitly given to Horace, which is farther heightened by the absurd malice of his persecutors. The comic part of the play is pleasantly conducted, and the conspirators happily set off the defects of one another. Mr. Davies, with whose perspicacity the reader is already acquainted, is pleased to affirm that the *Poetaster* is one of the lowest productions, and that Tucca is a wretched copy of Falstaff. This stuff would not be worth repeating, if the grovelling malice of the poet's enemies had not led them to stoop to it.—We have seen that the author has interwoven an ingenious satire of Lucian in his scenes; but the chief object of his imitation was the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. That ancient comedy was the *Rehearsal* of Athens, as this undoubtedly was of the age of Jonson: and though much of the praise to which, perhaps, it is entitled, is lost from our imperfect knowledge of the precise objects of ridicule, we can still discover that its satire was at once ingenious and powerful, and its justice sufficiently obvious to some of those for whom it was meant. That Tucca is a *wretched copy*, or indeed any copy at all of Falstaff, could be maintained by none but Davies, or those who affirmed (as he tells us) "Sir Epicure Mammon also to be a copy of Falstaff;" and who, perhaps, were equally prepared to swear that *captain Otter* was stolen from the same inimitable personage. That this extraordinary character, this compound of impudence and artifice, of meanness and arrogance, this importunate beggar, who insults the charity which feeds him, and whose quaint versatility of style and manner is at once so repulsive and so amusing, is not original, must be granted; and Decker (though Davies was ignorant of it) has pointed out the archetype: "I wonder," says he, "what language *Tucca* would have spoken, if honest *captain Hannam* had been born without a tongue." Decker, however, confesses that Tucca was received with decided approbation; and he expresses great anxiety to ensure to himself some portion of the popular favour. "It cannot be much improper," he

adds, "to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worry others;" and the unfortunate captain, in consequence of this happy thought, is again brought forward. But Decker had over-rated his own powers. Tucca, in his hands, becomes absolutely disgusting; his impudent familiarity degenerates into low scurrility, and he is thrown into situations, which, from his utter unfitness for them, alternately subject him to displeasure and contempt. Nor is this the only instance of Decker's want of judgment, in borrowing his characters from the *Poetaster*. He ought to have considered that the demerits of Crispinus and Demetrius have been so universally acknowledged, and so strongly fixed in the mind of every reader, since Horace first recorded them, that no efforts can raise their names to respectability, or redeem their poetry from the ridicule under which it has so long suffered. But, indeed, the whole plot of the *Satiromastix* is absurd.——

This, as Jonson says, was the only answer which he gave to his libellers. He was hourly growing in reputation with the wise and good; and in his three succeeding comedies soared to a height which his persecutors never reached, and where he consequently suffered but little molestation from their hostility. We hear no more of Decker; Marston probably acknowledged the justice of the poet's recrimination; for he joined in the applause of his next piece: and the "soldiers, lawyers, and players," who, at first, took umbrage, seem to have discovered that their resentment was unjustifiable, and to have been cordially reconciled.

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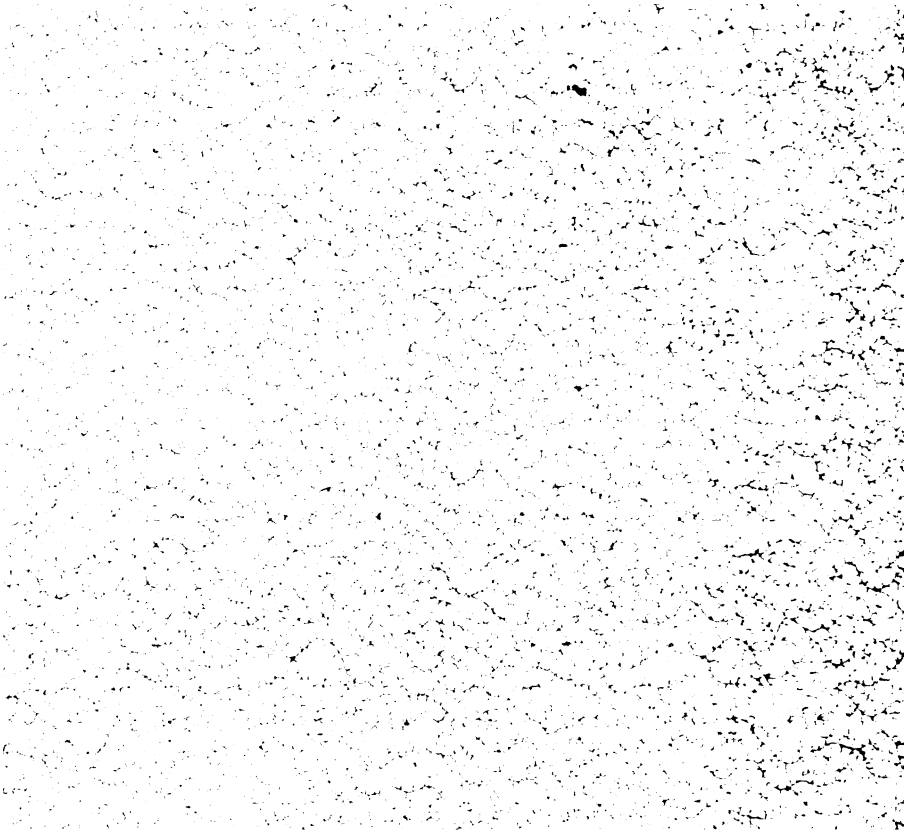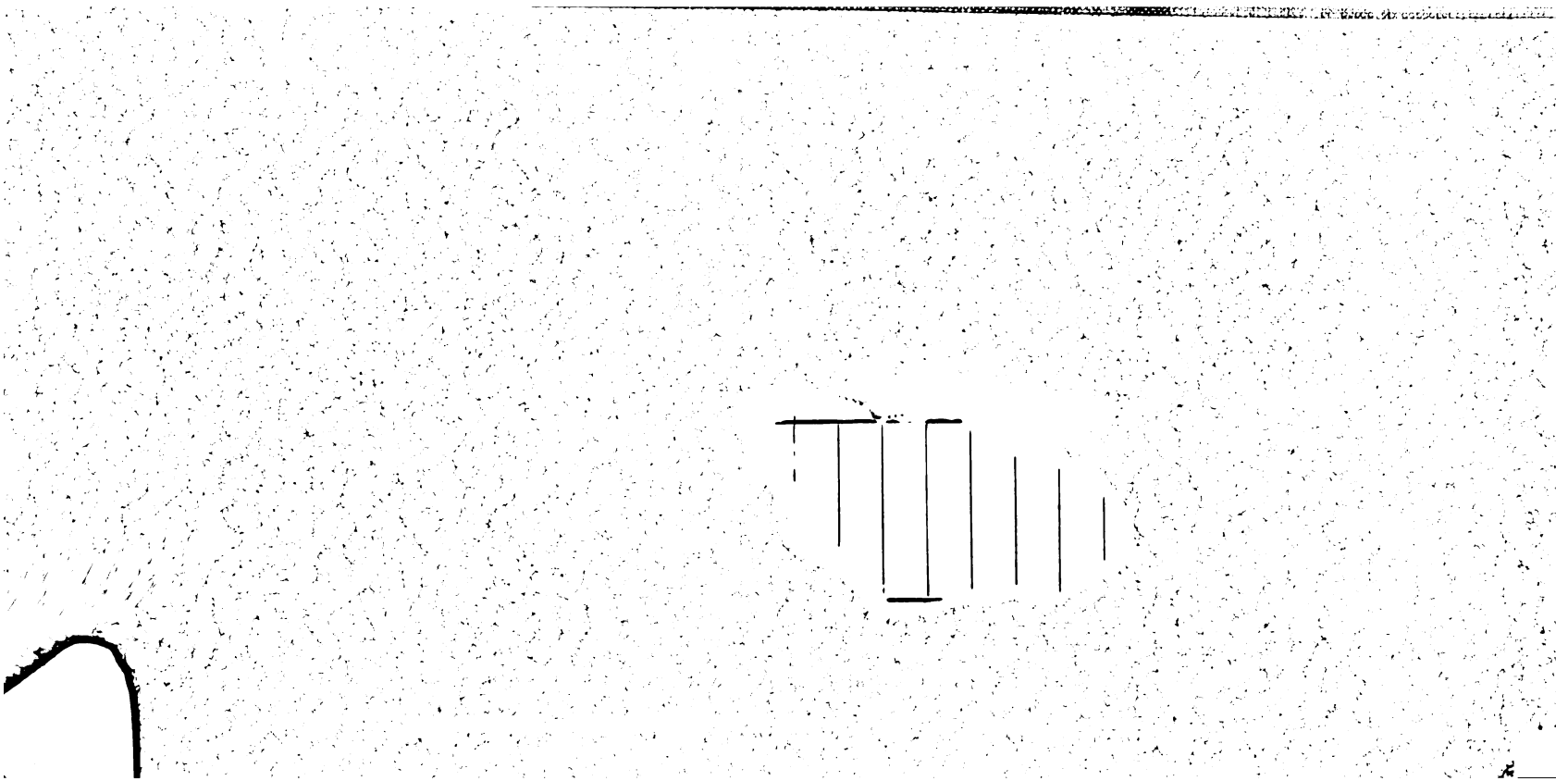
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